steve niles

CRIMINAL MACABRE™

the cal mcdonald mysteries

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 3

steve niles

CRIMINAL MACABRE™

the cal mcdonald mysteries

OMNIBUS

JUSTIN ERICKSON

steve niles

CRIMINAL MACABRE™

the cal mcdonald mysteries

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 3

Steve Niles
Scott Morse
Fiona Staples
Christopher Mitten
Eric Powell
Justin Erickson
Michelle Madsen
Nate Piekos of Blambot®

DARK HORSE BOOKS

Cover Illustration JUSTIN ERICKSON
Publisher MIKE RICHARDSON
Editor SCOTT ALLIE
Assistant Editors JEMIAH JEFFERSON, DANIEL CHABON, and SHANTEL LaROCQUE
Digital Production CHRISTIANNE GOUDREAU
Collection Designer BRENNAN THOME

CRIMINAL MACABRE OMNIBUS Volume 3

Text and illustrations of Criminal Macabre™ © 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015 Steve Niles. 30 Days of Night™ © 2012, 2013, 2015 Steve Niles, Lorelai Bunjes, and Idea and Design Works, LLC. The IDW logo is registered by the US Patent and Trademark Office. The Goon™ © 2011, 2013, 2015 Eric Powell. Mike Mignola's Hellboy™ © 2011, 2013, 2015 Michael Mignola. All other material, unless otherwise specified, is © 2015 Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Dark Horse Books® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC, and Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

This volume collects *Criminal Macabre: The Iron Spirit*, *Criminal Macabre: No Peace for Dead Men*, *Criminal Macabre: Final Night—The 30 Days of Night Crossover*, and *Criminal Macabre: The Eyes of Frankenstein*.

30 Days of Night appears courtesy of IDW Publishing.

Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

DarkHorse.com

To find a comics shop in your area, call the Comic Shop Locator Service toll-free at 1-888-266-4226.

First print edition: June 2015
Digital ISBN 978-1-63008-229-1

CONTENTS

THE IRON SPIRIT 7

CALL ME MONSTER 37

WHEN FREAKS COLLIDE 47

NO PEACE FOR DEAD MEN 71

DIE! DIE! MY DARLING 105

THEY FIGHT BY NIGHT 131

FINAL NIGHT: THE 30 DAYS OF NIGHT CROSSOVER 165

THE EYES OF FRANKENSTEIN 257

SKETCHBOOK AND COVER GALLERY 347

CREATOR BIOGRAPHIES 366

BLACK CAT Club

Cal McDonald saw his first dead body when he was eight years old—a headless corpse rotting in an embankment—setting the tone for the rest of his life. Cal shares company with the ghoul community, an undead society that aids him in his cases as a private dick. A pill-popping, alcoholic degenerate, teamed up with his ghoul associate, Mo'Lock, Cal is up against a growing horde of monsters. After following a living head from his old haunt of Washington, DC, to the sin-infested streets of LA, Cal and his army of the undead are ready to blast every single werewolf, demon, occultist, and vampire back to fuckin' hell!

BLACK CAT Club

THE IRON SPIRIT

story
STEVE NILES

art
SCOTT MORSE

BLACK CAT Club

It was 3 a.m. when I heard the knock on the door of my Studio City shit hole. I hadn't slept since I'd died--almost a month now. I was in no mood for trouble. I wasn't in the mood for much of anything since I'd joined the ranks of the undead.

I never was much for sleep. I usually waited until I passed out on whatever I could. That wasn't in the cards now, apparently. Sleep, I mean. I'd found a few ways to get wasted, but there seemed to be no numbing of my new undead mind.

I was lying like a dead fish in bed. More out of habit than anything. Unable to so much as close my eyes for more than a second, I stared at the ceiling for hours on end. Nights passed slowly, days even more slowly.

The knocking came in three taps, at even intervals--not hard, but loud enough to fucking annoy me. Whoever was out there wasn't going to leave, and if they were going to bust in they would have done it sooner.

I pulled myself up and sat on the edge of the bed. I felt heavy now, creaky and heavy. Now I got why Mo'Lock always lumbered around like he had a pole up his ass.

So far, being the living dead wasn't what I thought it would be. I had certain ideas, but none of them seemed to apply to me. Mo'Lock and his gang were usually almost zombie-like in their restraint and lack of emotion. Not me. I was just as pissed as ever.

I had grilled Mo'Lock and a few other ghouls I knew, but they were useless. The way they talked about it, you'd think they were goddamn snowflakes, each one different from the other. I knew all about variations in monsters.

No two were exactly alike, but you know, when one can't be killed with a cross or a silver bullet, a gun or a hammer will do the trick.

I seemed pretty much myself, just dead and tooling around like before. There was lots of work. The city was in chaos. But there wasn't very much paying work. That was my single thread of hope when I opened the door.

There was an old man standing on my doorstep. And when I say old, I mean he had to be in his eighties. Hell, nineties. But he looked damn solid for his age. He must have been a tank when he was younger. He was beaten up, badly. His face and eye were bruised. He'd taken a hell of a punch to his left side. Even his hands, and I assumed the rest of his body, showed bruising.

Old Spice wafted by me like somebody shoved my head in gasoline. "Little late," I said. "What can I do for you?"

He stood at his version of attention. "Are you the private detective who deals with . . . unusual circumstances?" He spoke with authority, the kind that reeked of honest experience. This guy had seen some shit.

I liked him.

"Yes, sir. Cal McDonald," I said, and shook his hand. He looked me right in the eyes. "Air Force Captain Richard Clayton. Retired." Then he said, "You're cold as ice, son." I took my hand away and stood back so he could come inside. "Just have a chill," I said, and immediately regretted it.

Clayton was eyeing me, squinting the pummeled eye as far as he could. I knew I didn't look like some catacomb mummy the way some ghouls look, so I wasn't too worried he'd suspect. Really, I didn't give a shit. But I'd just as soon that clients not know they were hiring a dead man.

I walked him into the living room, staying ahead of him and only turning on a single light.
Clayton stopped at the threshold and looked around at the piled boxes, weapons, ammo, and other assorted chaos.
"Good Lord, were you robbed?"

I laughed and cleared a chair for him.

"Have a seat."

He'd had his joke.
He resigned himself to the clutter and sat down across from me. If he was in any pain, he didn't make a sound, didn't even wince.
He was hard.
He made me feel like a doped-up punching bag.

"You have a license?"

"Yeah."

"I mean for this specific . . . area."

"Weird shit?"

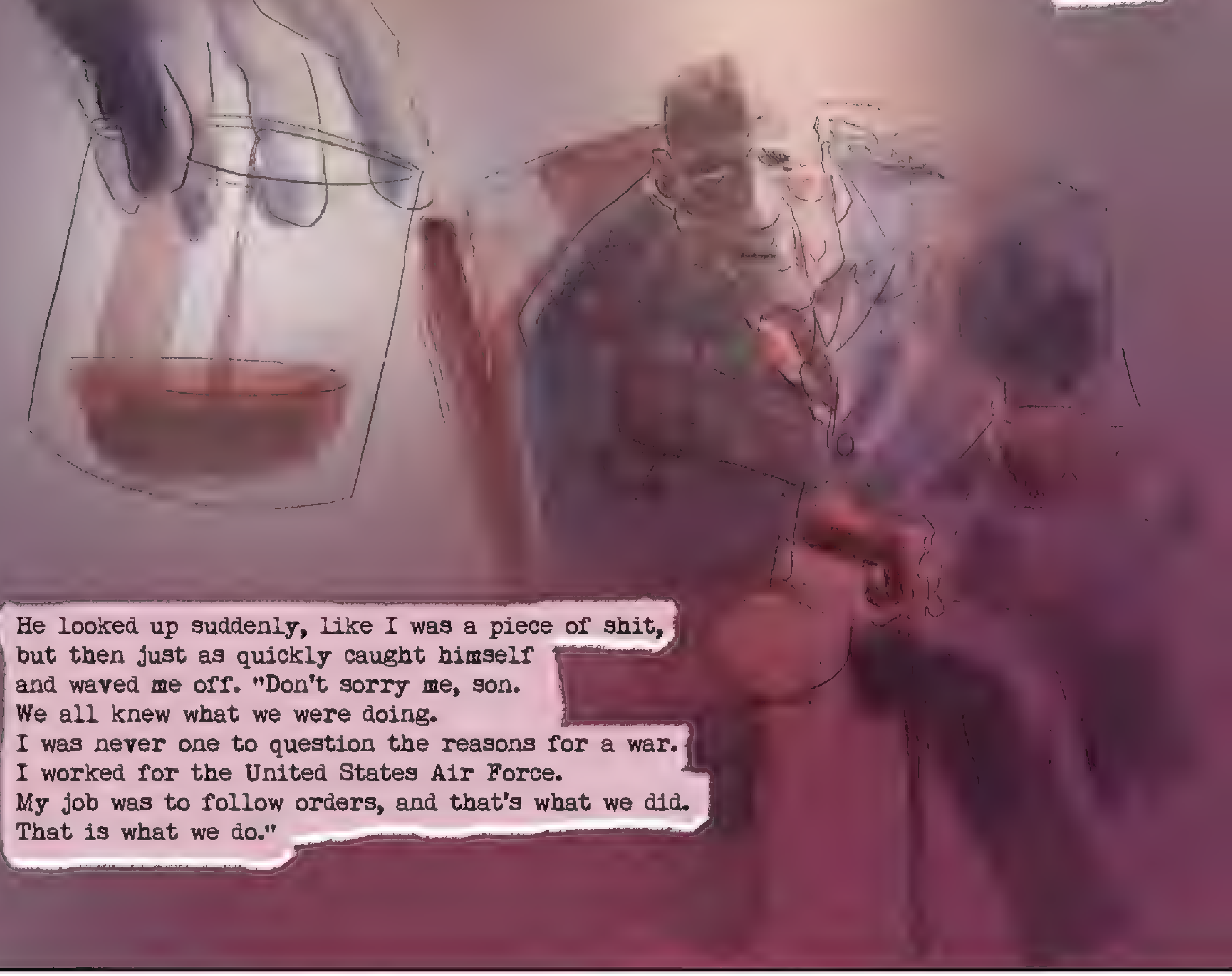
The old captain smiled, a hundred lines creasing hard skin and fresh wounds. "I suppose that is a very good way of putting it," he said. "I don't suppose they hand out degrees for what you deal with?"
"No, sir. What I do you only get with experience."

That got him.
He nodded in approval with a twisted grimace.
He was remembering why he came to me.
I saw it in the people who genuinely had an unnatural problem: it was fear.
And just the fact that this was a guy who had clearly seen some major shit put me on edge, dead or not.
"Just start at the beginning," I said, seeing him struggle.

He looked straight at me.
"You look like a man who knows how to drink," he said. "I could use one."
I stood. "I'm practically a distillery. Whiskey okay?"
"Please."
"Rocks?"
"Just in a glass."
He was my kind of drinker.
I poured him twice as much as I did myself. With this new dead body I could never be sure how I would react, so I went slow.
He noticed. "You on a diet?"
I laughed. "No. Already had a few. I'm letting you catch up."

The captain raised his glass and we drank. I placed the bottle on the coffee table between us. He refilled us. We drank again. After the second, Captain Clayton seemed to relax, or deflate. I couldn't tell which. He held the glass limply and hung his head down so I couldn't see his face. Then he looked up, laser eye contact again. "I've been a military man my whole life. I came from a military family. Everybody served. A map of my family tree looks like a history of every war ever fought." He was just getting himself warmed up. I said nothing and let him talk. "My word and honor have been the foundation of my life. I have spent my life in the service of my country since the end of World War II," he said, then looked down again. "Hell, I lost two of my sons in 'Nam."

"Sorry."



He looked up suddenly, like I was a piece of shit, but then just as quickly caught himself and waved me off. "Don't sorry me, son. We all knew what we were doing. I was never one to question the reasons for a war. I worked for the United States Air Force. My job was to follow orders, and that's what we did. That is what we do."

I poured more drinks. I could feel a burn in my throat. It felt familiar. It felt good. "Blind faith." The old man shook his head. "Faith is about God. I'm talking about honor here, dedication." "I wasn't debating." Clayton nodded and muttered to himself. He was having an argument with somebody, but it wasn't me.
He grabbed the bottle. "Mind if I have one more? Then I'll get to the damn point."
"Grab a straw. I don't mind." He just about took me at my word and poured himself a long one, drank it down like water, and put the glass down. I won't lie. I had a decent ghoulish buzz going. I felt extremely aware, as if suddenly I could separate sections of my mind--one part focused on the man in front of me, the other stumbled in a dark corner.
"I did a lot of things I'm proud of," the captain said. "And some I'm not so proud of."
I just let him roll.

"The one thing I always tried to do, like any leader,
was make sure I brought my boys back . . .
and never put them in a situation I wasn't willing to go into myself."
His voice had softened to almost a whisper by the end of the last sentence.
He froze for a moment, like a safe about to crack.
"But what the hell am I supposed to do when the very thing I swore an oath to goes against my word? They don't teach you that at the academy."

"What did they make you do?"

The question was blunt and to the point, maybe too much so.
Clayton touched his fingertips to his swollen left eye,
the first time he'd acknowledged his bruises.
"I was still pretty young at the end of the war," he said.
"I still had a lot of fire in me. I could have opted out.
I could have spent more time at home, but I put service before even my family."
He took a deep breath, barreling his chest, and placed his hands on his knees.
He was revving to spill.
"So when they offered me a
special assignment,
I didn't hesitate," he said.
"I even managed to get
assigned stateside,
here in Los Angeles."

"Where?"

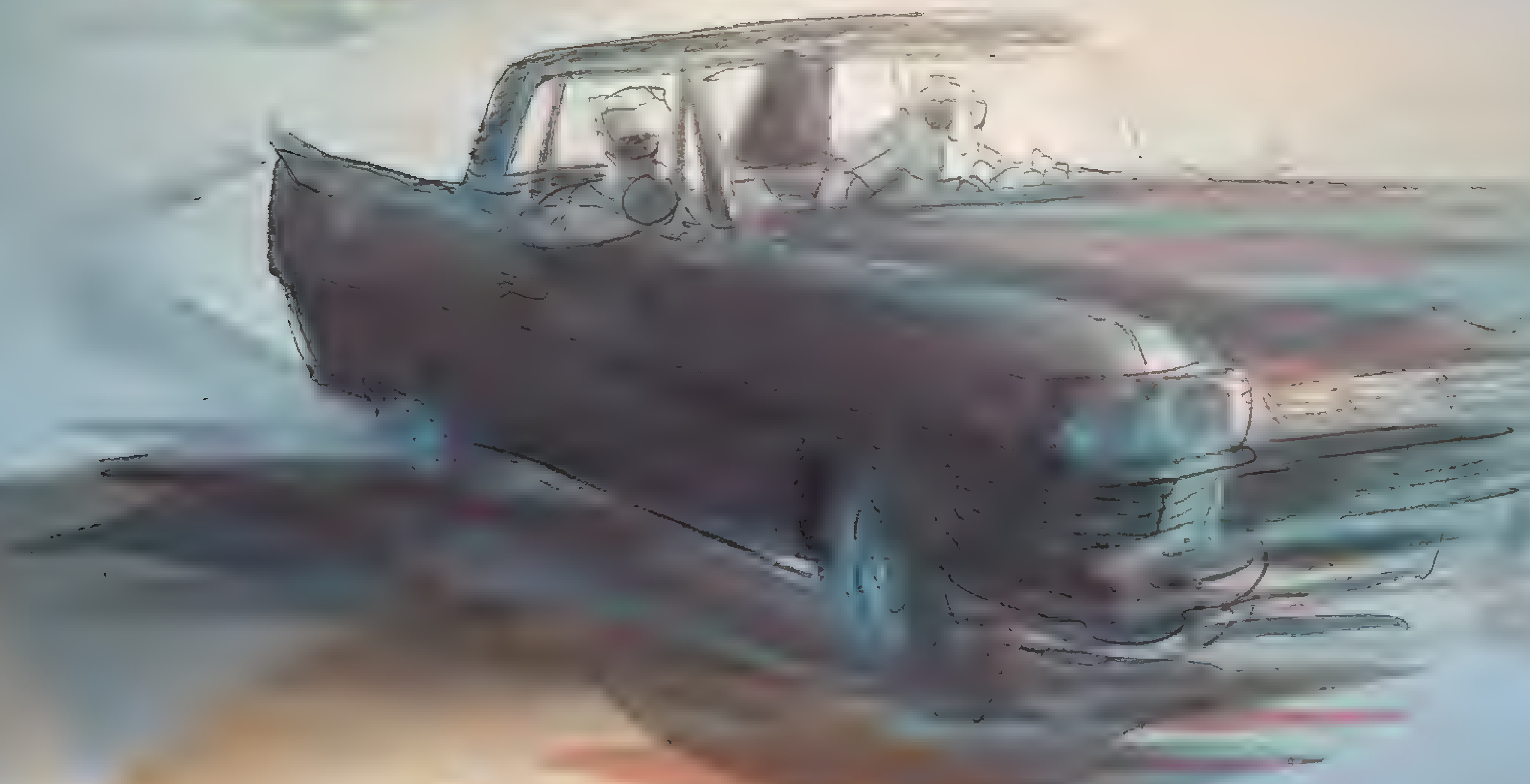
He smiled and laughed.
"Would you believe
a top-secret
research facility right
here in LA?"
I poured myself another.
"I believe it."
He leaned in. "Son, I don't
mean some freakin'
spot off in the desert.
I'm talking about practically
under your goddamn feet."

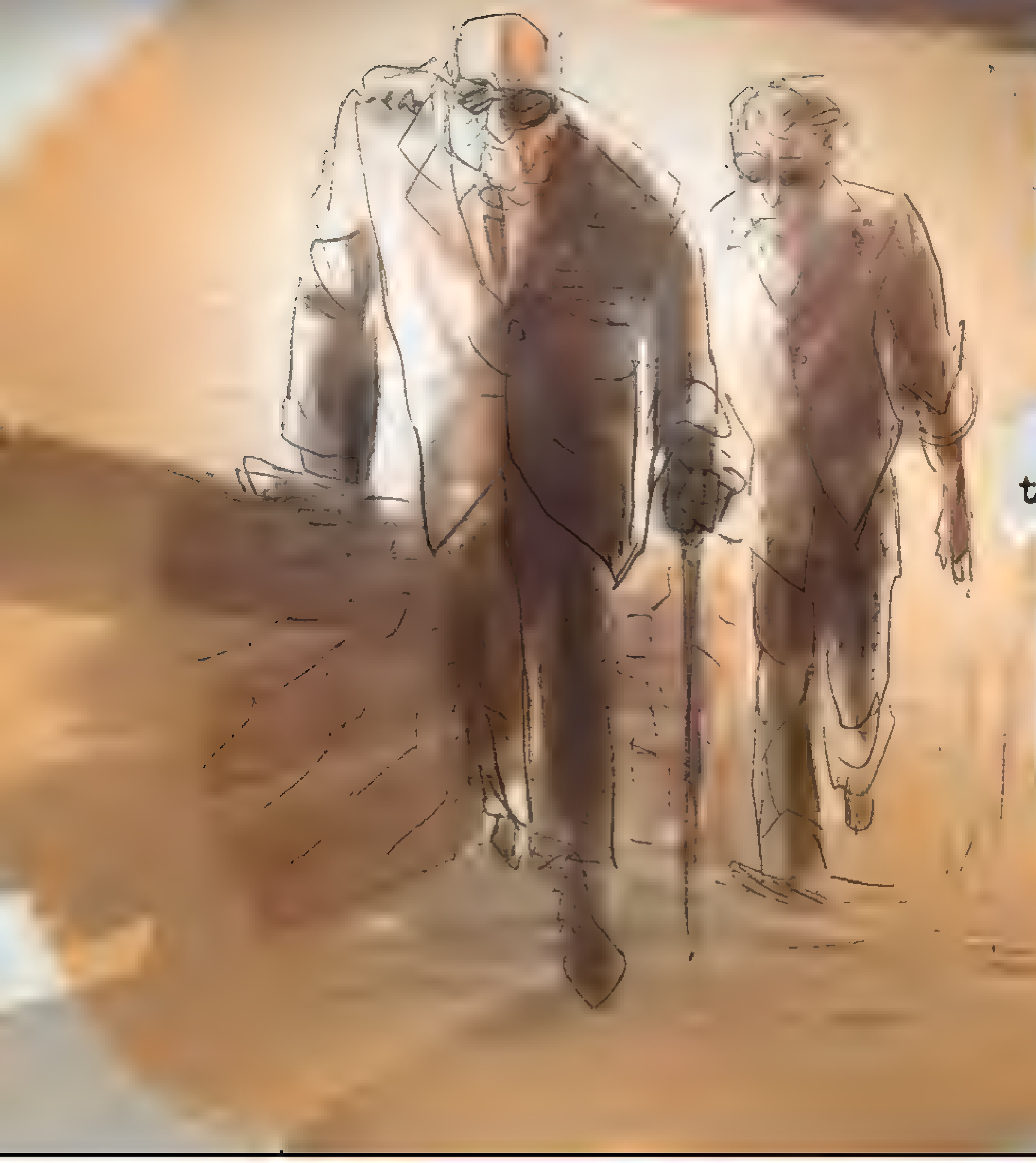
It was my turn to sit up and give the looks.
The captain nodded sharply, more for his benefit than mine.
"Damn right." He stood up and moved around the back of the chair.

"You want to see it?"

He drove. We didn't have to travel far.
He sped down a few back streets to Ventura and went south.
We pulled up near one of a series of crappy strip malls that lined the boulevard and parked.
It was a pretty active area, even this early in the morning.

"Here?"





Clayton headed into a narrow, walking-only alleyway wedged between the strip mall and a huge office building, long out of date. The narrow alley ended at a larger parallel alley jammed against the wall of the Hollywood Hills. There was a break in the cement wall, and a path that led up into a wooded no man's land of litter, overgrown trees, and weeds. We climbed until we hit a level shelf and stopped at a manhole cover buried under some leaves.

I laughed.

"What?"

"Nothing.
I always seem
to wind up
in the sewers."

The captain wiped away the leaves. He didn't try to lift the cover--typical in every way with a logo and a series of grooves, in this case forming areas of small rusted diamond shapes. Clayton pressed down on one of the diamond shapes, and it slid down. He did the same to three more, and the lid came loose, with a gust of released air. All he had to do then was push the lid aside. Clayton started to climb down a ladder. "This is no sewer."

I followed. As I climbed down, I saw Clayton in a small cement room below me, waiting. He pressed a pad on the wall once I was clear. The lid closed above me.

The first room--I assumed there were more, the usual maze of subterranean tunnels these places always seem to have--was pretty unimpressive.

I followed Clayton through the door. I wasn't thrilled with the few facts I knew, and I decided to push. "Those bruises have something to do with this place?" He glanced back, leading me down a long hallway. "This is where I worked." "That's not really what I asked, was it?" He stopped and turned. I didn't flinch. I just waited for my answer.

"Look," I said, "I came down here because you seem like an upfront guy, but now I'm here, and I'd like to know why."
I saw his officer side emerge for the first time. For half a second I thought he would bark at me like a drill sergeant, but he just stared at me, steely eyed.
"Please," he said. "Just come into the next room. It will be easy to explain if you see."

I didn't like the sound of that at all. I had a strange chill all over my body like tiny pinpricks. I followed Clayton and shivered.

The hall was a dead end, with a single steel door to the left. I stood behind him as he opened and walked through the door. A stabbing cold pulsed from inside the core of my body. I stopped in my tracks. If this was anxiety for the dead, I didn't like it.

The room on the other side of the innocuous door was the size and shape of an aircraft hangar. I mean fucking huge--four football stadiums huge. The shivers held me. Over the years, Mo'Lock had always yammered on about sensing this and that. Most of the time he was right, but most of the time we were looking for trouble. Maybe the stabbing cold I felt was me sensing something. Knowing my luck, I knew what I sensed.

There were other dead here.

Clayton started to speak, but I stopped him with my hand.
I wanted to take this in. The room told me plenty.
The far left faded to darkness, though I could see things like half-assembled aircraft and tanks--but they weren't normal.

These were all some strange experiments that never made it to the field.

I shivered.

Right in front of me was the middle section of the room.
It was some sort of staging area, a massive expanse of open space with piles of scrap in the middle.

But then I looked closer.
It was more than just scrapped metal.

I could feel Captain Clayton at my right shoulder.

I could hear his breathing, short rasps.

I could also hear his heart.
It was pounding.

I was starting to get the picture.

I stepped closer, toward the heaps of broken iron and steel. The closer I got, the bigger the pile seemed. Distance had dwarfed the sheer mass and height of the broken metal.
I stopped about a hundred yards away. The metal wasn't scrap in the traditional sense. The shapes were huge, and they were clearly humanoid. What looked like debris from a distance looked like a gigantic, failed game of Twister up close.
It didn't take a genius to figure out that some stupid experiment had gone wrong, but I still wanted to hear about it.

I turned to Clayton. I could tell by his expression that he knew I'd pieced together the gist.

"The boys that got into those suits were my responsibility," he said. "And I failed them."

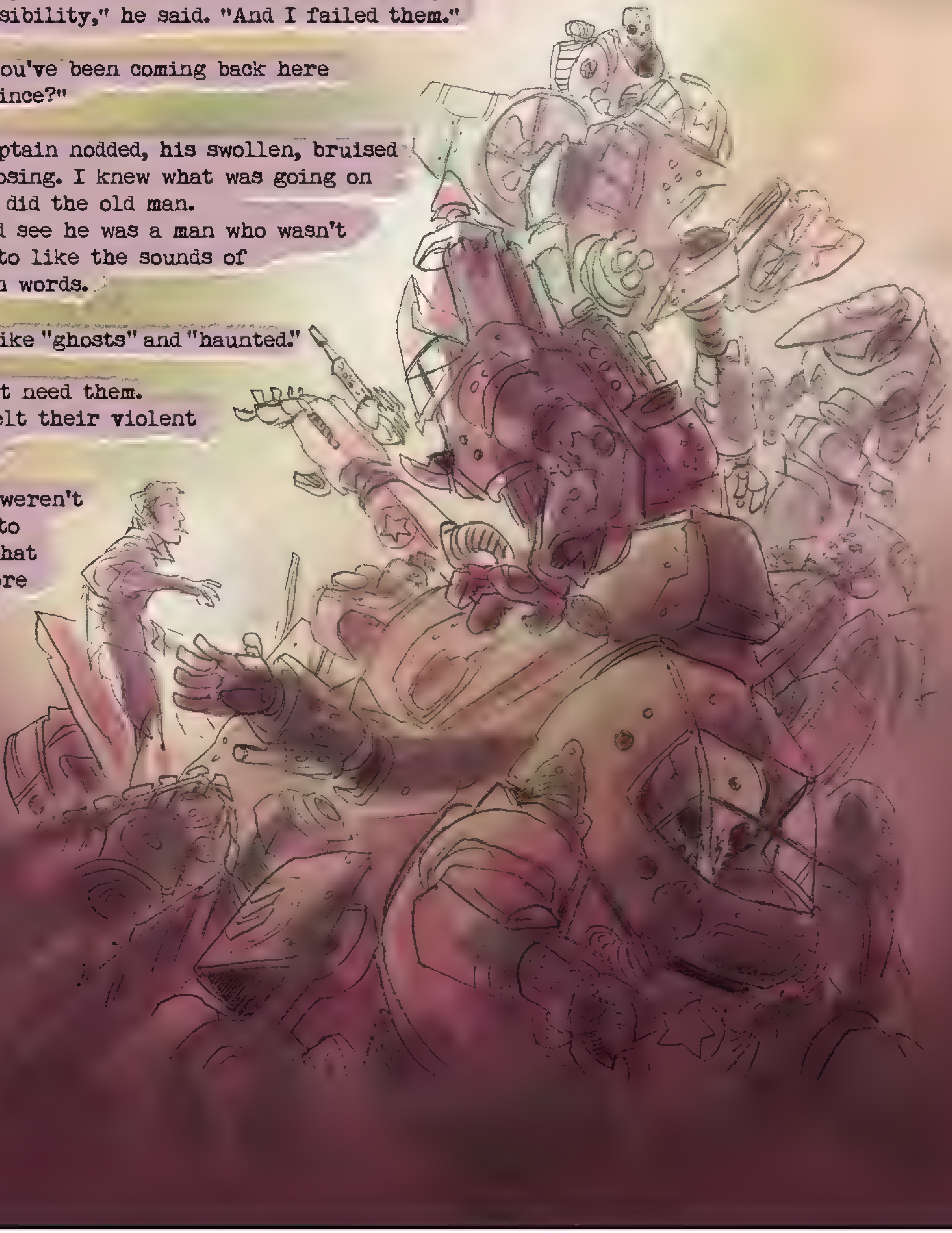
"And you've been coming back here ever since?"

The captain nodded, his swollen, bruised eye closing. I knew what was going on and so did the old man.
I could see he was a man who wasn't going to like the sounds of certain words.

Words like "ghosts" and "haunted."

I didn't need them. He'd felt their violent touch.

Words weren't going to make that any more real.



"Do they follow you?" I asked. "When you leave here, I mean."

He shook his head sharply. "No."

I looked at him, and without him saying a word, I knew he had been coming here since the boys died, allowing them to take out their frustration and rage on him.

"You didn't have to come back."

The hard look of the captain returned. He locked eyes with me just long enough to say, "Yes, I did."

I nodded. I respected that. It was a little fuckin' nuts, but I respected it. He felt a sense of duty, not understanding what it was he was looking for. I wasn't going to tell him, but the dead, especially those trapped in a place or thing, feel a great deal of pain. It's a kind of torment the human mind can hardly comprehend.

It's hard to imagine being frozen in the exact worst moment of your life, trapped in the agony, and trapped in the place you died. It's like suffocating forever.

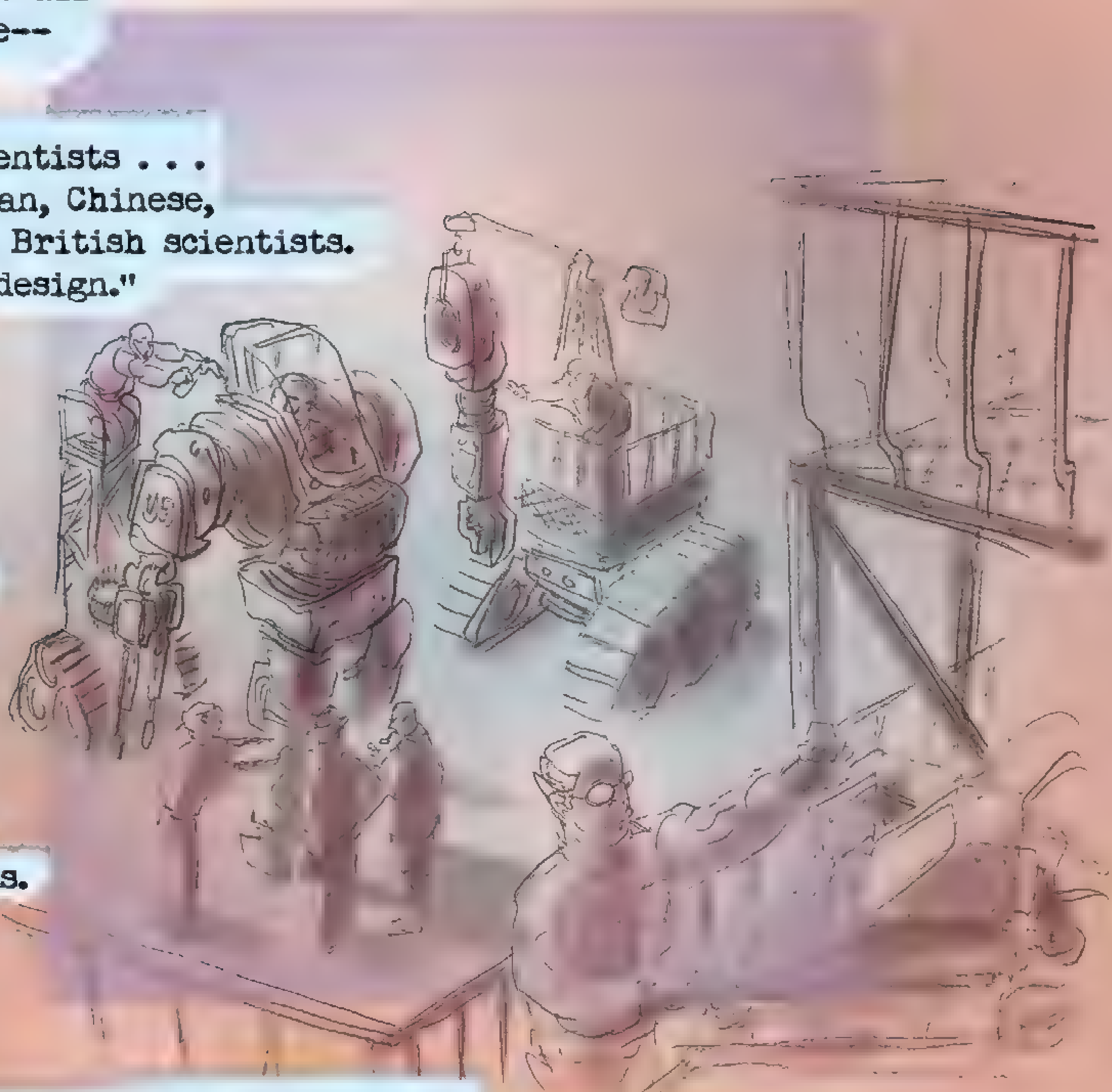
Fuck, who was I kidding? I not only knew it; I think I was starting to feel it, knowing I might be trapped in this body forever.

People think they want eternal life. Maybe that would be nice. But nobody wishes for eternal death.

I stared at the pile of humanoid suits, collapsed like marionettes, and spoke to Clayton as plainly as I could.

"Tell me what happened. I don't need to hear the scummy background," I said. "Just tell me what happened right here."
He didn't like that one bit. He wasn't used to being told what to do. I suppose it was a hard habit to break.
"Not sure I like your tone, son."
I looked at him, right back in the eye. "Were the families of these boys told how they really died?"
The captain deflated. "No. I . . ."
"That's all I meant. I don't need to know that stuff, and I don't care. All I care about is how these soldiers got killed."
Clayton gathered himself and then let it rip.

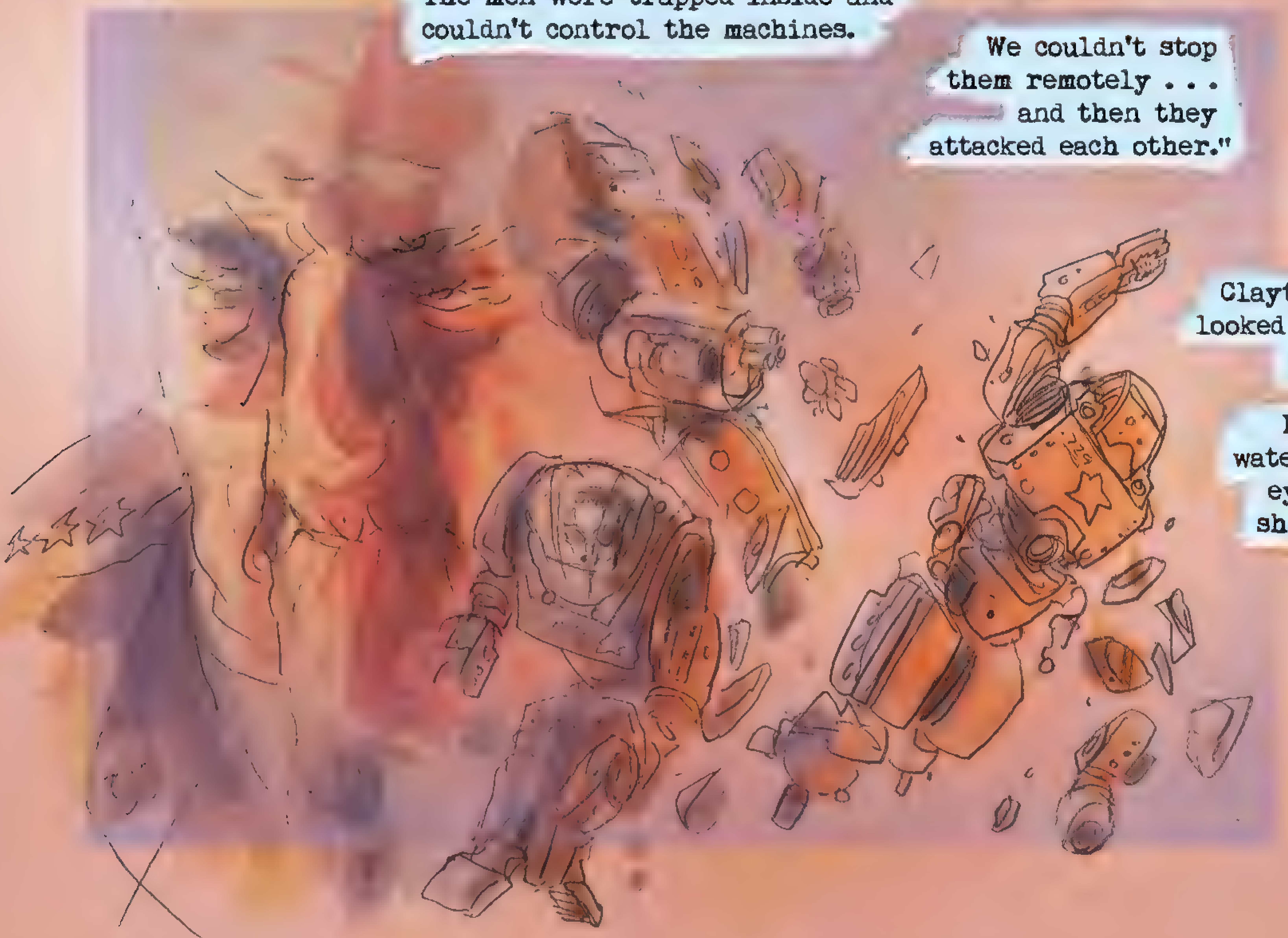
"The boys, young men--they were all between nineteen and twenty-one--volunteered.
I was in charge.
They had all these captured scientists . . .
German, Japanese, Russian, Korean, Chinese, working alongside American and British scientists.
It was open season for weapons design."



He gestured at the tower of metal.
"The concept was simple," he went on. "These suits were supposed to be one-man walking tanks. The driver occupied the cockpit in the torso."

"What went wrong?"

"First live test they worked.
It looked like a complete success.
But the second test . . .
everything went wrong.



The men were trapped inside and couldn't control the machines.

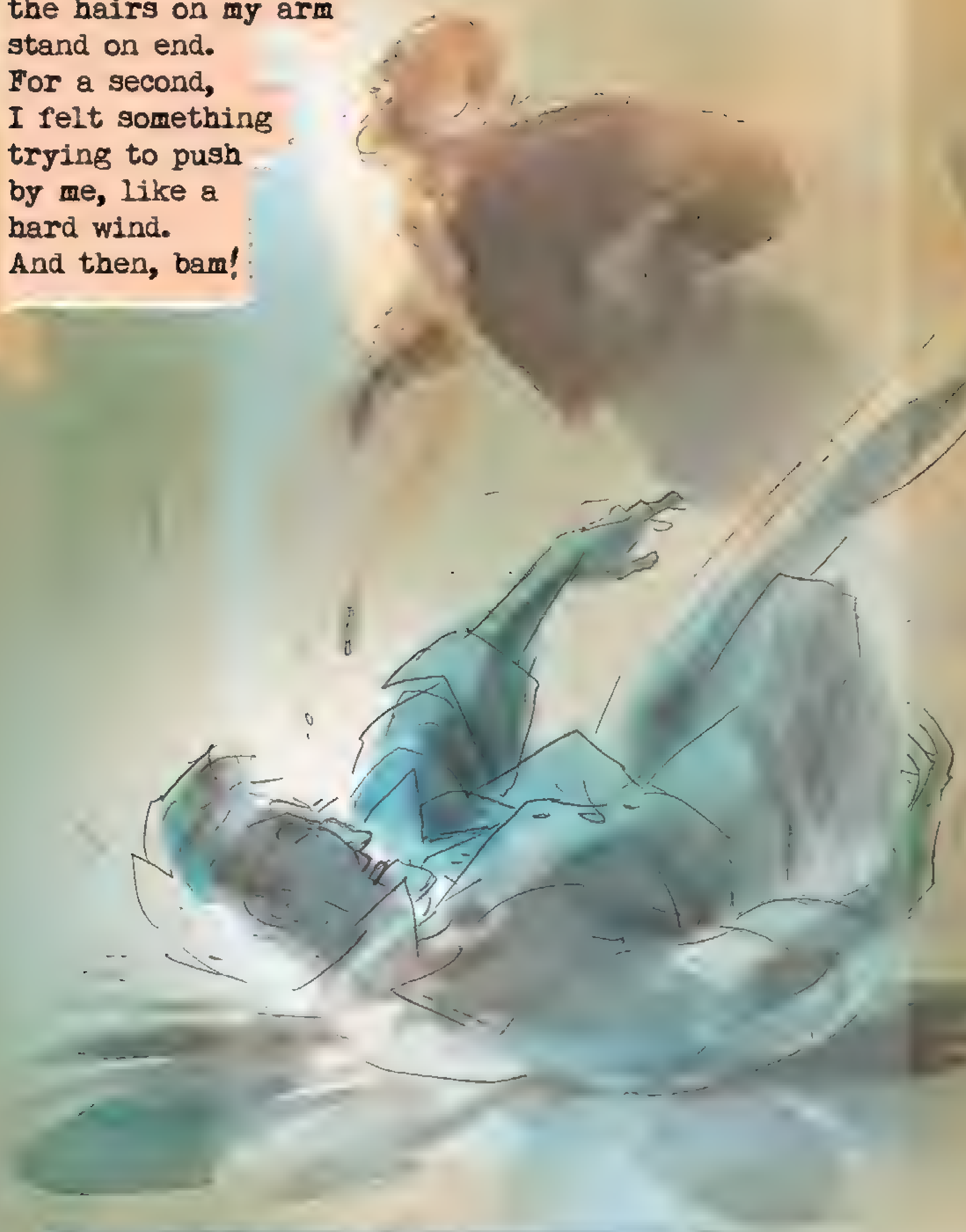
We couldn't stop them remotely . . . and then they attacked each other."

Clayton looked at me.

His watery eyes shook.

"The machines worked great.
They fought for hours.
They shot and pounded at each other
while we hid and tried not to hear
the boys screaming inside."
Clayton looked away.
He'd obviously never
told a soul.

A cold chill made
the hairs on my arm
stand on end.
For a second,
I felt something
trying to push
by me, like a
hard wind.
And then, bam!

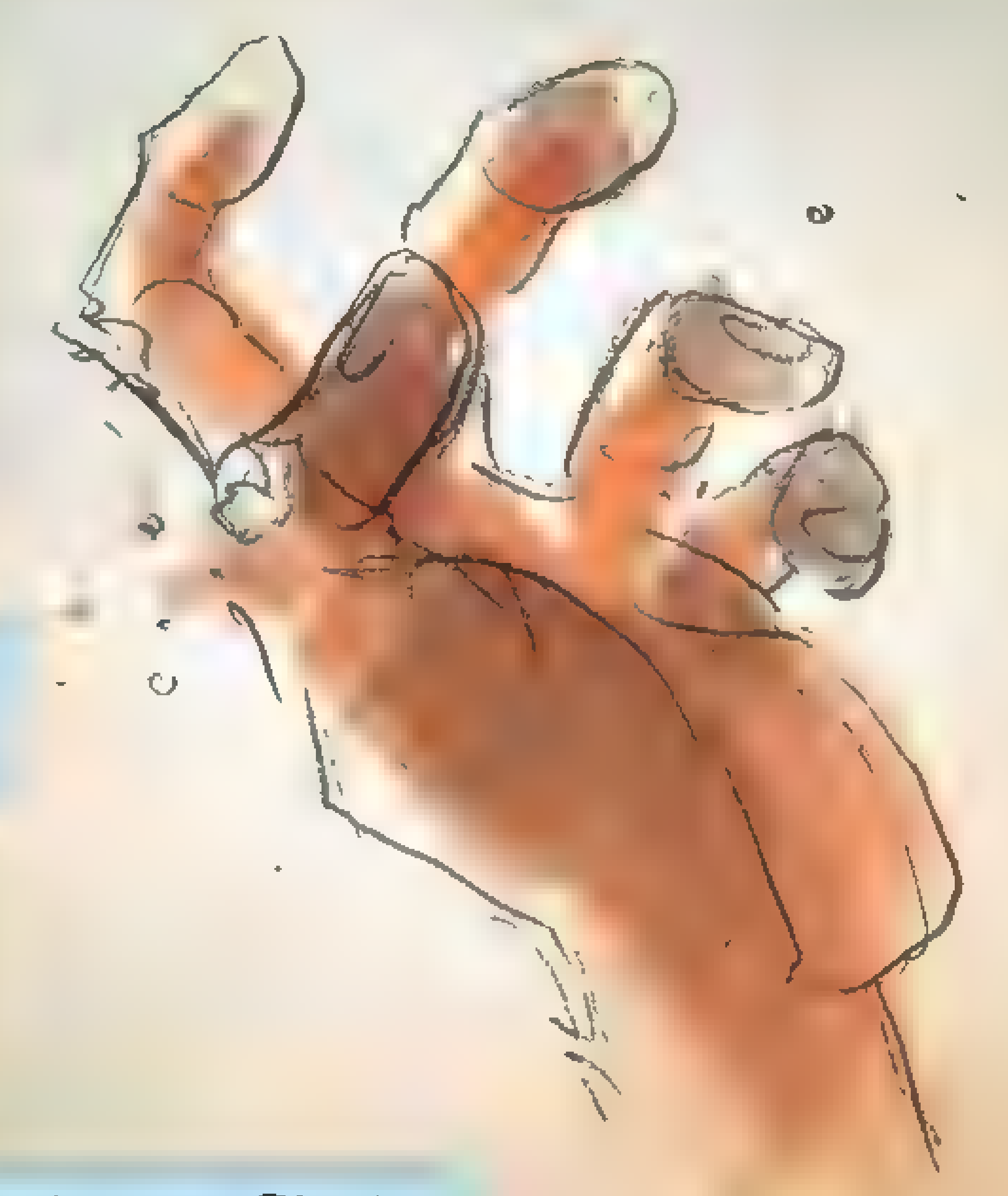


I was struck so hard
it felt like
a bus had come out
of nowhere.
I would know.
I've been hit by
a bus before.
There was no wall
within a few
hundred yards.
I hit the floor and
tumbled like a corpse
thrown from
a moving vehicle.
I rolled hard and
felt skin on my
face and hands
scrape away like
butter across
the concrete floor.

I came to a stop.
My skin had
been ripped away,
but there was
no blood.
I didn't feel a
damn thing.

My biggest concern was Clayton, see.

I was thrown so far I doubt he could see me clearly, and he had concerns of his own. Captain Clayton was off the ground, hovering in the grips of a cold force, while yet another smacked his face from left to right with brutal persistence.



I stood and glanced down at my gnarled hand. Bone showed through skin, but I could see the jagged edges reconstituting and healing. Instead of pain, it felt like millions of microscopic ants swarmed over my wounds.

Weird. Fucking. Shit.

I ran toward Clayton, pretty sure I'd be healed up by the time I reached him. He was limp, hanging in the air like a hanged man. I suddenly became more concerned about whether he'd be alive when I got to him.

I stopped short and just screamed. I hollered as loud as I could with a guttural howl that startled even me for a second.

"Stop it!"

It was all I could think of.

It seemed to do the trick. The beating motion stopped, and the invisible grip on Clayton seemed to loosen.

I felt their cold attention on me.

Four of them.

They'd never encountered something like me. I had no soul, no life to take or torment.

Maybe, just maybe, it meant they were afraid of me. I'd seen ghouls do some seriously fucked-up shit to spirits.

I stomped forward.
"I said, stop it! "
It seemed like a long pause as
I watched the beaten body float before
it slowly began to lower.
Clayton looked unconscious.
I started toward him in case they
dropped him. But before I did anything,
Clayton was lowered to his feet.
He stood and looked up at me
with a smirk.

It wasn't the captain.
One of them had jumped inside him.
I felt cool air swirling near and
pulled out my gun,
but kept it down at my side.
These were soldiers. I didn't want a
face-off.
The one inside Clayton twisted
the old man's face into a distorted
version of a smile.

"What are you?"

"Your worst fucking nightmare if
you hurt the captain."

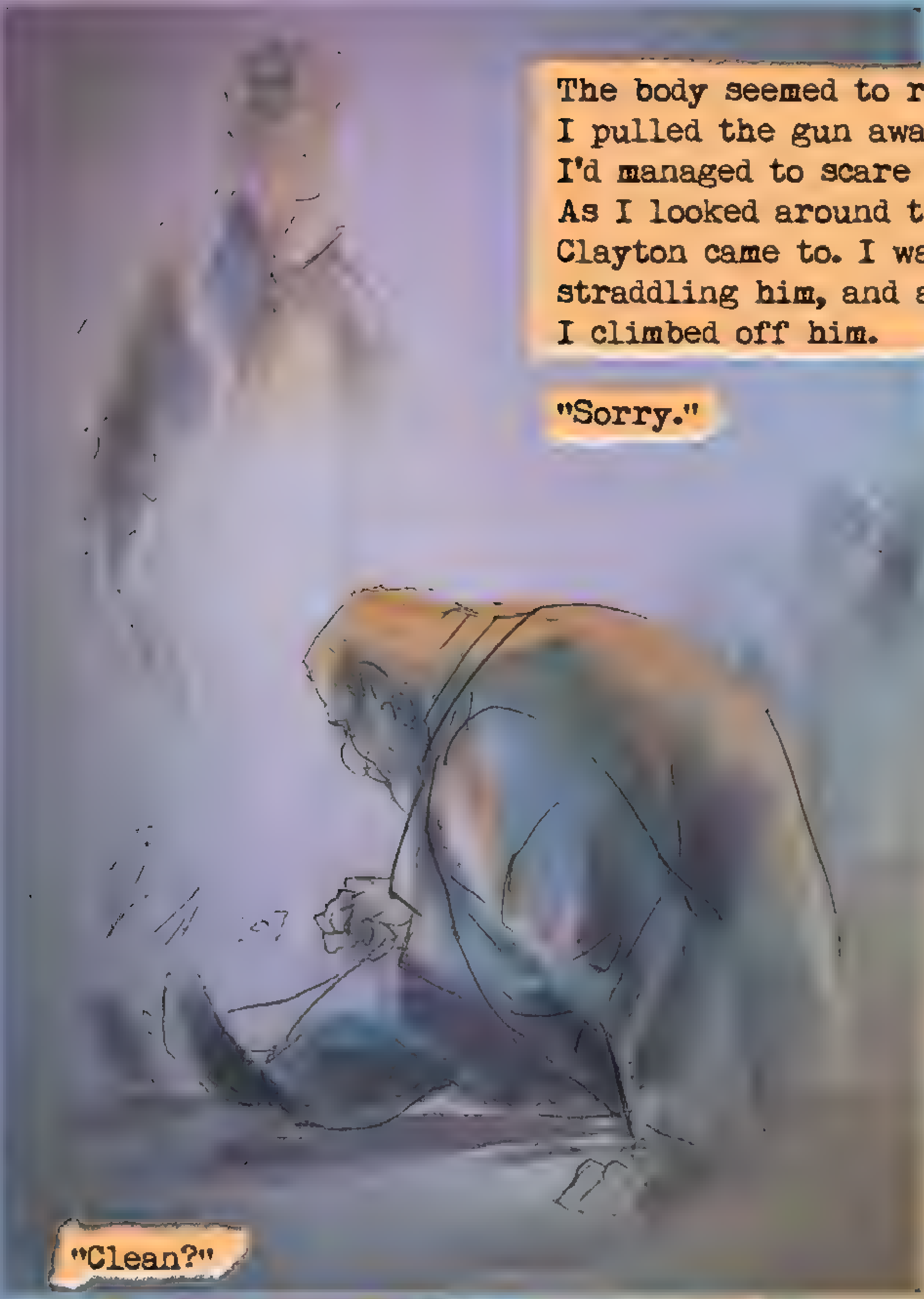
"We will do as we please,
as we always have."

He sounded like a snotty,
pissed-off kid.
I didn't like him.
"Let him go, now,
and go hide wherever
in the dark you hide."

Clayton frowned.
He swung at me and clipped my chin. Hard.
My head flipped sideways and a cold bus
hit my gut. They might not kill Clayton,
but they sure as hell were going to try
to kill me.
I lunged at Clayton and tackled him to
the ground before they could attack
again. I slammed him against the cement
and stuck the gun in Clayton's mouth.

"I swear to God I'll blow his brains out,
and then you'll have nothing! "

I was furiously jamming the gun down,
my face close to his, and to whoever hid inside him.



The body seemed to relax and go limp.
I pulled the gun away. The cold subsided.
I'd managed to scare them off.
As I looked around the massive cavern,
Clayton came to. I was still on his chest,
straddling him, and aiming the gun in his face.
I climbed off him.

"Sorry."

He took a moment, but he somehow
pulled himself together.
He was a tough old bastard.

"Did you hear or see
any of that?" I asked.

"Yes. I was there."

"Sir, you have to
tell me what
you want me to do,"
I said.
"You can leave here
and never come back.
I can clean this
place or find
someone who can."

"Clean?"

"Exorcise this place. Get rid of them."

Clayton shook his head, his hand on his neck.
"That sounds like killing them again."

"I won't lie to you. It kind of is.
I can't guarantee where they'd wind up."

He took a step toward me, grabbing my upper arm.
"There's got to be another way."

I looked at him long and hard.
"I've dealt with things like this in the past.
I'm gonna need to call for some help."

Clayton let go of my arm. "Whatever it takes.
If there's something we can do to help them,
then I want to try."

I traded my piece for my phone.
"Can I get reception down here?"

He looked at me like I was insane.

I checked the phone. I had one bar. I dialed Mo'Lock. It rang five or six times before he picked up.

"What the hell are you doing? You can't answer the phone?"

"Hello, Cal."

"Look, I need some help."

Clayton walked around, stretching his battered limbs, but he was listening closely. I didn't care what he heard. I had it covered.

"Can you get a few of your pals together?" I watched Clayton. "And head down to the city morgue?"

The captain froze for a beat and continued walking. He was good.

"I need you to get me four male bodies. Fresh as possible," I told the ghoul. "They have to be John Does. No accidents or mutilations, okay?"

"I understand," Mo'Lock replied. "Anything else?"

"Yeah, bring me some candles and some chalk."

"Oh Cal, you're not--"

"Just do it, okay?"

I kept talking, told him where to bring the bodies, and hung up before he could whine again.

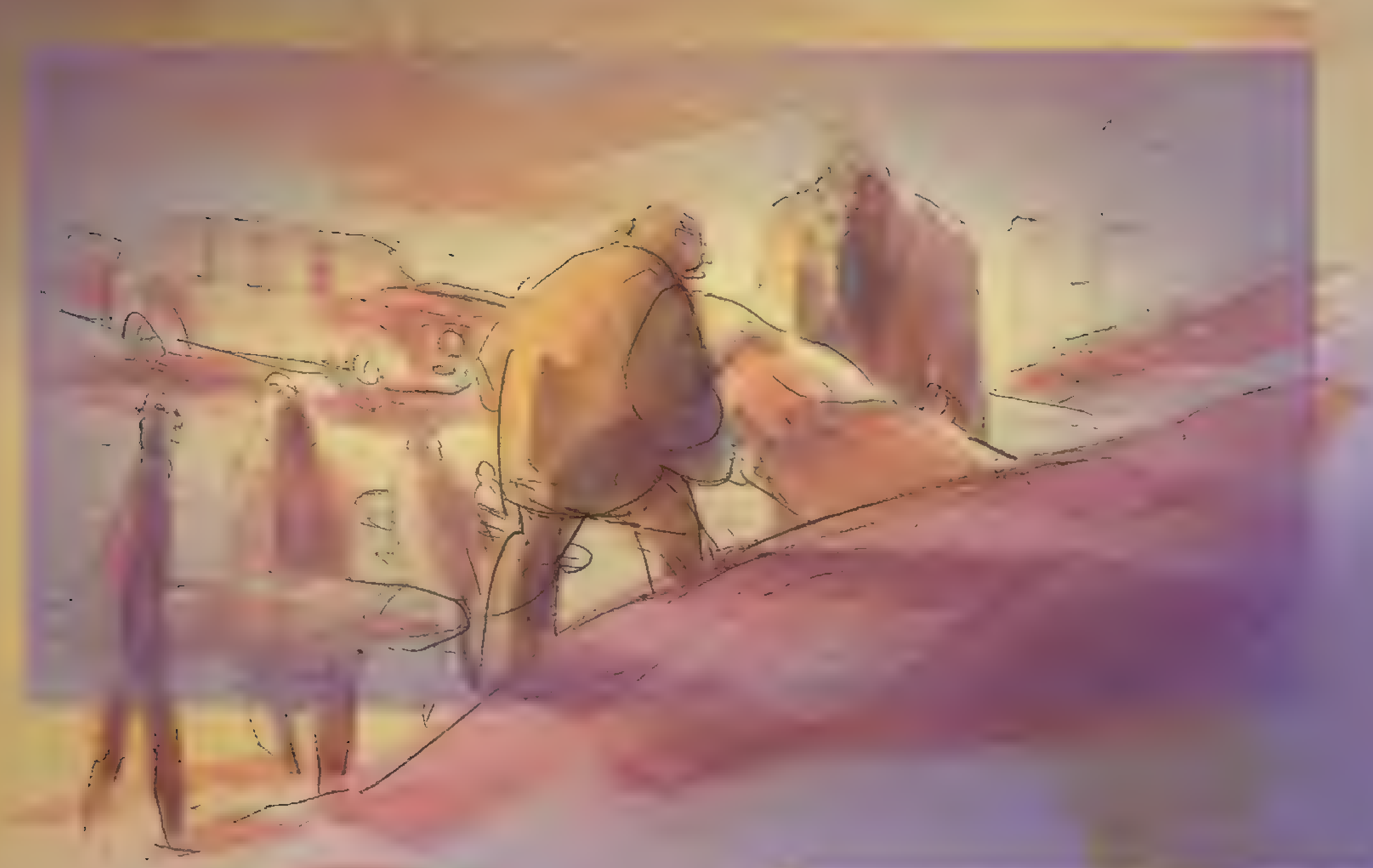
I put away my phone. Clayton was staring at me. "This can't be legal."

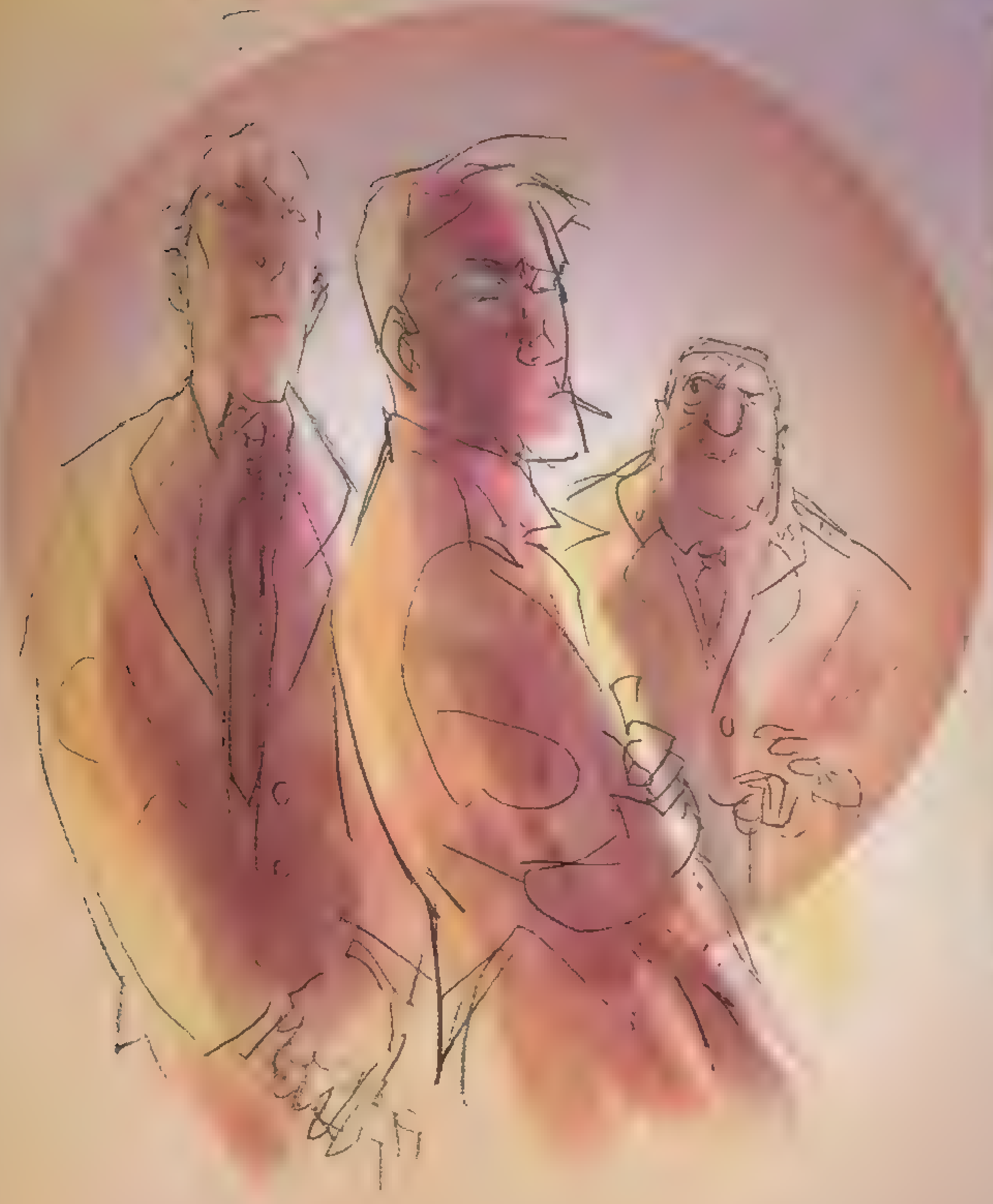
"No, it's not," I said. "Which brings me to the next topic . . . payment."

"What's this going to run?"

"For this, all I want is a trade for silence," I said. "I'll keep your secrets and you'll keep mine."

Clayton lowered his head and nodded, then extended his hand to mine. We shook on silence.





Mo'Lock and six of his friends arrived about two hours later with bodies in tow. We met them at the hatch and carried the bodies into the big room.

Once the bodies were all laid out, all of the ghouls except for Mo'Lock lumbered away and left us to the business at hand.

I checked the bodies. They were already shriveled and hard, with sunken eyes. They were old, almost a month. That was the limit for morgue storage of unclaimed bodies.

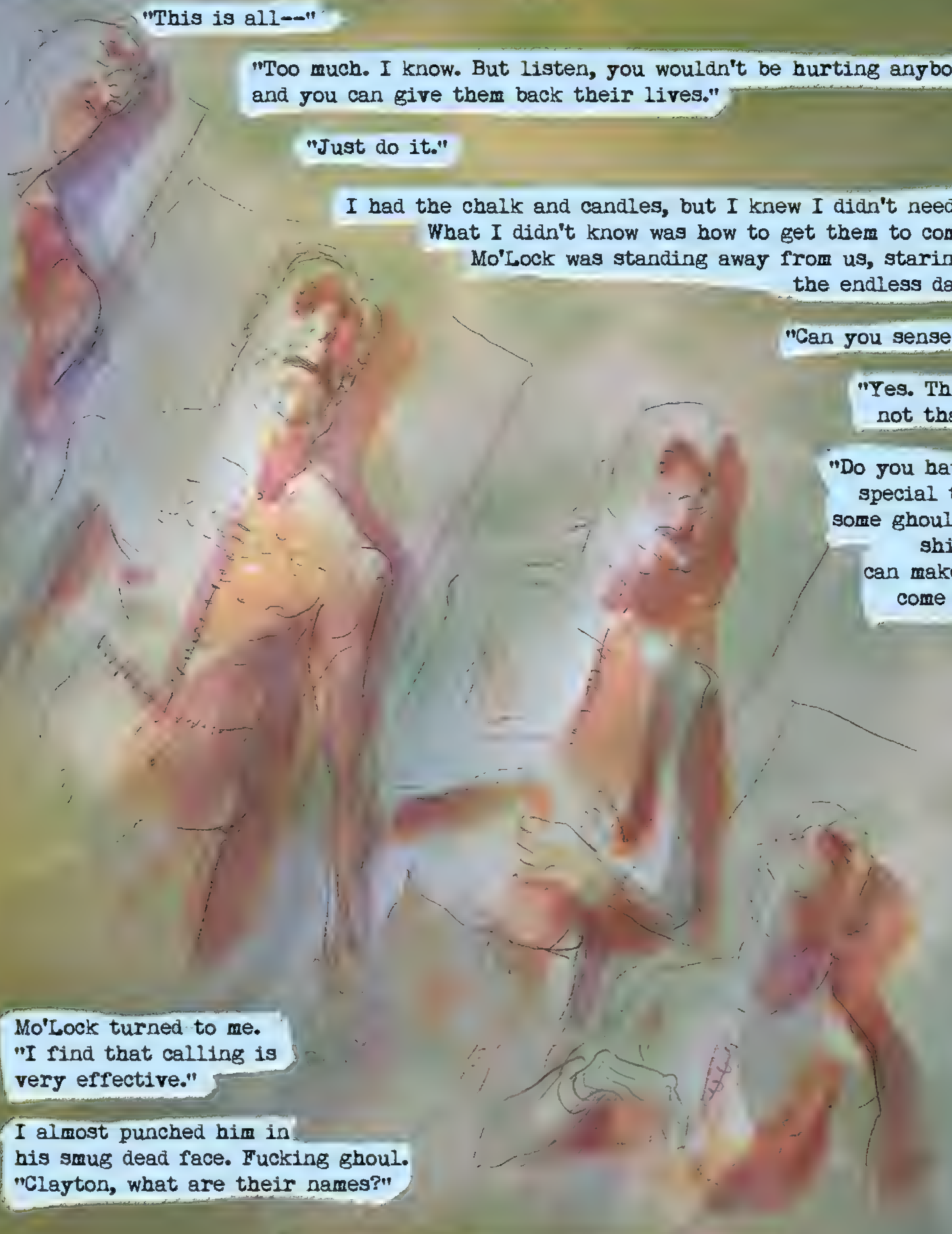
Clayton looked completely confused.

"These bodies are strictly temporary, okay? You have to get them out of the city and find some fresher ones. Hospitals are good for that."
He shook his head slowly. I had overloaded him.

"This is all--"

"Too much. I know. But listen, you wouldn't be hurting anybody, and you can give them back their lives."

"Just do it."



I had the chalk and candles, but I knew I didn't need them. What I didn't know was how to get them to come back. Mo'Lock was standing away from us, staring into the endless darkness.

"Can you sense them?"

"Yes. They are not that far."

"Do you have any special tricks, some ghouly dead shit that can make them come to us?"

Mo'Lock turned to me.
"I find that calling is very effective."

I almost punched him in his smug dead face. Fucking ghoul.
"Clayton, what are their names?"

"Nelson, Turner, Haggerty, and Richards."

I started calling the names out. My voice echoed forever and bounced right back, but they didn't come. I looked at Mo'Lock. He only shook his head. I was starting to get pissed.

"Okay! I have the candles and chalk! I can make you come here or you can come yourself! It's your choice. We are trying to fucking help you!"

For a moment all I got were glances from Clayton and the ghoul. Cold started drifting into the room. I felt a breeze brush past me.

"I know you know how to do it," I said. "Use these bodies and you can get the hell out of here."

We all stood back from the bodies lined up in a row. The frigid breeze swirled by us again until I could almost see the air moving, distorting right in front of us, moving toward the bodies.

All four corpses shuddered at once. Slowly they began to move, their limbs, joints, and muscles cracking and popping. They sat up, one by one, opening dried-out eyes.

Clayton walked closer. "Boys?"

With great difficulty, each corpse turned and looked toward the familiar voice.

Mo'Lock and I took a step back.

"Captain, sir?" I said.

Clayton stood by his boys as they struggled to stand. He turned to me and I saw tears in his eyes.

I can take it from here, McDonald.
Thank you.
I walked away, leaving them to their reunion.
"It was my pleasure."

Mo'Lock looked at me curiously. He knew I needed the cash, but I couldn't take money for this one.
In a weird way, the whole stupid thing gave me a shred of hope--that someday I could escape my own eternal death.
THE END

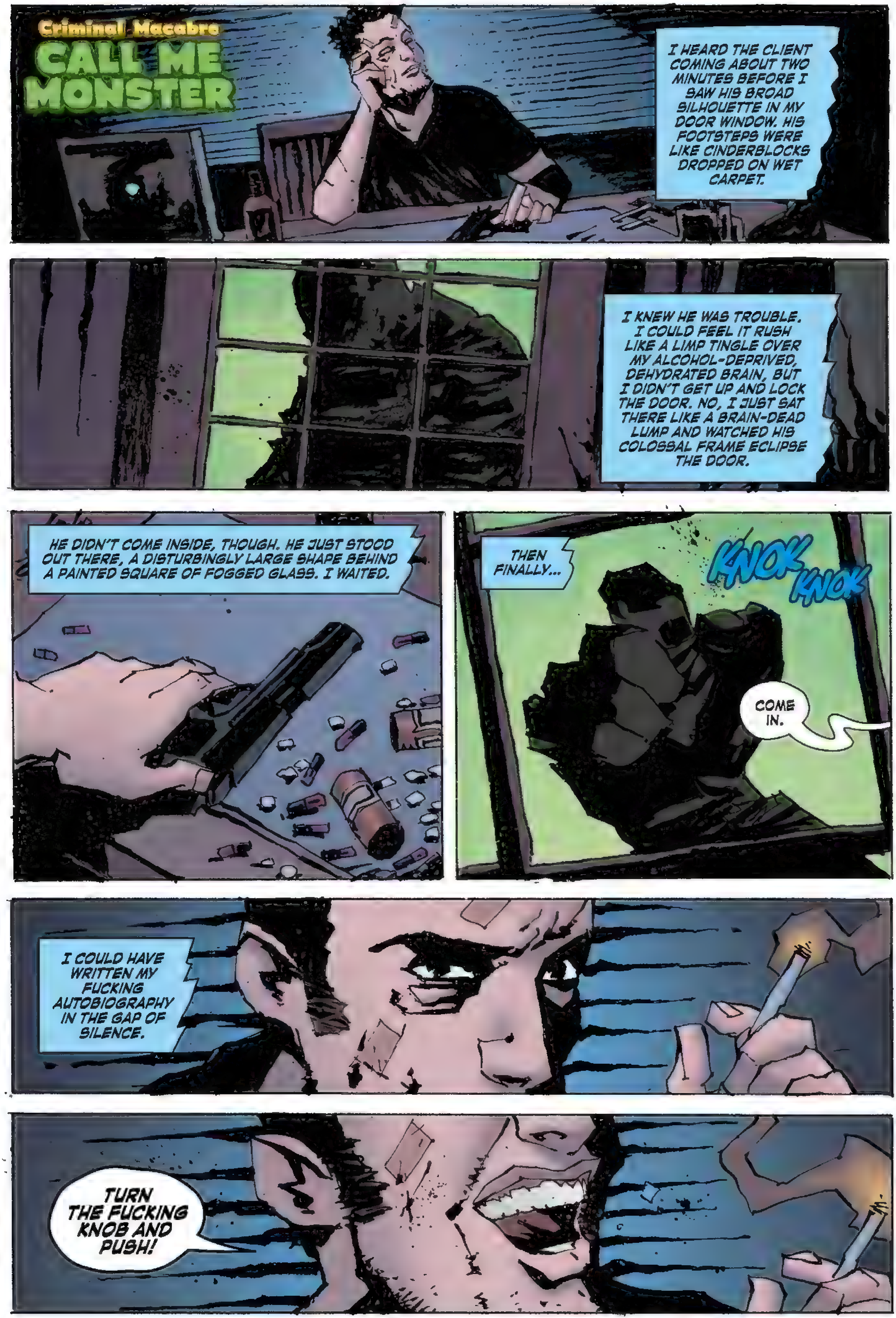
CALL ME MONSTER

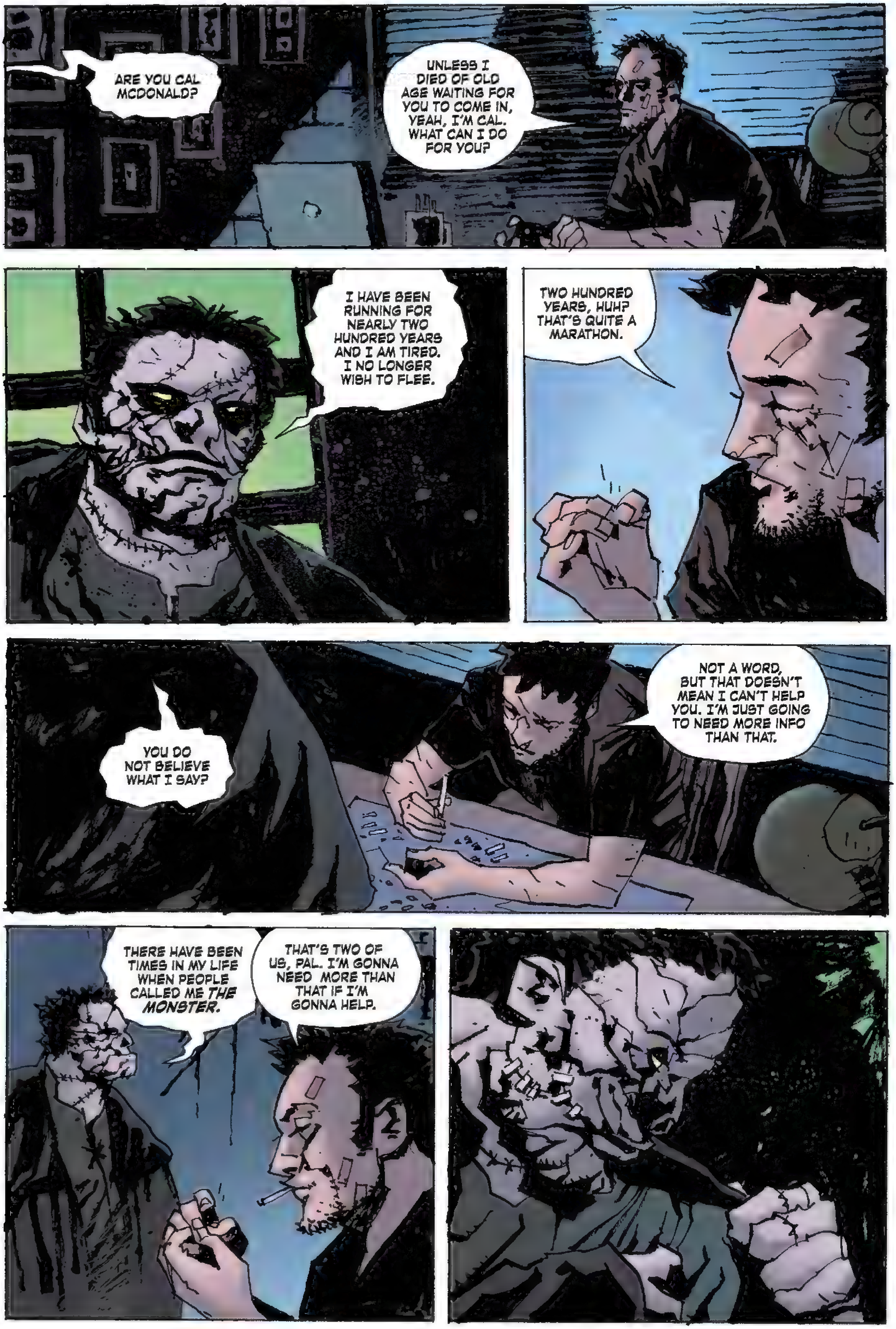
story
STEVE NILES

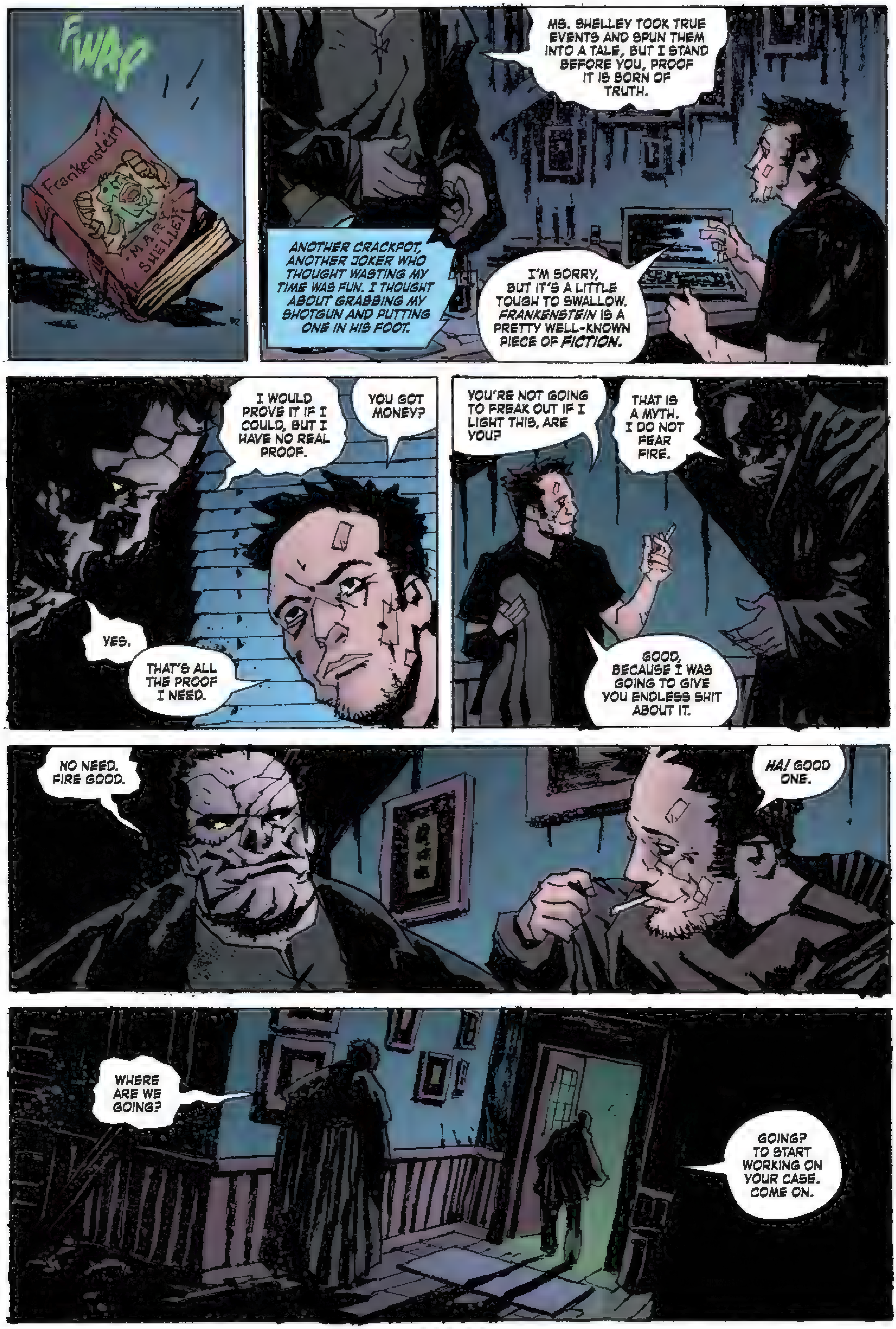
art
CHRISTOPHER MITTEN

colors
MICHELLE MADSEN

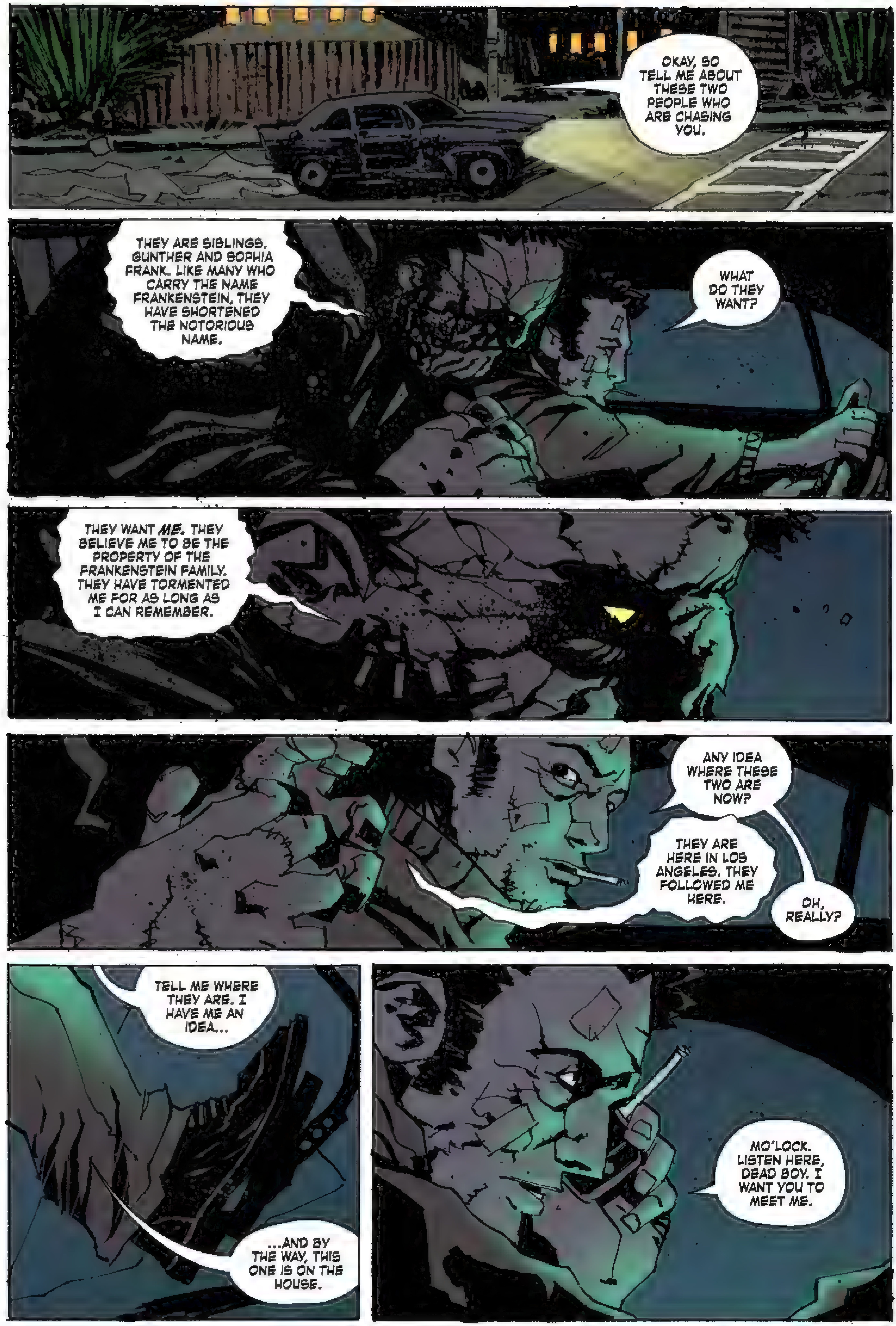
letters
NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®


Criminal Macabre
CALL ME MONSTER
I HEARD THE CLIENT COMING ABOUT TWO MINUTES BEFORE I SAW HIS BROAD SILHOUETTE IN MY DOOR WINDOW. HIS FOOTSTEPS WERE LIKE CINDERBLOCKS DROPPED ON WET CARPET.
I KNEW HE WAS TROUBLE. I COULD FEEL IT RUSH LIKE A LIMP TINGLE OVER MY ALCOHOL-DEPRIVED, DEHYDRATED BRAIN, BUT I DIDN'T GET UP AND LOCK THE DOOR. NO, I JUST SAT THERE LIKE A BRAIN-DEAD LUMP AND WATCHED HIS COLOSSAL FRAME ECLIPSE THE DOOR.
HE DIDN'T COME INSIDE, THOUGH. HE JUST STOOD OUT THERE, A DISTURBINGLY LARGE SHAPE BEHIND A PAINTED SQUARE OF FOGGED GLASS. I WAITED.
THEN FINALLY...
KNOK KNOK
COME IN.
I COULD HAVE WRITTEN MY FUCKING AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN THE GAP OF SILENCE.
TURN THE FUCKING KNOB AND PUSH!

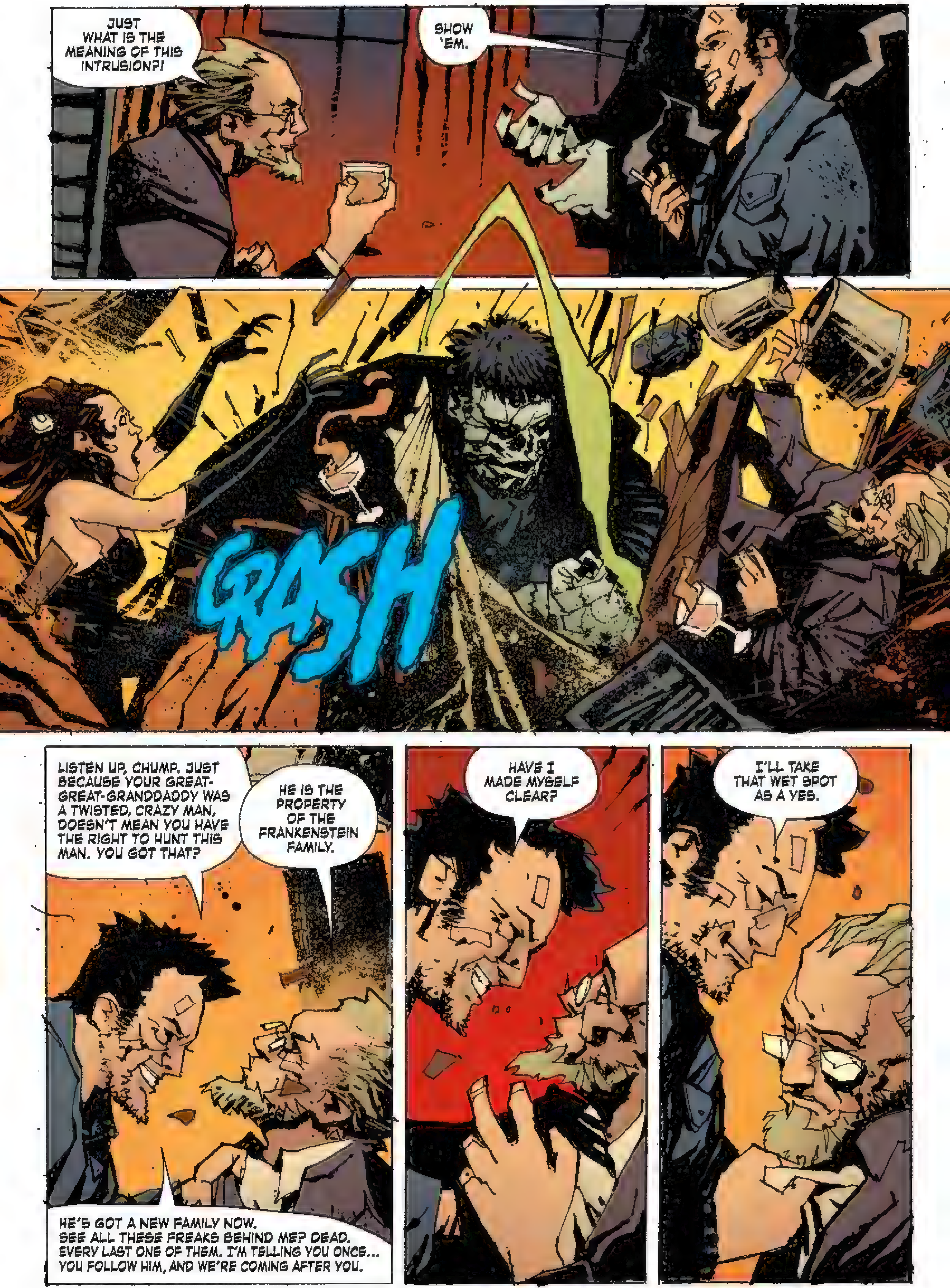

ARE YOU CAL MCDONALD?
UNLESS I DIED OF OLD AGE WAITING FOR YOU TO COME IN, YEAH, I'M CAL. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I HAVE BEEN RUNNING FOR NEARLY TWO HUNDRED YEARS AND I AM TIRED. I NO LONGER WISH TO FLEE.
TWO HUNDRED YEARS, HUH? THAT'S QUITE A MARATHON.
YOU DO NOT BELIEVE WHAT I SAY?
NOT A WORD, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T HELP YOU. I'M JUST GOING TO NEED MORE INFO THAN THAT.
THERE HAVE BEEN TIMES IN MY LIFE WHEN PEOPLE CALLED ME *THE MONSTER.*
THAT'S TWO OF US, PAL. I'M GONNA NEED MORE THAN THAT IF I'M GONNA HELP.


FWAP
Frankenstein
MARY SHELLEY
MS. SHELLEY TOOK TRUE EVENTS AND SPUN THEM INTO A TALE, BUT I STAND BEFORE YOU, PROOF IT IS BORN OF TRUTH.
ANOTHER CRACKPOT, ANOTHER JOKER WHO THOUGHT WASTING MY TIME WAS FUN. I THOUGHT ABOUT GRABBING MY SHOTGUN AND PUTTING ONE IN HIS FOOT.
I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S A LITTLE TOUGH TO SWALLOW. *FRANKENSTEIN* IS A PRETTY WELL-KNOWN PIECE OF ***FICTION.***
I WOULD PROVE IT IF I COULD, BUT I HAVE NO REAL PROOF.
YOU GOT MONEY?
YES.
THAT'S ALL THE PROOF I NEED.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FREAK OUT IF I LIGHT THIS, ARE YOU?
THAT IS A MYTH. I DO NOT FEAR FIRE.
GOOD, BECAUSE I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU ENDLESS SHIT ABOUT IT.
NO NEED. FIRE GOOD.
HA! GOOD ONE.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
GOING? TO START WORKING ON YOUR CASE. COME ON.

HEY, MO. WE GOT A NEW CASE. THIS IS THE CLIENT. HE SAYS HE'S FRANKENSTEIN.
ACTUALLY, I HAVE NO NAME. FRANKENSTEIN IS THE SURNAME OF MY CREATOR... AND MY OPPRESSORS.
IT IS INDEED A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, SIR.
MIGHT I INQUIRE WHAT THE NATURE OF THE CASE IS?
IT IS THE FAMILY OF MY CREATOR, A YOUNG MAN AND A YOUNG WOMAN WHO ARE DIRECT DESCENDENTS OF THE FRANKENSTEINS. THEY ARE FOLLOWING ME, HUNTING ME. THEY BELIEVE ME TO BE THEIR PROPERTY.
WHAT WILL YOU DO?
NOT A CLUE.
ARE YOU IN NEED OF MY ASSISTANCE?
I'M COOL. I'LL CALL YOU IF I GET IN A JAM.
BEST OF LUCK TO YOU, SIR. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, YOU ARE IN GOOD HANDS.
THANK YOU.
YOU TWO FREAKS CAN CATCH UP LATER. LET'S MOVE!


OKAY, SO TELL ME ABOUT THESE TWO PEOPLE WHO ARE CHASING YOU.
THEY ARE SIBLINGS. GUNTHER AND SOPHIA FRANK. LIKE MANY WHO CARRY THE NAME FRANKENSTEIN, THEY HAVE SHORTENED THE NOTORIOUS NAME.
WHAT DO THEY WANT?
THEY WANT *ME*. THEY BELIEVE ME TO BE THE PROPERTY OF THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY. THEY HAVE TORMENTED ME FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER.
ANY IDEA WHERE THESE TWO ARE NOW?
THEY ARE HERE IN LOS ANGELES. THEY FOLLOWED ME HERE.
OH, REALLY?
TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE. I HAVE ME AN IDEA...
...AND BY THE WAY, THIS ONE IS ON THE HOUSE.
MO'LOCK. LISTEN HERE, DEAD BOY. I WANT YOU TO MEET ME.

Chez Poseur
A TOAST, SISTER. TO AT LAST LOCATING WHAT IS OURS.
CHEERS, GUNTHER.
IMAGINE THE FAME. IMAGINE THE FORTUNE AWAITING US WHEN WE REVEAL THE LEGENDARY FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER TO THE WORLD.
IMAGINE YOUR FACE WHEN I'M DONE WORKING YOU OVER.
IT'S--
--THE MONSTER!


JUST WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION?!
SHOW 'EM.
CRASH
LISTEN UP, CHUMP. JUST BECAUSE YOUR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDADDY WAS A TWISTED, CRAZY MAN, DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO HUNT THIS MAN. YOU GOT THAT?
HE IS THE PROPERTY OF THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY.
HE'S GOT A NEW FAMILY NOW. SEE ALL THESE FREAKS BEHIND ME? DEAD. EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM. I'M TELLING YOU ONCE... YOU FOLLOW HIM, AND WE'RE COMING AFTER YOU.
HAVE I MADE MYSELF CLEAR?
I'LL TAKE THAT WET SPOT AS A YES.

SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA JUST STAND UP FOR YOURSELF.
I SUPPOSE I LET OLD FEARS CONTROL ME. I WILL NOT MAKE THIS MISTAKE AGAIN.
SO, WHAT'S NEXT FOR YOU, UH...
I THINK I WILL STAY IN THIS AREA FOR A WHILE. AS FOR NAMES, I AM OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS.
OR PERHAPS NOT.
YOU KNOW, YOU REALLY SHOULD TAKE A NAME.
WILHELM? PETE? TODD? DOUG?
FRANKLIN? HANK? BORIS? KURT? POINDEXTER?
DRINK?
THANK YOU.
AW, COME ON, SAY IT!
DRINK GOOD.
YES!
THE END

WHEN FREAKS COLLIDE

story
STEVE NILES AND ERIC POWELL

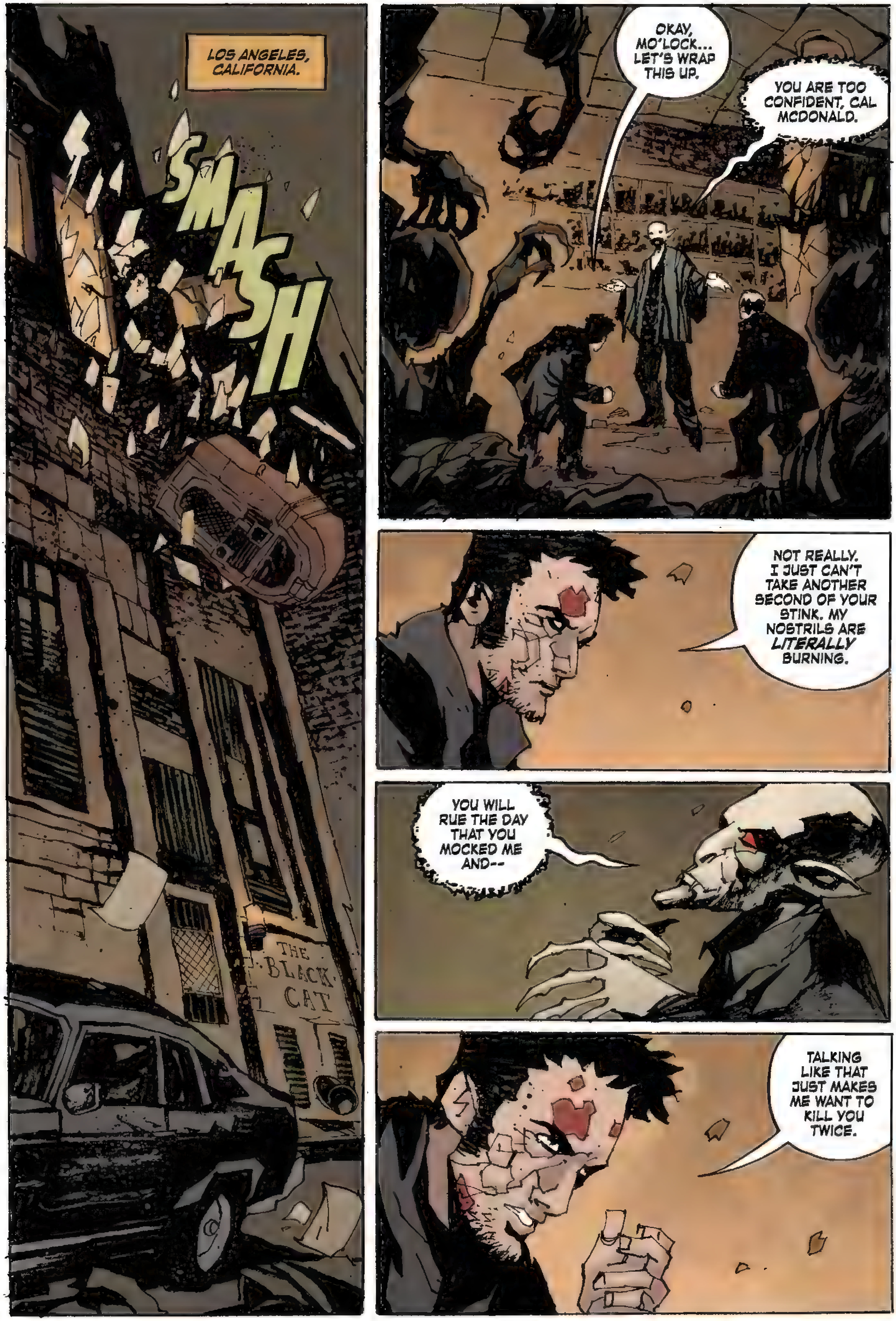
art
CHRISTOPHER MITTEN

colors
MICHELLE MADSEN

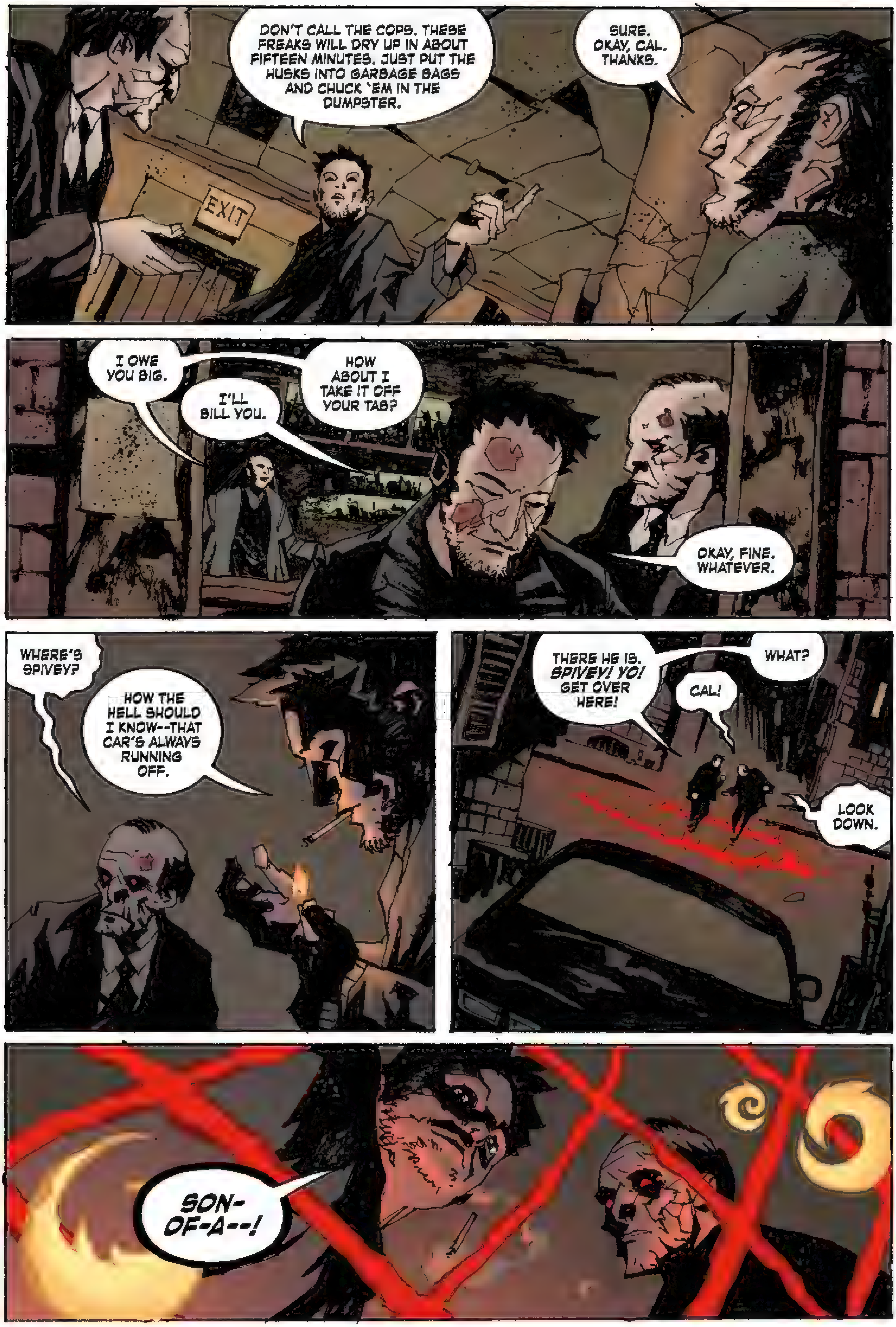
letters
NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

title art
FIONA STAPLES

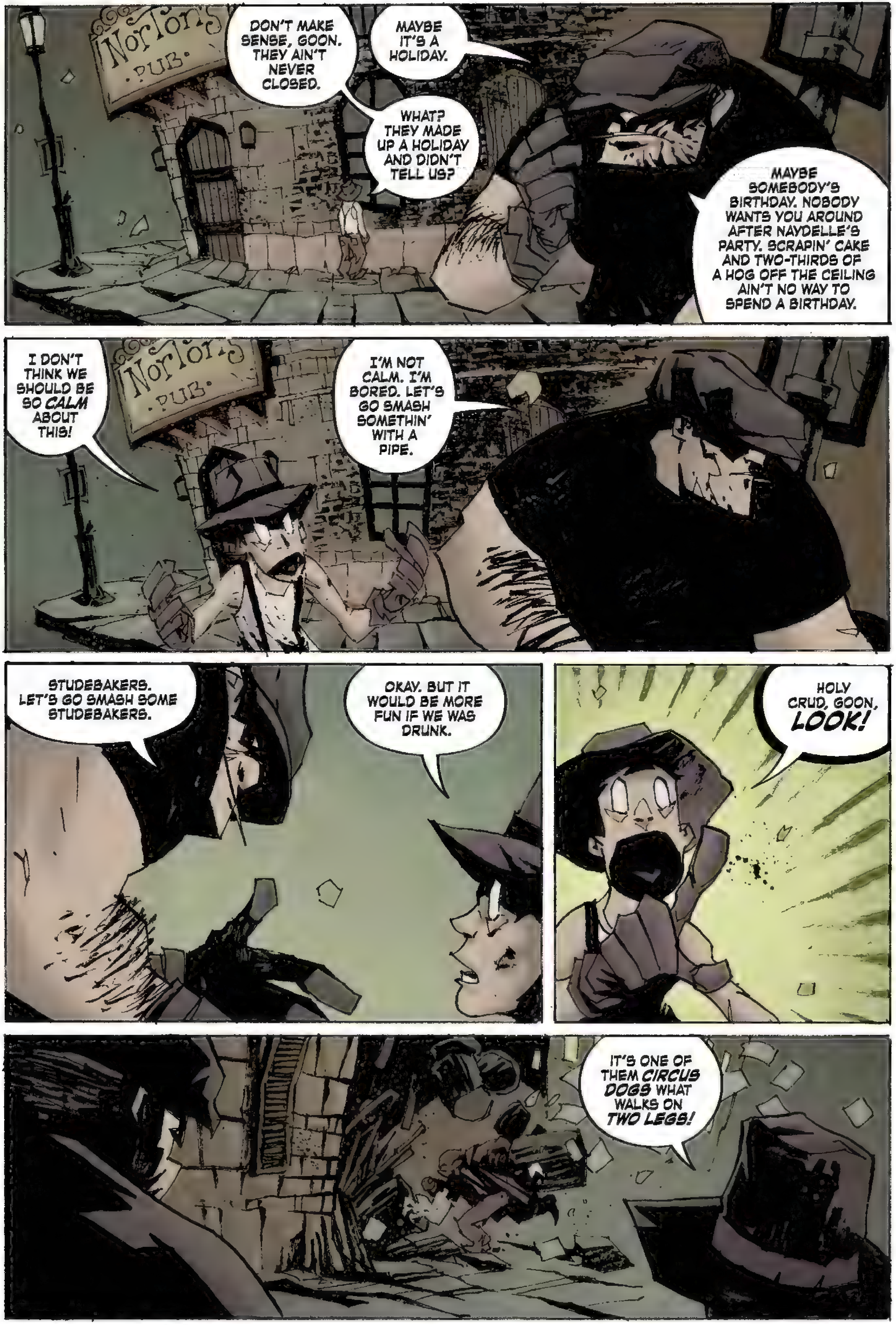
CRIMSON BAY, CHICAGO-ISH.
THEY DESTROYED THE ENTIRE SHIPMENT.
THIS HAS TO STOP.
LUCKY IS *NOT* GOING TO BE HAPPY ABOUT THIS.
YOU THINK THIS'LL MAKE LUCKY MAD...
...WAIT TILL HE FINDS OUT FIVE OF HIS MEN GOT THEMSELVES OFFED.
YOU KNOW BETTER, BERNIE. *GUNS? REALLY?* AND I'M GUESSING YOU HAVE WOODEN BULLETS IN THERE TOO, RIGHT?
WOOD IS FOR SUCKERS. THESE BABIES GOT TIPS FILLED WITH CONCENTRATED ULTRAVIOLET RADIATION.
YOU GOT A BIG SURPRISE COMING.
PFFT. BYE-BYE, BOYS.
BADDA-BADDA-BADDA
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM

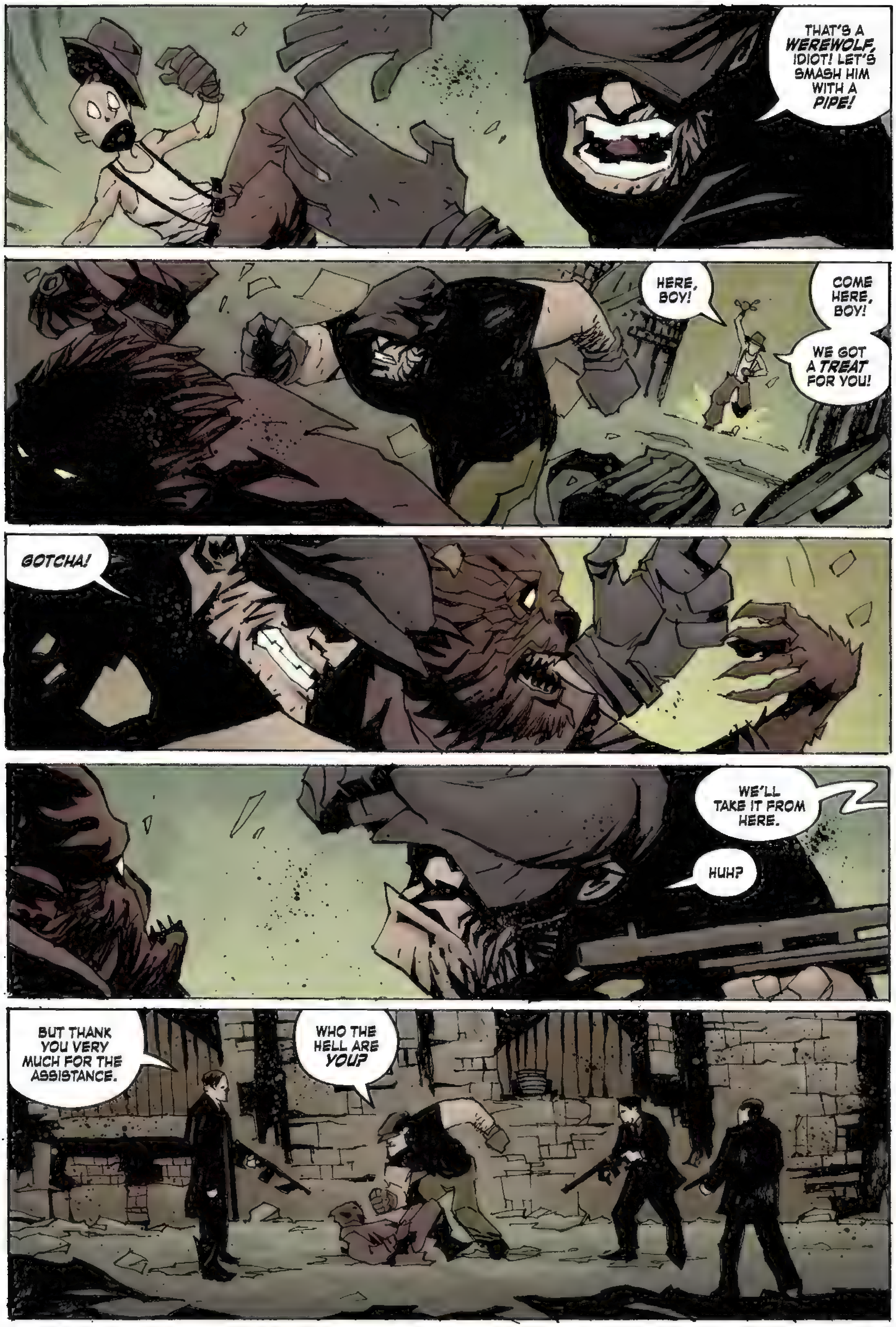

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
SMASH
THE BLACK CAT
OKAY, MO'LOCK... LET'S WRAP THIS UP.
YOU ARE TOO CONFIDENT, CAL MCDONALD.
NOT REALLY. I JUST CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER SECOND OF YOUR STINK. MY NOSTRILS ARE *LITERALLY* BURNING.
YOU WILL RUE THE DAY THAT YOU MOCKED ME AND--
TALKING LIKE THAT JUST MAKES ME WANT TO KILL YOU TWICE.

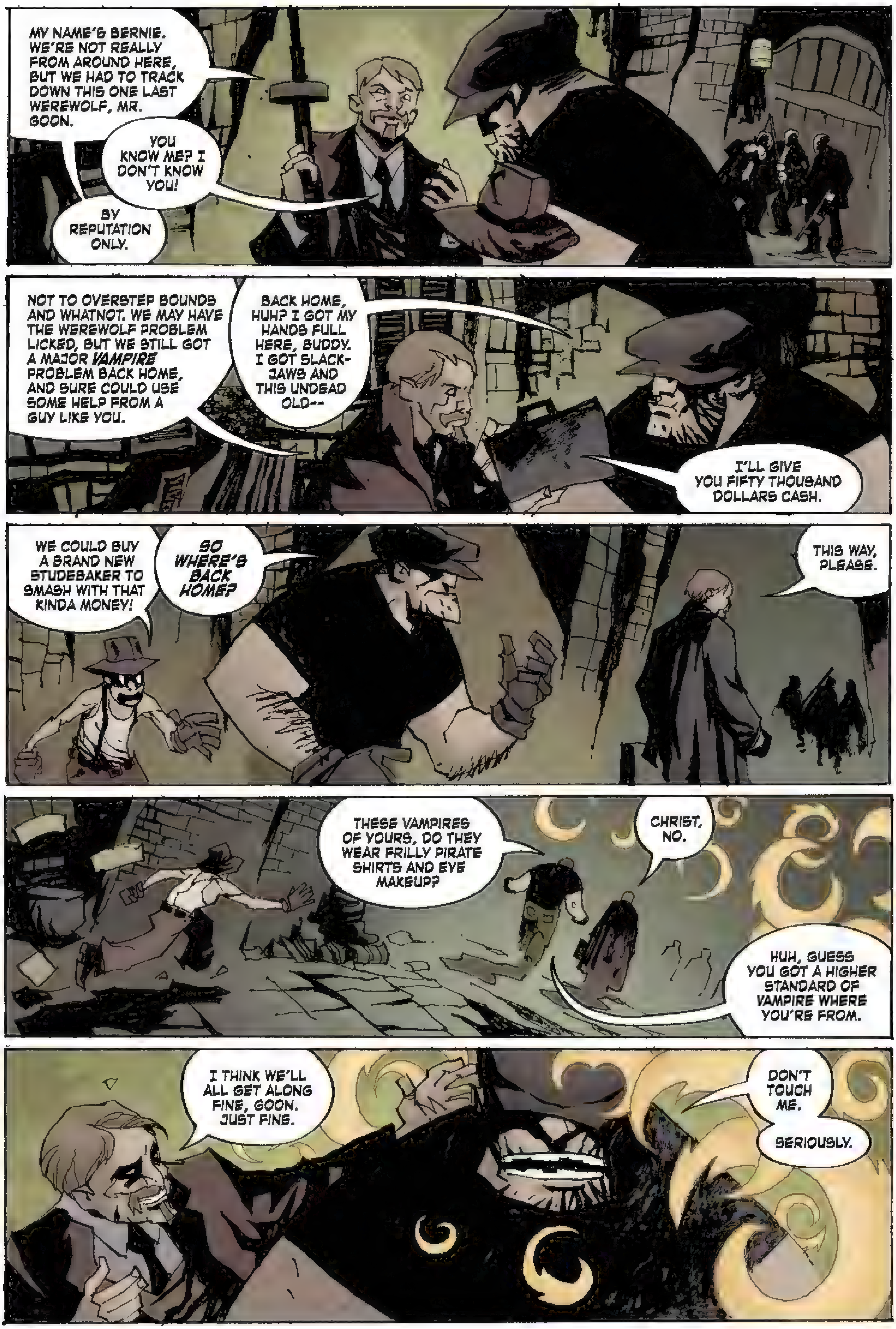
WACK
SPLAT
BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM
CAL, ARE YOU OKAY?
NOTHING A SHOWER, BEER, AND BONG HIT WON'T FIX.

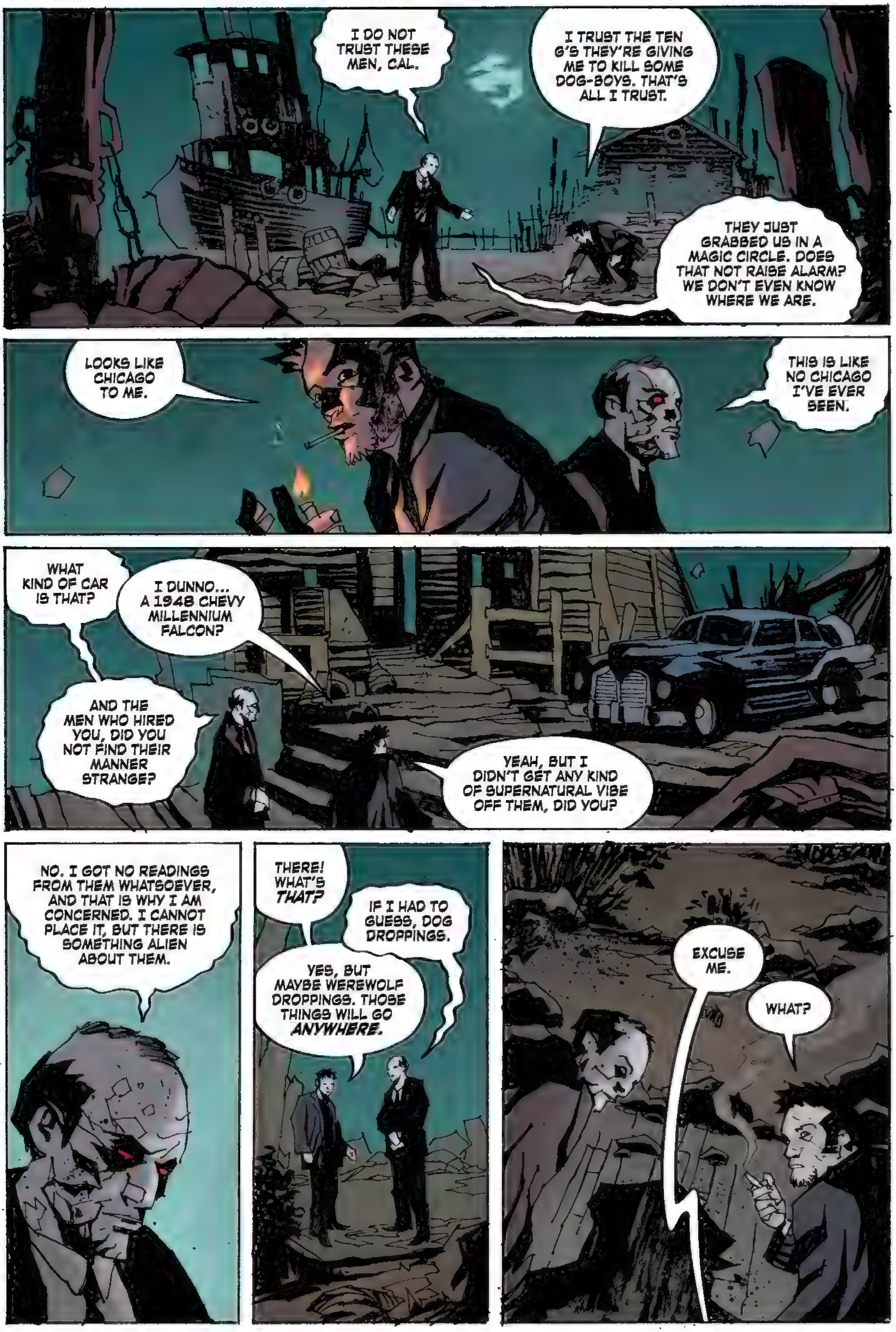

DON'T CALL THE COPS. THESE FREAKS WILL DRY UP IN ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES. JUST PUT THE HUSKS INTO GARBAGE BAGS AND CHUCK 'EM IN THE DUMPSTER.
EXIT
SURE. OKAY, CAL. THANKS.
I OWE YOU BIG.
HOW ABOUT I TAKE IT OFF YOUR TAB?
I'LL BILL YOU.
OKAY, FINE. WHATEVER.
WHERE'S SPIVEY?
HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW--THAT CAR'S ALWAYS RUNNING OFF.
THERE HE IS. *SPIVEY! YO!* GET OVER HERE!
WHAT?
CAL!
LOOK DOWN.
SON-OF-A--!

I REALLY THOUGHT THE NEW BULLETS WOULD GIVE US THE EDGE FOR A LITTLE LONGER THAN A FEW HOURS, BOYS.
YEAH, WE KNOW, BOSS, BUT THEM BLOODSUCKERS MUSTA ALREADY HAD THIS THING UP THEIR SLEEVES BEFORE WE WHACKED 'EM.
THEY GOT THIS MAGIC WHOZITS GUY, LUCKY, AND THEY SAID THEY'RE GONNA SUMMON THE WORLD'S GREATEST MONSTER HUNTER TO COME AN' WIPE US OUT.
OH YEAH...WELL, THEM BLOOD-DRINKING PANSIES AREN'T THE ONLY GUYS WHAT GOT ACCESS TO BLACK MAGIC. ALL WE GOTTA DO IS MOVE FASTER THAN THEM AND WE NAB THE WORLD'S GREATEST MONSTER HUNTER AND WIPE *THEM* OUT.
GET ME *DAMIEN CROSS.*
AND, BOYS, BY MOVE FAST, I DON'T MEAN STANDING THERE WITH YOUR JAWS HANGIN' SLACK. I MEAN--
GET MOVING!

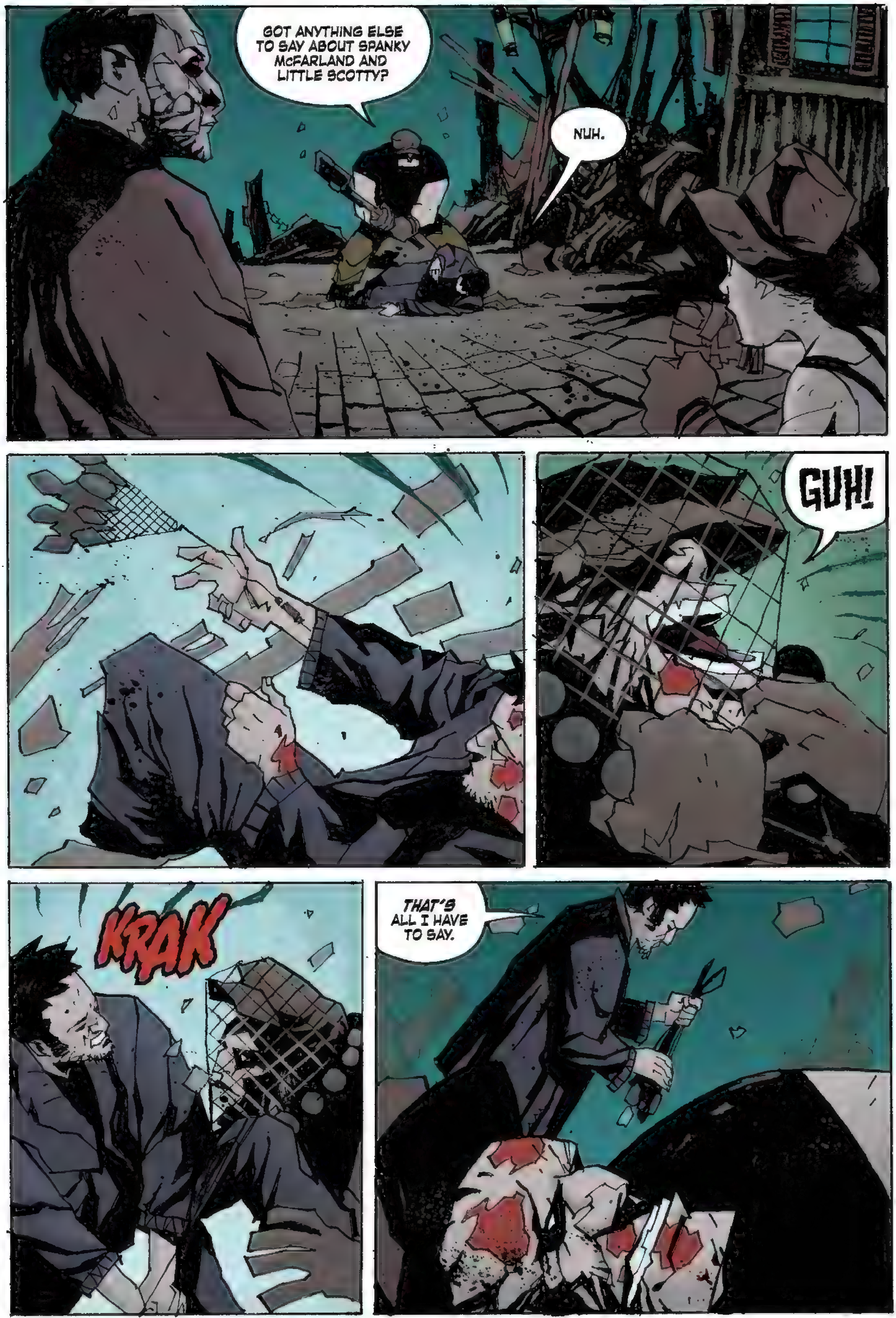

Norton's
PUB
DON'T MAKE SENSE, GOON. THEY AIN'T NEVER CLOSED.
MAYBE IT'S A HOLIDAY.
WHAT? THEY MADE UP A HOLIDAY AND DIDN'T TELL US?
MAYBE SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY. NOBODY WANTS YOU AROUND AFTER NAYDELLE'S PARTY. SCRAPIN' CAKE AND TWO-THIRDS OF A HOG OFF THE CEILING AIN'T NO WAY TO SPEND A BIRTHDAY.
Norton's
PUB
I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD BE SO *CALM* ABOUT THIS!
I'M NOT CALM. I'M BORED. LET'S GO SMASH SOMETHIN' WITH A PIPE.
STUDEBAKERS. LET'S GO SMASH SOME STUDEBAKERS.
OKAY. BUT IT WOULD BE MORE FUN IF WE WAS DRUNK.
HOLY CRUD, GOON, ***LOOK!***
IT'S ONE OF THEM *CIRCUS DOGS* WHAT WALKS ON *TWO LEGS!*

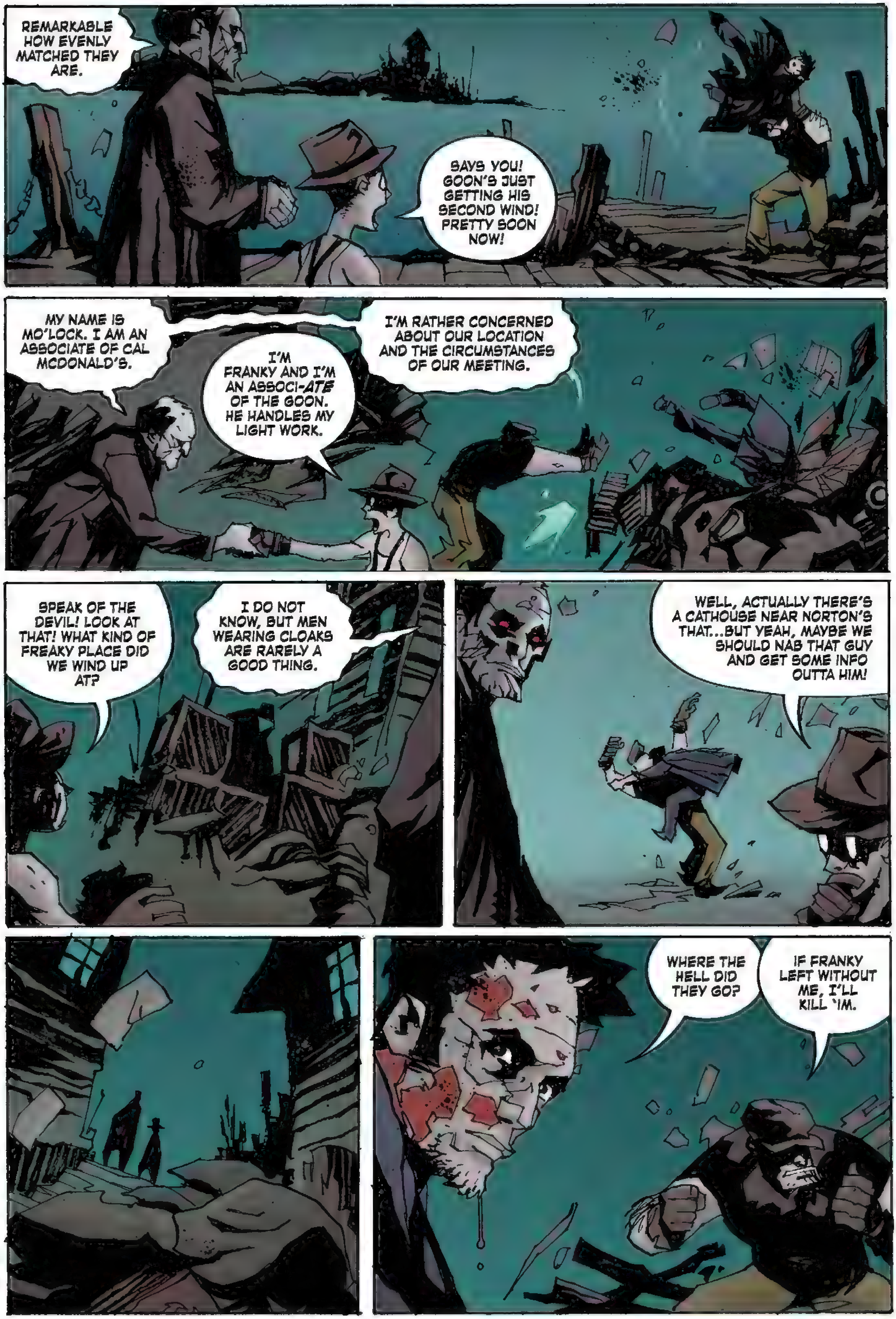

THAT'S A WEREWOLF, IDIOT! LET'S SMASH HIM WITH A PIPE!
HERE, BOY!
COME HERE, BOY!
WE GOT A TREAT FOR YOU!
GOTCHA!
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.
HUH?
BUT THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE ASSISTANCE.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

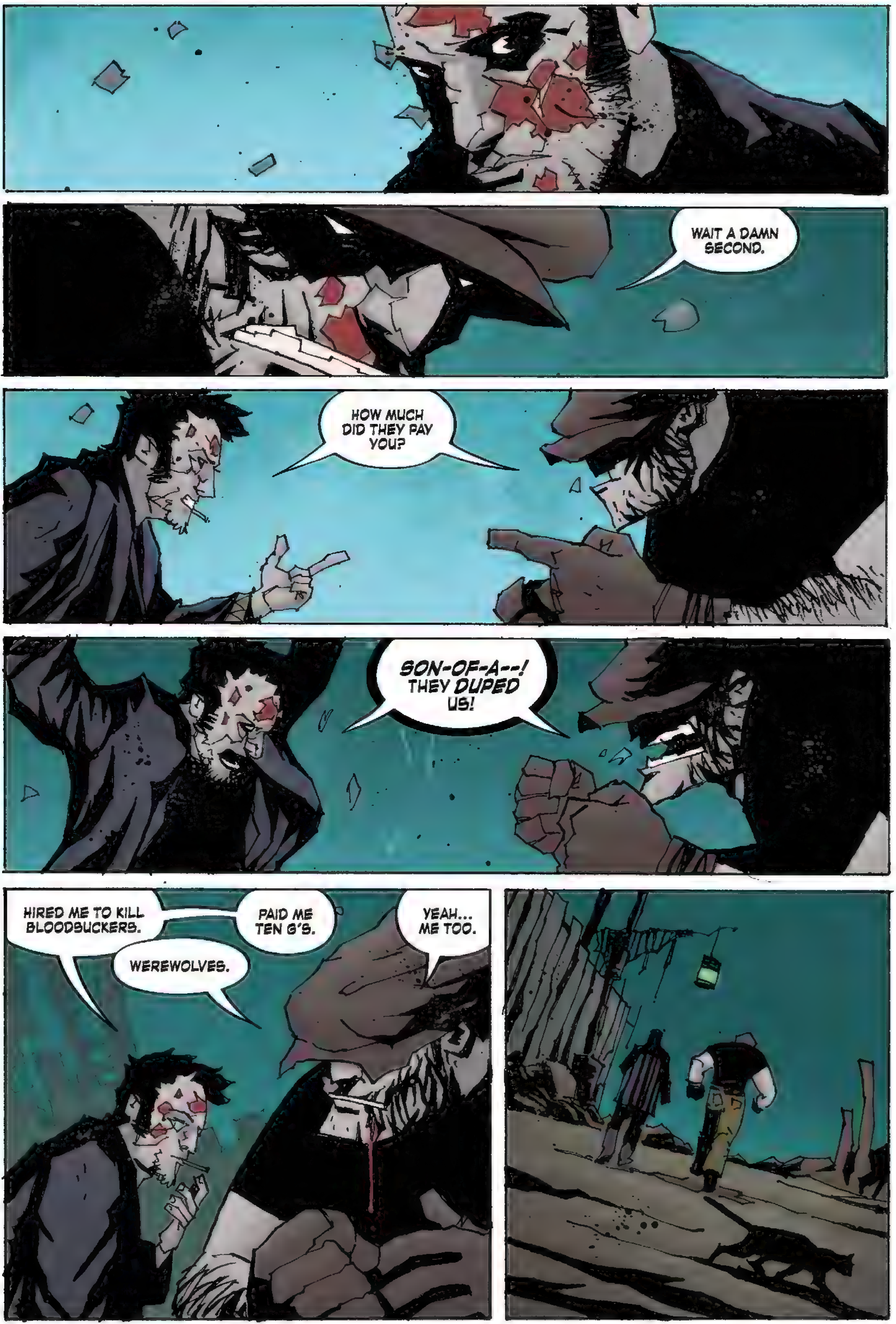

MY NAME'S BERNIE. WE'RE NOT REALLY FROM AROUND HERE, BUT WE HAD TO TRACK DOWN THIS ONE LAST WEREWOLF, MR. GOON.
YOU KNOW ME? I DON'T KNOW YOU!
BY REPUTATION ONLY.
NOT TO OVERSTEP BOUNDS AND WHATNOT. WE MAY HAVE THE WEREWOLF PROBLEM LICKED, BUT WE STILL GOT A MAJOR *VAMPIRE* PROBLEM BACK HOME, AND SURE COULD USE SOME HELP FROM A GUY LIKE YOU.
BACK HOME, HUH? I GOT MY HANDS FULL HERE, BUDDY. I GOT SLACK-JAWS AND THIS UNDEAD OLD--
I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH.
WE COULD BUY A BRAND NEW STUDEBAKER TO SMASH WITH THAT KINDA MONEY!
SO WHERE'S BACK HOME?
THIS WAY, PLEASE.
THESE VAMPIRES OF YOURS, DO THEY WEAR FRILLY PIRATE SHIRTS AND EYE MAKEUP?
CHRIST, NO.
HUH, GUESS YOU GOT A HIGHER STANDARD OF VAMPIRE WHERE YOU'RE FROM.
I THINK WE'LL ALL GET ALONG FINE, GOON. JUST FINE.
DON'T TOUCH ME.
SERIOUSLY.

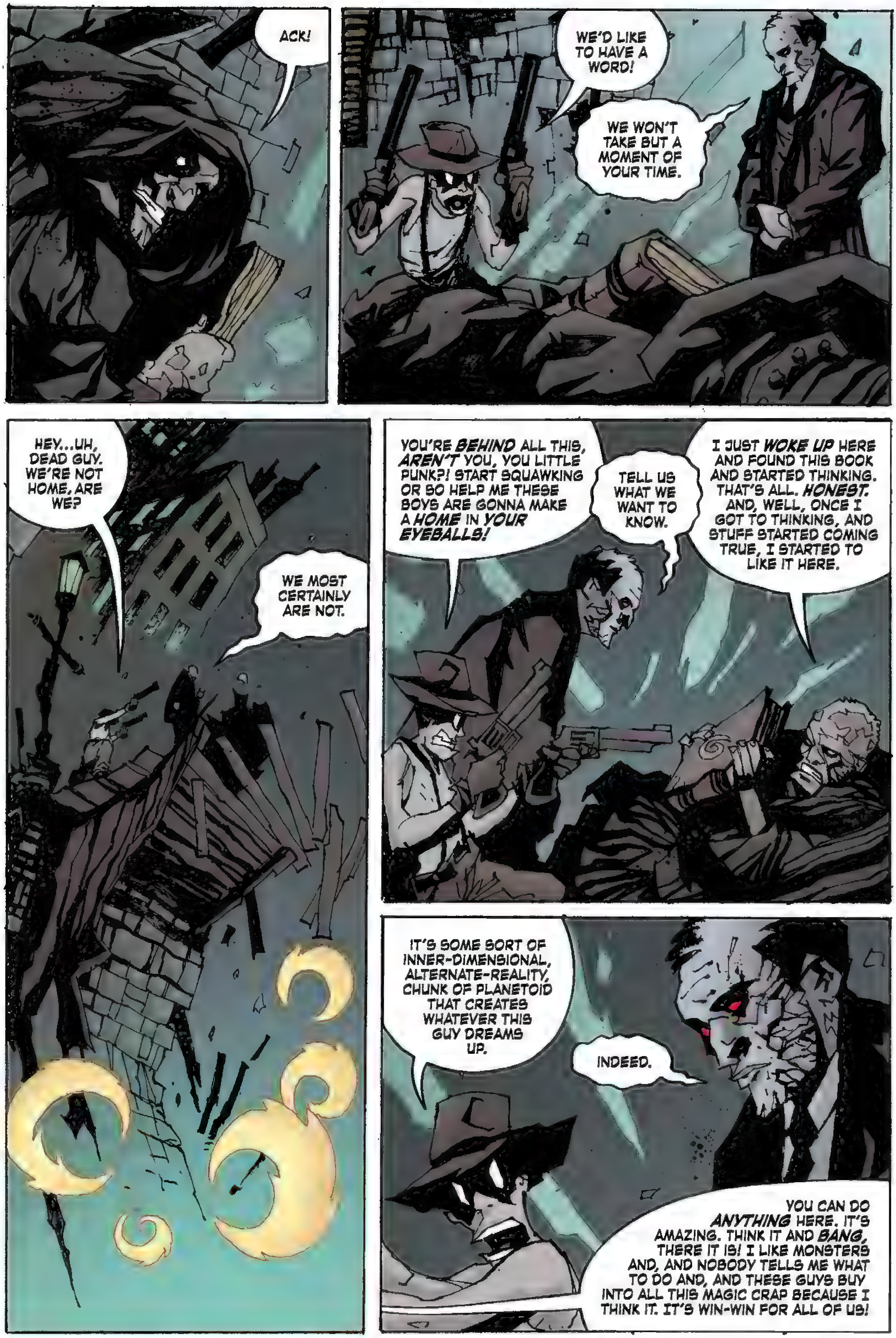

I DO NOT TRUST THESE MEN, CAL.
I TRUST THE TEN G'S THEY'RE GIVING ME TO KILL SOME DOG-BOYS. THAT'S ALL I TRUST.
THEY JUST GRABBED US IN A MAGIC CIRCLE. DOES THAT NOT RAISE ALARM? WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE ARE.
LOOKS LIKE CHICAGO TO ME.
THIS IS LIKE NO CHICAGO I'VE EVER SEEN.
WHAT KIND OF CAR IS THAT?
I DUNNO... A 1948 CHEVY MILLENNIUM FALCON?
AND THE MEN WHO HIRED YOU, DID YOU NOT FIND THEIR MANNER STRANGE?
YEAH, BUT I DIDN'T GET ANY KIND OF SUPERNATURAL VIBE OFF THEM, DID YOU?
NO. I GOT NO READINGS FROM THEM WHATSOEVER, AND THAT IS WHY I AM CONCERNED. I CANNOT PLACE IT, BUT THERE IS SOMETHING ALIEN ABOUT THEM.
THERE! WHAT'S *THAT?*
IF I HAD TO GUESS, DOG DROPPINGS.
YES, BUT MAYBE WEREWOLF DROPPINGS. THOSE THINGS WILL GO *ANYWHERE.*
EXCUSE ME.
WHAT?

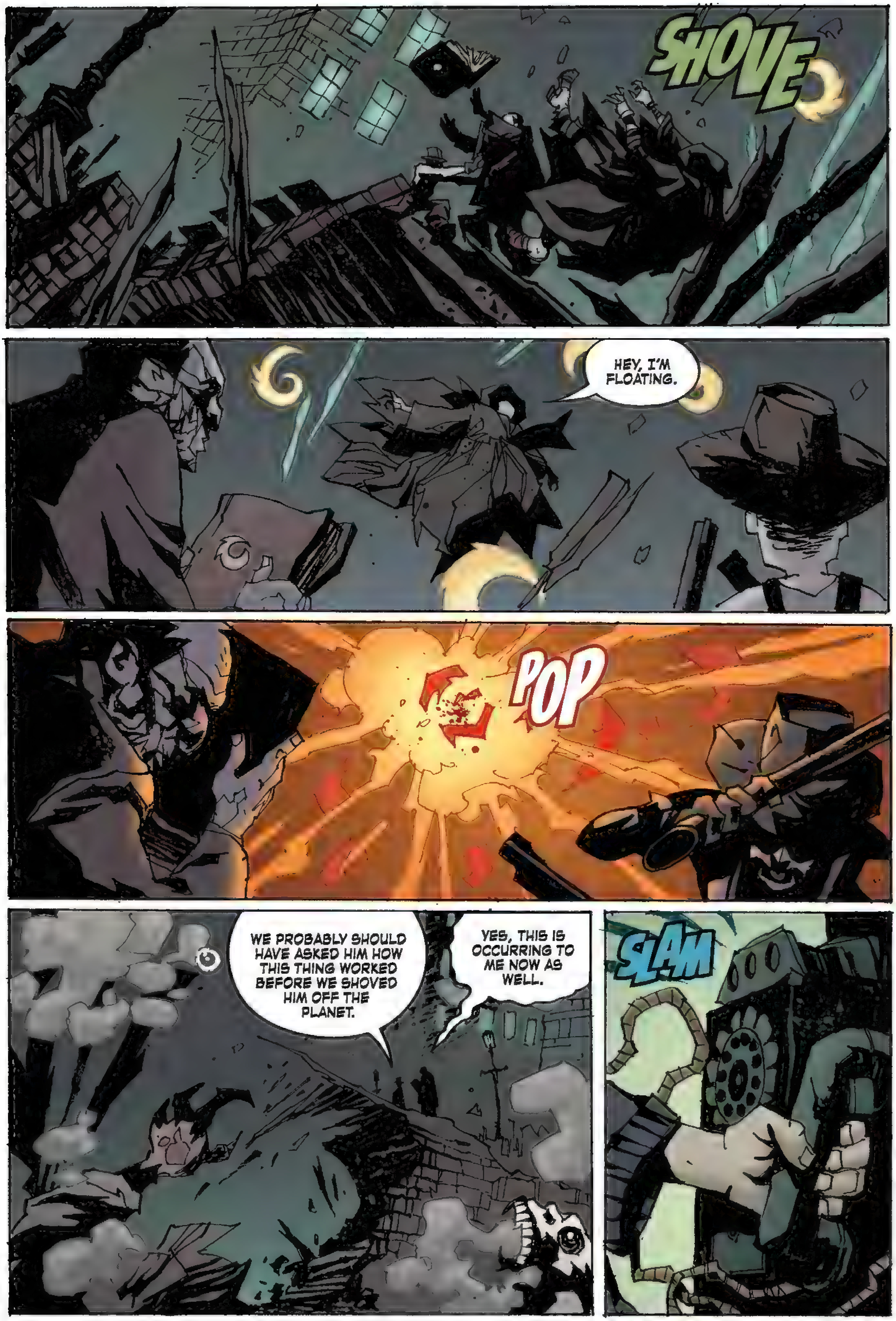
FELLAS PAYIN' ME SAID I MIGHT RUN INTO SOMEBODY LIKE YOU.
HEY MO, CHECK IT, THE LITTLE RASCALS DID STEROIDS LIKE CARROT TOP.
PANG
PING
NOBODY TALKS SASS ABOUT THE "OUR GANG" COMEDIES OF HAL ROACH!!
PONG
CRUNCH

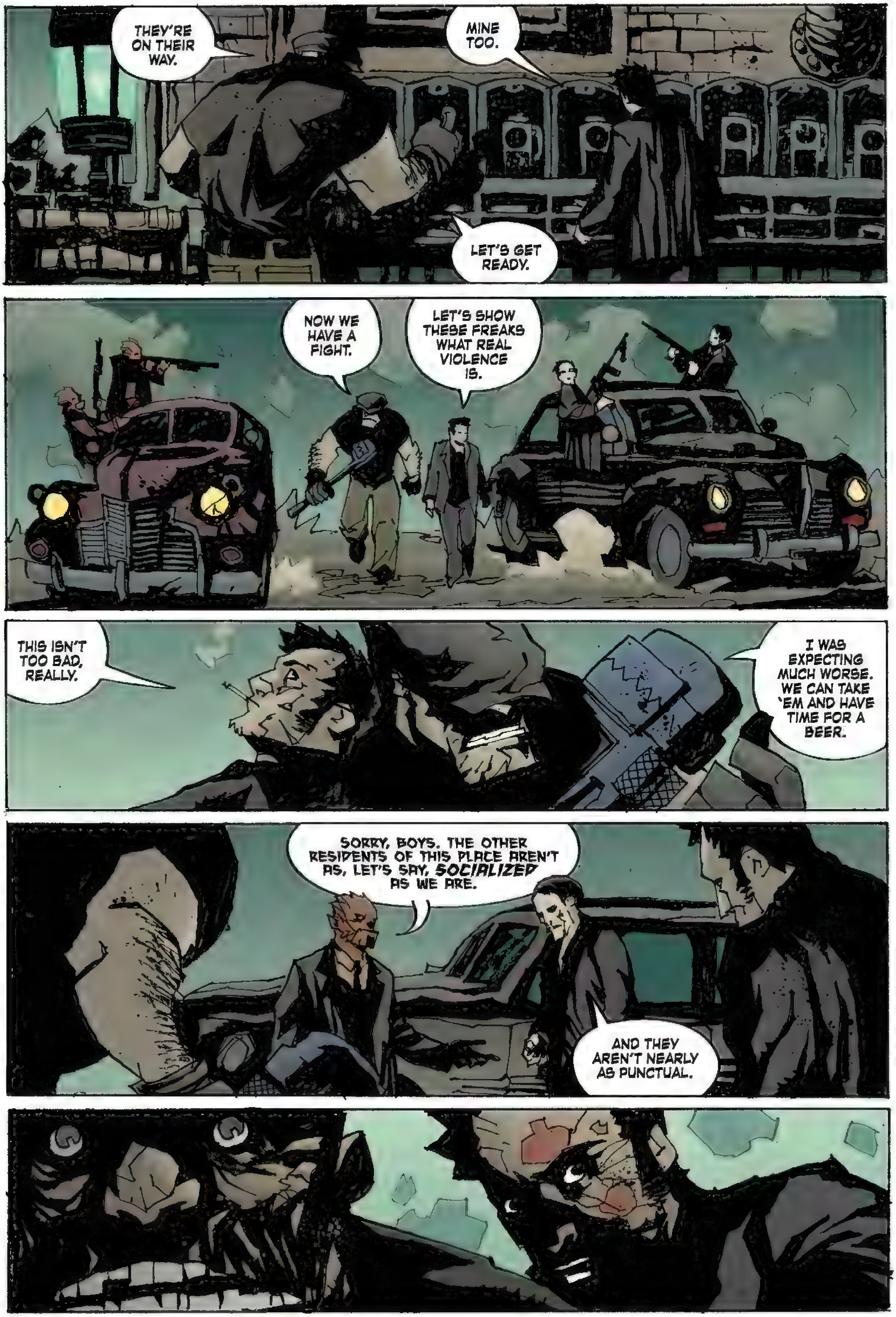

GOT ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY ABOUT SPANKY McFARLAND AND LITTLE SCOTTY?
NUH.
GUH!
KRAK
THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO SAY.


REMARKABLE HOW EVENLY MATCHED THEY ARE.
SAYS YOU! GOON'S JUST GETTING HIS SECOND WIND! PRETTY SOON NOW!
MY NAME IS MO'LOCK. I AM AN ASSOCIATE OF CAL MCDONALD'S.
I'M FRANKY AND I'M AN ASSOCI-*ATE* OF THE GOON. HE HANDLES MY LIGHT WORK.
I'M RATHER CONCERNED ABOUT OUR LOCATION AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF OUR MEETING.
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL! LOOK AT THAT! WHAT KIND OF FREAKY PLACE DID WE WIND UP AT?
I DO NOT KNOW, BUT MEN WEARING CLOAKS ARE RARELY A GOOD THING.
WELL, ACTUALLY THERE'S A CATHOUSE NEAR NORTON'S THAT...BUT YEAH, MAYBE WE SHOULD NAB THAT GUY AND GET SOME INFO OUTTA HIM!
WHERE THE HELL DID THEY GO?
IF FRANKY LEFT WITHOUT ME, I'LL KILL 'IM.


WAIT A DAMN SECOND.
HOW MUCH DID THEY PAY YOU?
SON-OF-A--! THEY *DUPED* US!
HIRED ME TO KILL BLOODSUCKERS.
WEREWOLVES.
PAID ME TEN G'S.
YEAH... ME TOO.

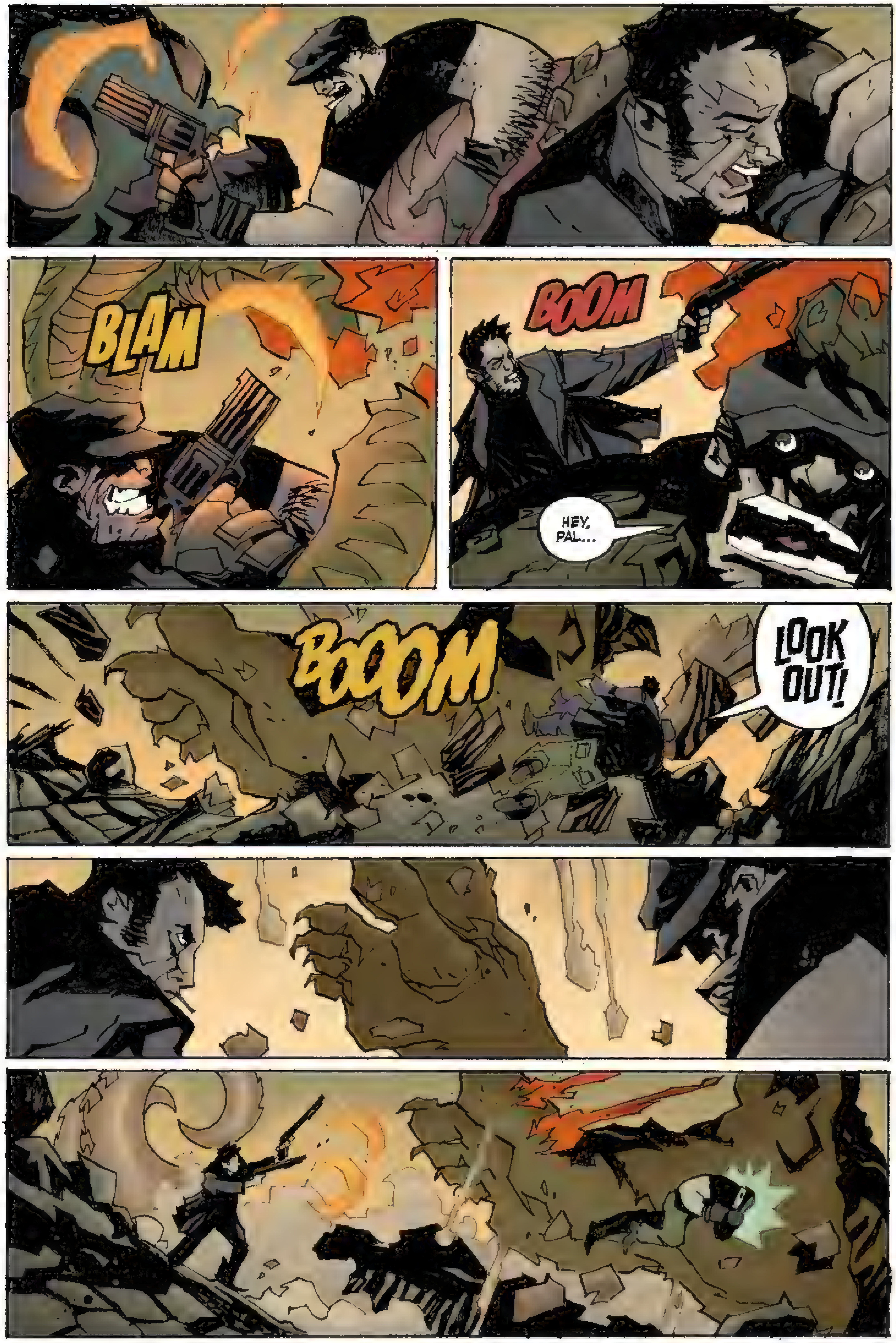

ACK!
WE'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORD!
WE WON'T TAKE BUT A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME.
HEY...UH, DEAD GUY. WE'RE NOT HOME, ARE WE?
WE MOST CERTAINLY ARE NOT.
YOU'RE *BEHIND* ALL THIS, *AREN'T* YOU, YOU LITTLE PUNK?! START SQUAWKING OR SO HELP ME THESE BOYS ARE GONNA MAKE A *HOME* IN *YOUR EYEBALLS!*
TELL US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.
I JUST *WOKE UP* HERE AND FOUND THIS BOOK AND STARTED THINKING. THAT'S ALL. *HONEST.* AND, WELL, ONCE I GOT TO THINKING, AND STUFF STARTED COMING TRUE, I STARTED TO LIKE IT HERE.
IT'S SOME SORT OF INNER-DIMENSIONAL, ALTERNATE-REALITY, CHUNK OF PLANETOID THAT CREATES WHATEVER THIS GUY DREAMS UP.
INDEED.
YOU CAN DO *ANYTHING* HERE. IT'S AMAZING. THINK IT AND *BANG,* THERE IT IS! I LIKE MONSTERS AND, AND NOBODY TELLS ME WHAT TO DO AND, AND THESE GUYS BUY INTO ALL THIS MAGIC CRAP BECAUSE I THINK IT. IT'S WIN-WIN FOR ALL OF US!


SHOVE
HEY, I'M FLOATING.
POP
WE PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE ASKED HIM HOW THIS THING WORKED BEFORE WE SHOVED HIM OFF THE PLANET.
YES, THIS IS OCCURRING TO ME NOW AS WELL.
SLAM

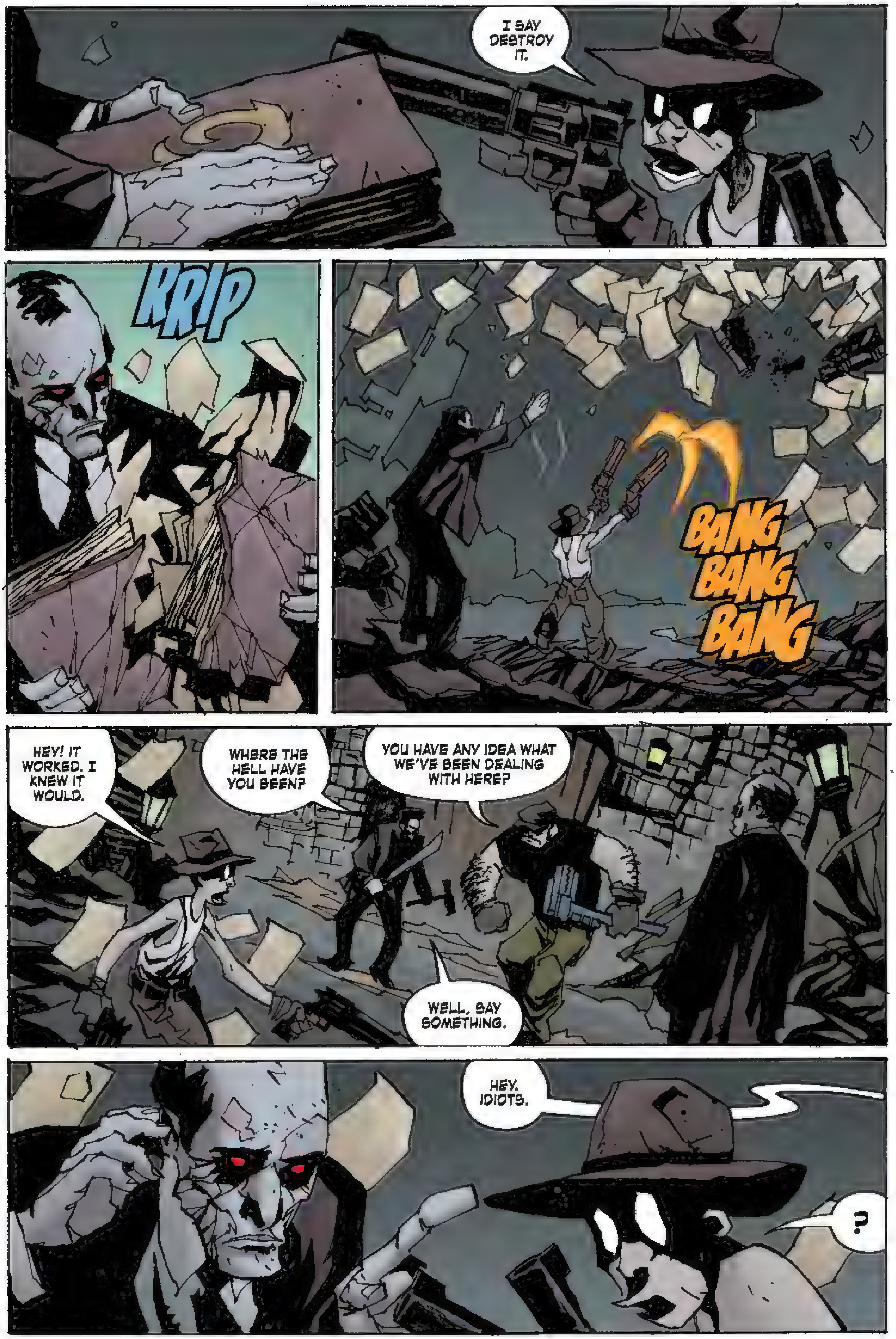

THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY.
MINE TOO.
LET'S GET READY.
NOW WE HAVE A FIGHT.
LET'S SHOW THESE FREAKS WHAT REAL VIOLENCE IS.
THIS ISN'T TOO BAD, REALLY.
I WAS EXPECTING MUCH WORSE. WE CAN TAKE 'EM AND HAVE TIME FOR A BEER.
SORRY, BOYS. THE OTHER RESIDENTS OF THIS PLACE AREN'T AS, LET'S SAY, *SOCIALIZED* AS WE ARE.
AND THEY AREN'T NEARLY AS PUNCTUAL.

THIS IS A *LOT* MORE THAN I EXPECTED.
YEP. ME TOO.
I PRETTY MUCH ONLY HAVE ONE OUT IN THESE SITUATIONS...NOT THAT I'VE EVER BEEN IN THIS ONE, BUT...
FIGHT UNTIL EVERYTHING'S DEAD?
YEAH, PRETTY MUCH.
AHHHHH!
BLAM
BOOM
CRUNCH
SNAP

OKAY, HEAR ME OUT. MAYBE WE JUST DESTROY IT.
THAT COULD YIELD ONE OF MANY RESULTS, THE TWO MOST PROBABLE BEING...IF THE BOOK IS DESTROYED ALL THAT IT HAS SPAWNED WILL DISAPPEAR--
--OR WE LOCK THE CURSES IT'S SPEWED INTO THE WORLD FOREVER AND WE'RE TRAPPED HERE.
YES. THAT WAS THE OTHER.
STUPID BOOK.
GOT AN EXTRA GUN?
GIMME A SECOND!
THANKS.
SLAP


BLAM
BOOM
HEY, PAL...
BOOOM
LOOK OUT!

I'M EMPTY.
I'D SAY WITH THE GIANT FREAK DOWN, AND WHAT HE CRUSHED... WE'RE DOWN TO WHAT, HALF?
THIS WOULD BE A LOT EASIER WITH A LITTLE HELP.
YEAH, WHERE'S THAT GHOUL AND YOUR BUDDY?
WELL, WE CAN'T READ THE THING!


I SAY DESTROY IT.
KRIP
BANG BANG BANG
HEY! IT WORKED. I KNEW IT WOULD.
WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT WE'VE BEEN DEALING WITH HERE?
WELL, SAY SOMETHING.
HEY. IDIOTS.
?

HELLBOY.
WHERE AM I AND HOW THE HELL DID I GET HERE?
I'VE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE OF MY OWN THESE DAYS WITHOUT HAVING TO DEAL WITH THIS KIND OF CRAP.
AND WHO THE HELL ARE YOU GUYS?
THE END?

NO PEACE FOR DEAD MEN

story
STEVE NILES AND ERIC POWELL

art
CHRISTOPHER MITTEN

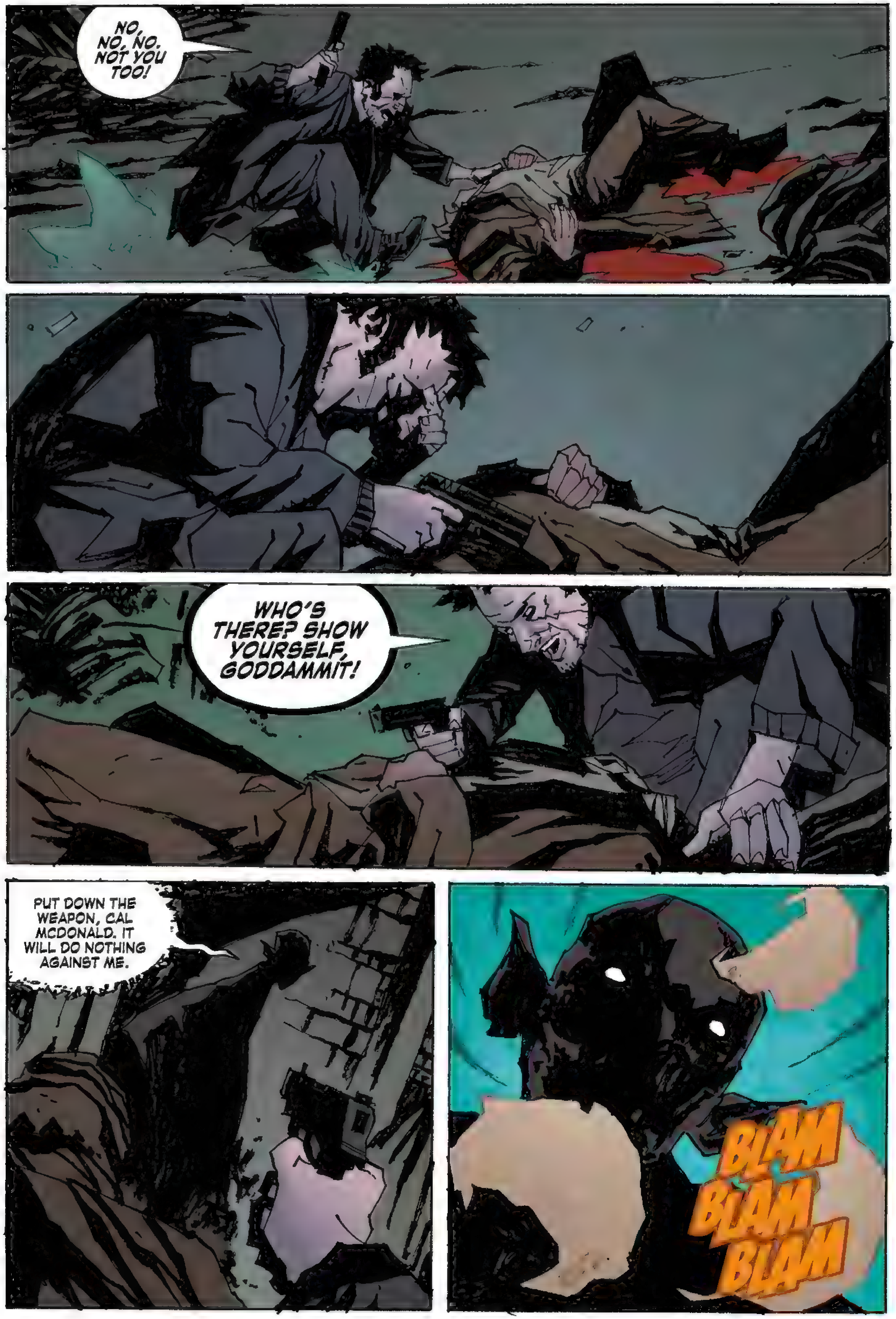
colors
MICHELLE MADSEN

letters
NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

title art
FIONA STAPLES

LONG TIME, BLOUT. GOOD TO SEE YOU. YOU LOOK GOOD.
WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME. YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT, CAL.
YEAH, WELL CLEAN LIVING NEVER HAS BEEN MY THING.
SO, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHAT?

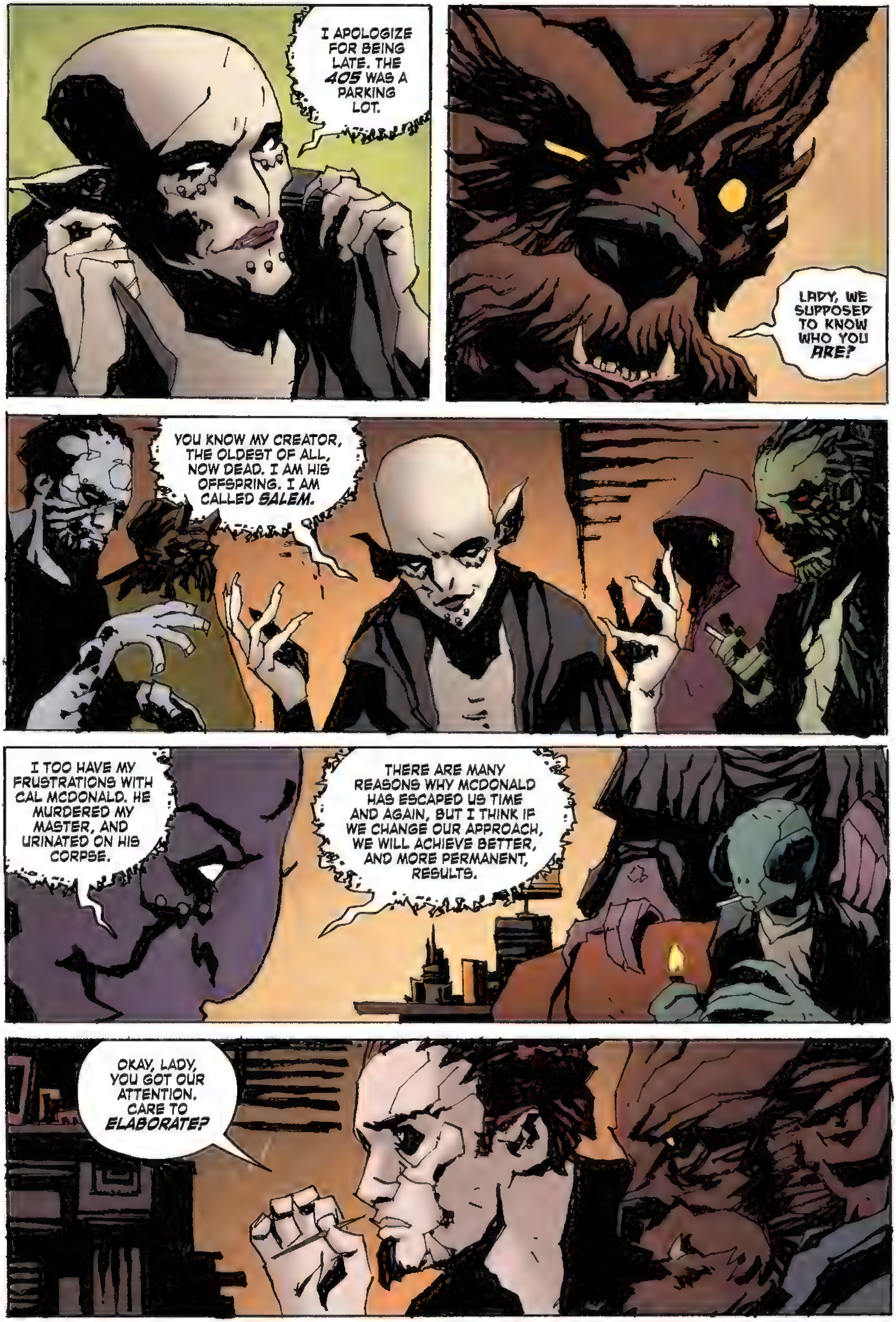
I GOT A MESSAGE *YOU* NEEDED TO SEE ME.
I GOT ONE SAYING *YOU* NEEDED *ME*.
SHIT.
JUST GET BACK IN YOUR *CAR*, BLOUT. WE'RE SITTING FUCKING *DUCKS!* WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HE--
BLOUT!

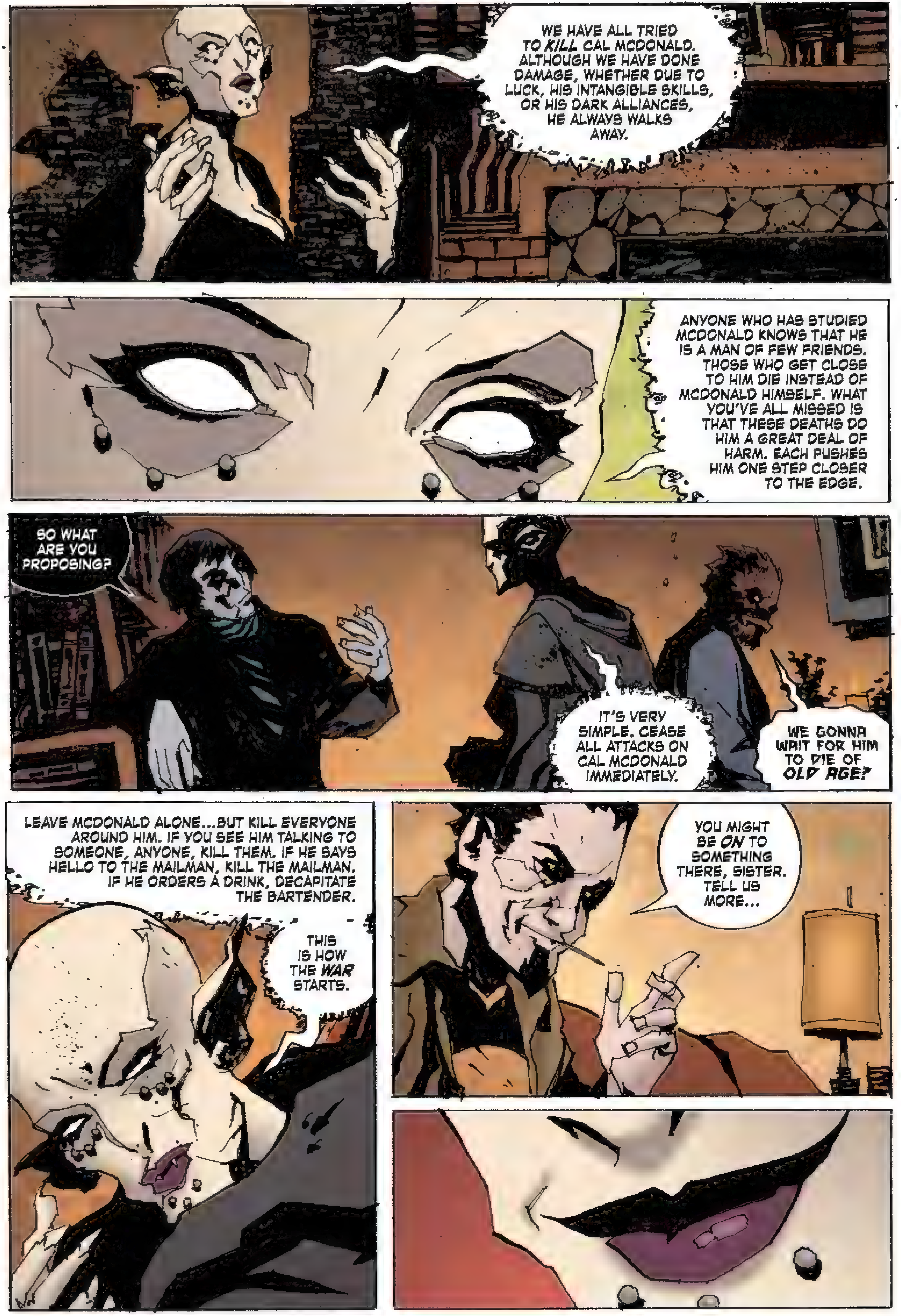

NO, NO, NO. NOT YOU TOO!
WHO'S THERE? SHOW YOURSELF, GODDAMMIT!
PUT DOWN THE WEAPON, CAL MCDONALD. IT WILL DO NOTHING AGAINST ME.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

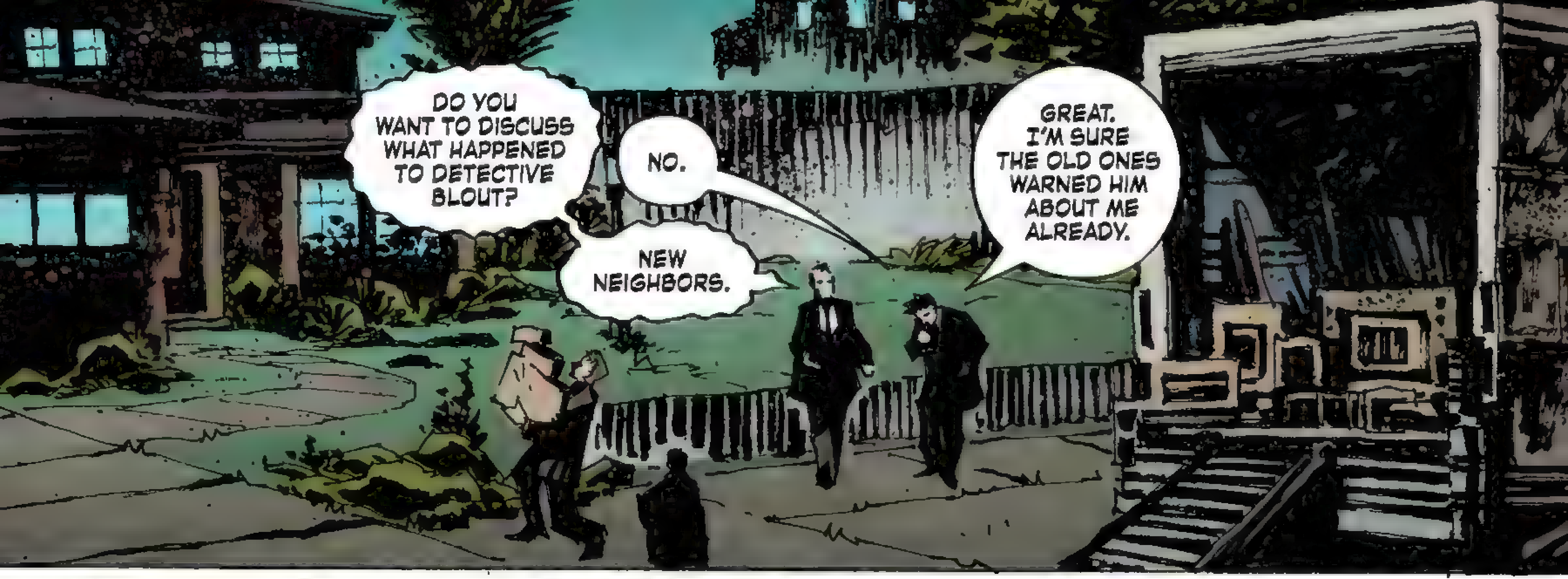
YOU SEE NOW? I AM NOT ONE OF YOUR MODERN, WATERED-DOWN VAMPIRES. I COME FROM THE BLOOD OF THE MASTER... THE MASTER YOU KILLED, CAL.
IF I KILLED HIM, THEN HE DESERVED IT, AND GIVE ME HALF A CHANCE, I'LL DO THE SAME TO YOU.
I EXPECTED THIS BRAVADO. YOU ARE TANGLED IN YOUR OWN TWISTED REPUTATION. YOU UNDERESTIMATE YOUR ENEMIES.
NO, I KILL MY ENEMIES AND EVERY ONE OF THEM DESERVES IT.
THE GAME HAS CHANGED. YOU ARE THE CURSE ON THIS WORLD. NOT THE CREATURES YOU HUNT. FROM NOW ON, EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY YOU KNOW WILL DIE.
SHIT.

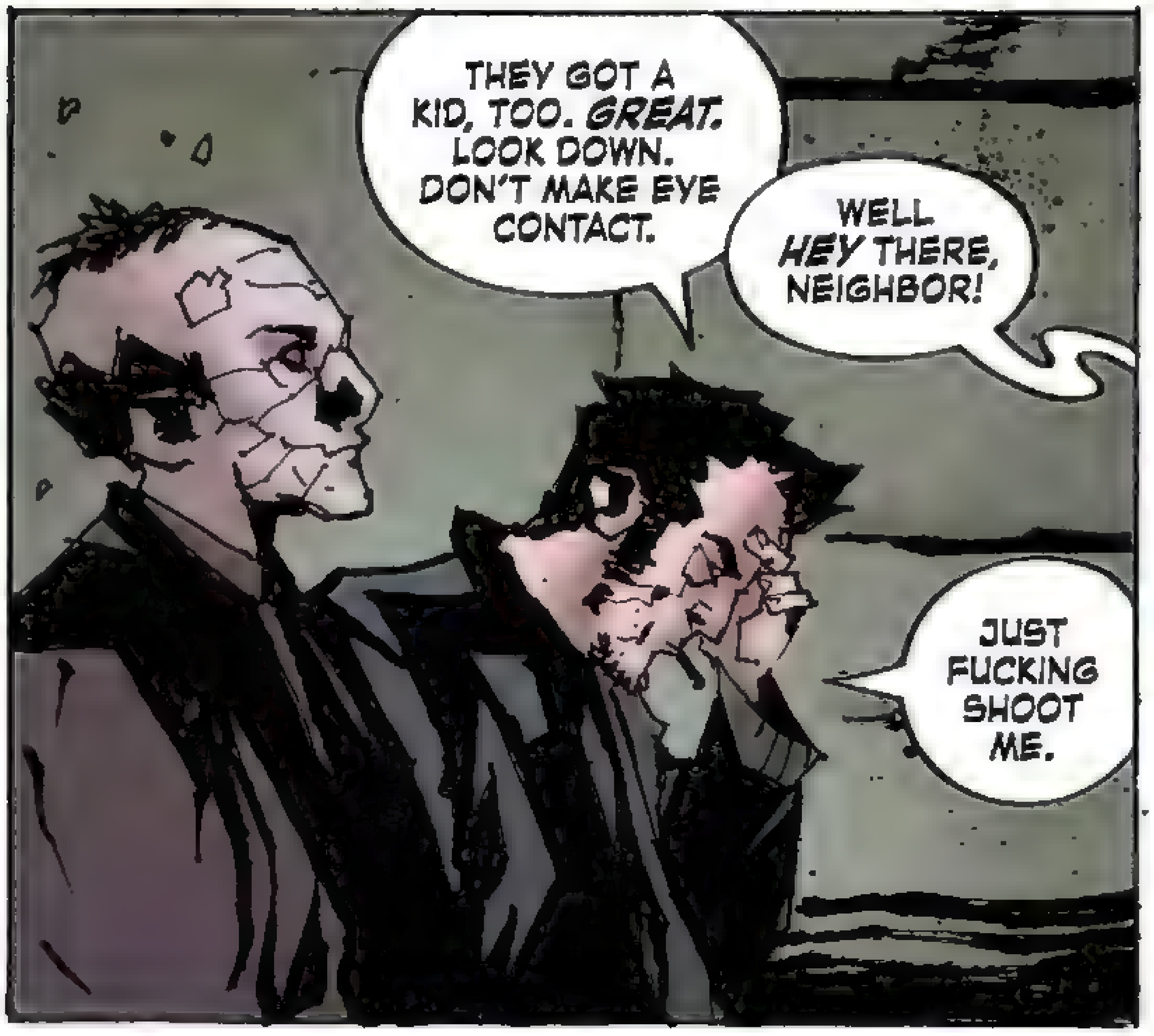
HE'S JUST ONE MAN, A *HUMAN*, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!
THE GHOULS PROTECT HIM.
A PATHETIC JUNKIE.
BUT HE ALWAYS GETS AWAY.
A LOT OF OUR *BLOOD* ON HIS HANDS.
WE SHOULD ALL GO OVER THERE AND TEAR HIM APART.
YEAH, CUZ *THAT'S* WORKED OUT SO WELL BEFORE.
WELL, AT LEAST WE ALL AGREE... CAL MCDONALD MUST *DIE*.

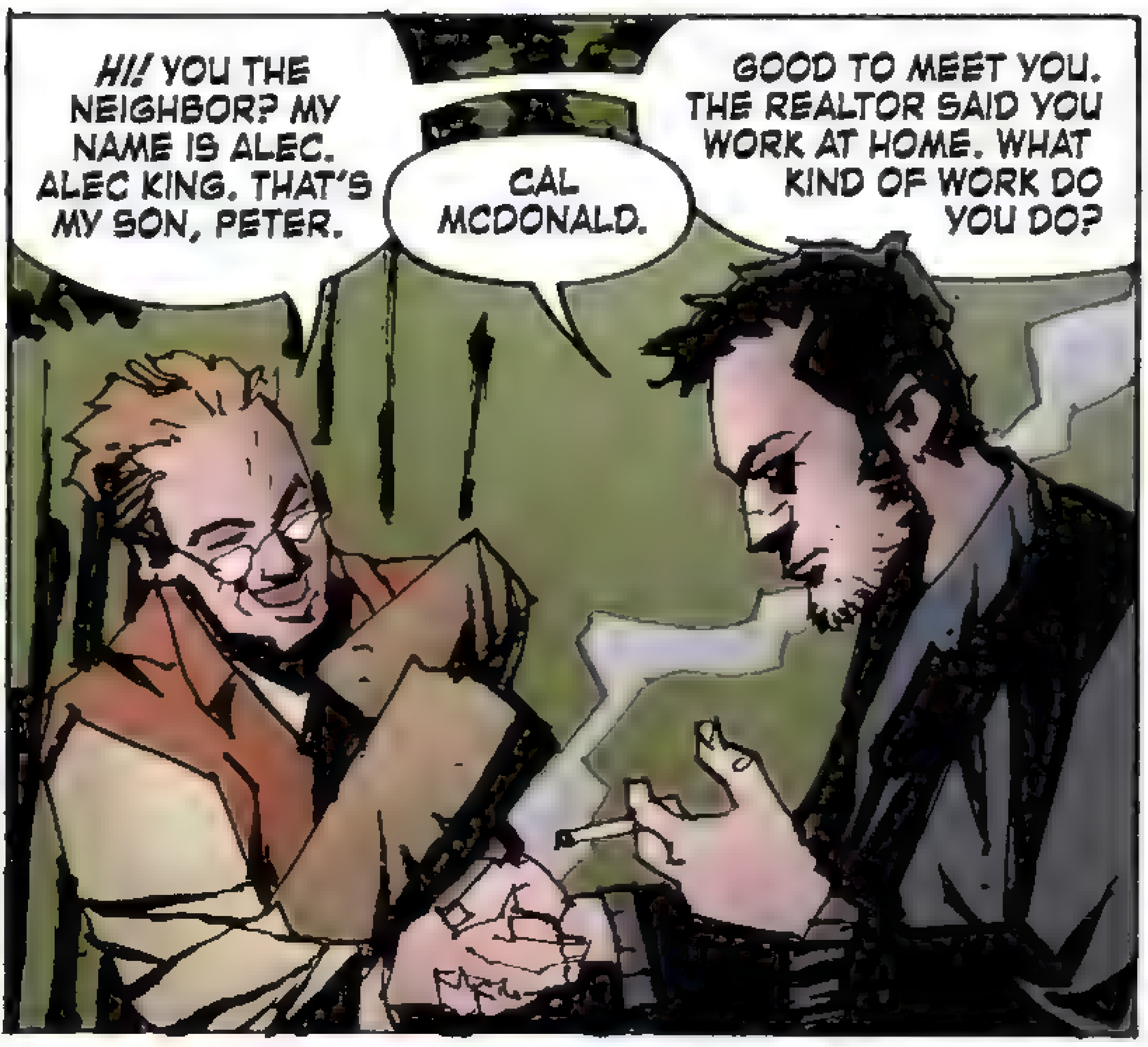
WHAT WE NEED IS SOME GODDAMN ORGANIZATION AND A FUCKING PLAN.
PRETTY TOUGH TALK FROM A DOG IN A SUIT.
WHAT DID YOU SAY, YOU ANEMIC FUCK?!
PLEASE! CAN WE HAVE ONE MEETING NOT TURN INTO A RUMBLE?
EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN.

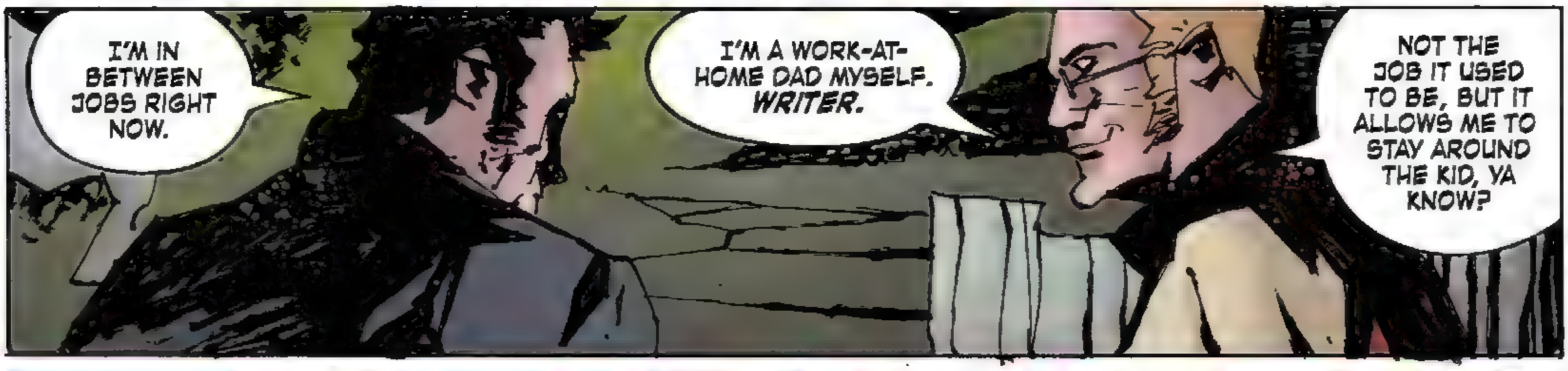

I APOLOGIZE FOR BEING LATE. THE *405* WAS A PARKING LOT.
LADY, WE SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHO YOU *ARE?*
YOU KNOW MY CREATOR, THE OLDEST OF ALL, NOW DEAD. I AM HIS OFFSPRING. I AM CALLED *SALEM.*
I TOO HAVE MY FRUSTRATIONS WITH CAL MCDONALD. HE MURDERED MY MASTER, AND URINATED ON HIS CORPSE.
THERE ARE MANY REASONS WHY MCDONALD HAS ESCAPED US TIME AND AGAIN, BUT I THINK IF WE CHANGE OUR APPROACH, WE WILL ACHIEVE BETTER, AND MORE PERMANENT, RESULTS.
OKAY, LADY, YOU GOT OUR ATTENTION. CARE TO *ELABORATE?*

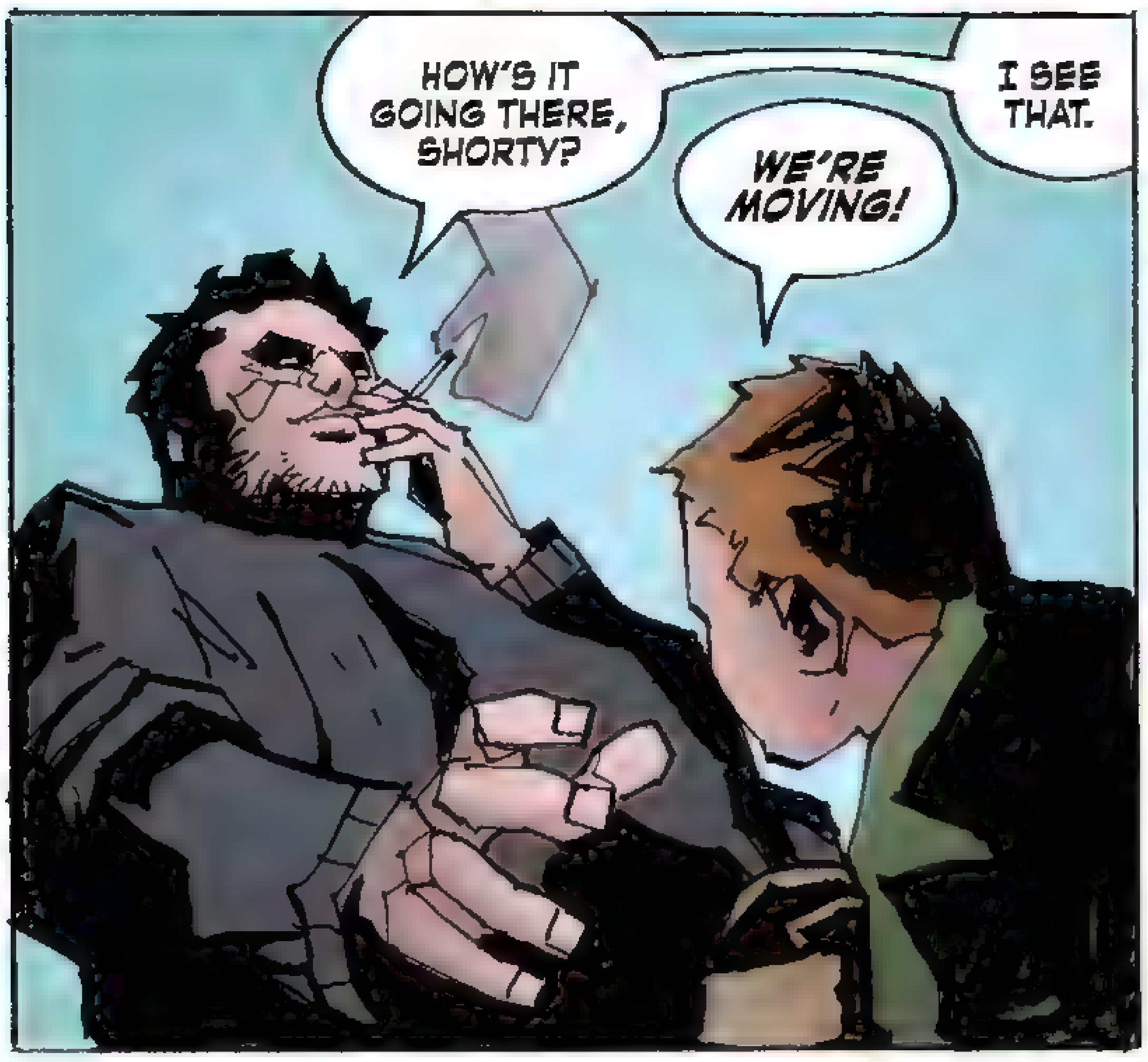

WE HAVE ALL TRIED TO *KILL* CAL MCDONALD. ALTHOUGH WE HAVE DONE DAMAGE, WHETHER DUE TO LUCK, HIS INTANGIBLE SKILLS, OR HIS DARK ALLIANCES, HE ALWAYS WALKS AWAY.
ANYONE WHO HAS STUDIED MCDONALD KNOWS THAT HE IS A MAN OF FEW FRIENDS. THOSE WHO GET CLOSE TO HIM DIE INSTEAD OF MCDONALD HIMSELF. WHAT YOU'VE ALL MISSED IS THAT THESE DEATHS DO HIM A GREAT DEAL OF HARM. EACH PUSHES HIM ONE STEP CLOSER TO THE EDGE.
SO WHAT ARE YOU PROPOSING?
IT'S VERY SIMPLE. CEASE ALL ATTACKS ON CAL MCDONALD IMMEDIATELY.
WE GONNA WAIT FOR HIM TO DIE OF *OLD AGE?*
LEAVE MCDONALD ALONE...BUT KILL EVERYONE AROUND HIM. IF YOU SEE HIM TALKING TO SOMEONE, ANYONE, KILL THEM. IF HE SAYS HELLO TO THE MAILMAN, KILL THE MAILMAN. IF HE ORDERS A DRINK, DECAPITATE THE BARTENDER.
THIS IS HOW THE *WAR* STARTS.
YOU MIGHT BE *ON* TO SOMETHING THERE, SISTER. TELL US MORE...

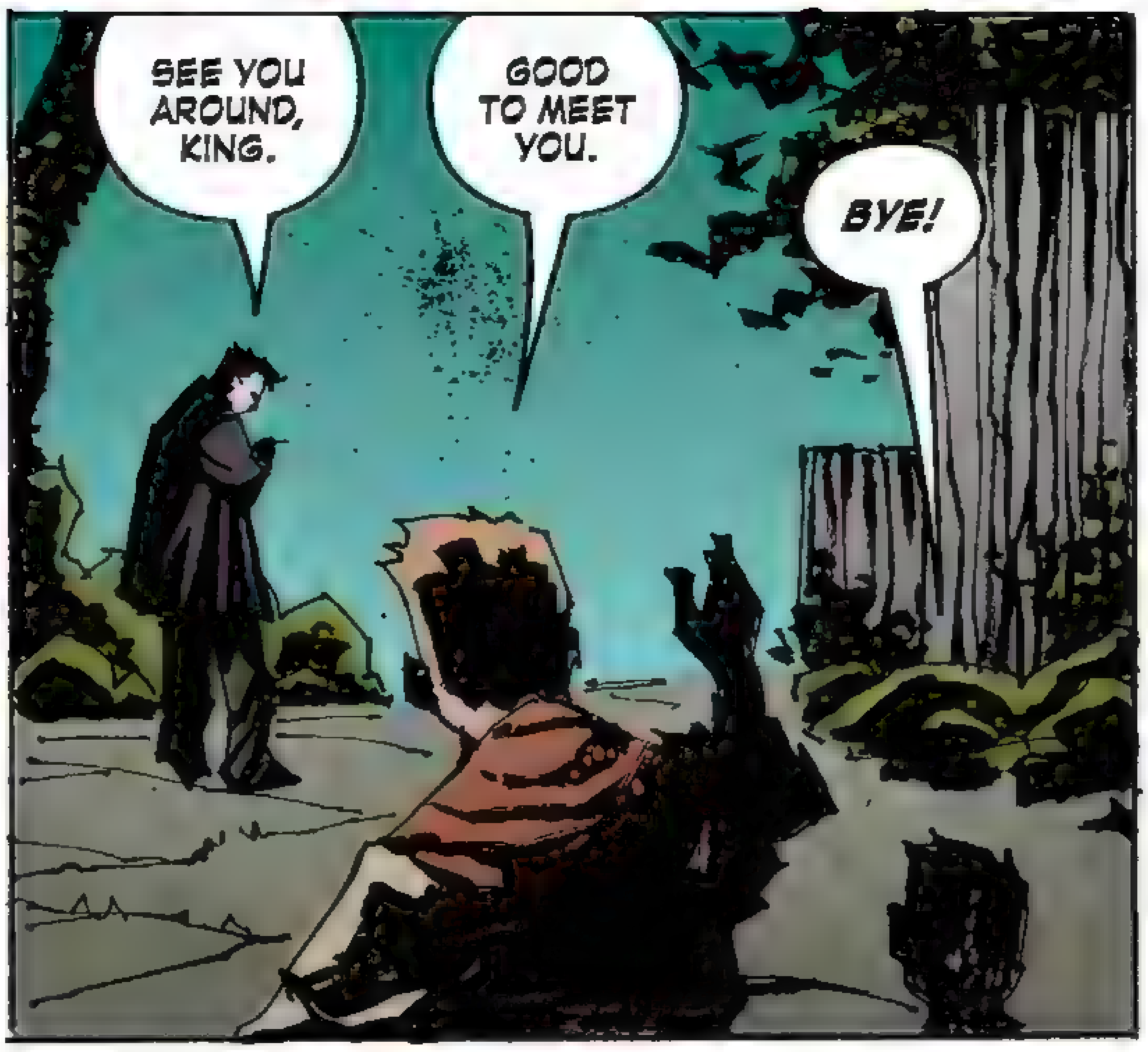

DO YOU WANT TO DISCUSS WHAT HAPPENED TO DETECTIVE BLOUT?
NO.
NEW NEIGHBORS.
GREAT. I'M SURE THE OLD ONES WARNED HIM ABOUT ME ALREADY.


THEY GOT A KID, TOO. *GREAT.* LOOK DOWN. DON'T MAKE EYE CONTACT.
WELL *HEY* THERE, NEIGHBOR!
JUST FUCKING SHOOT ME.

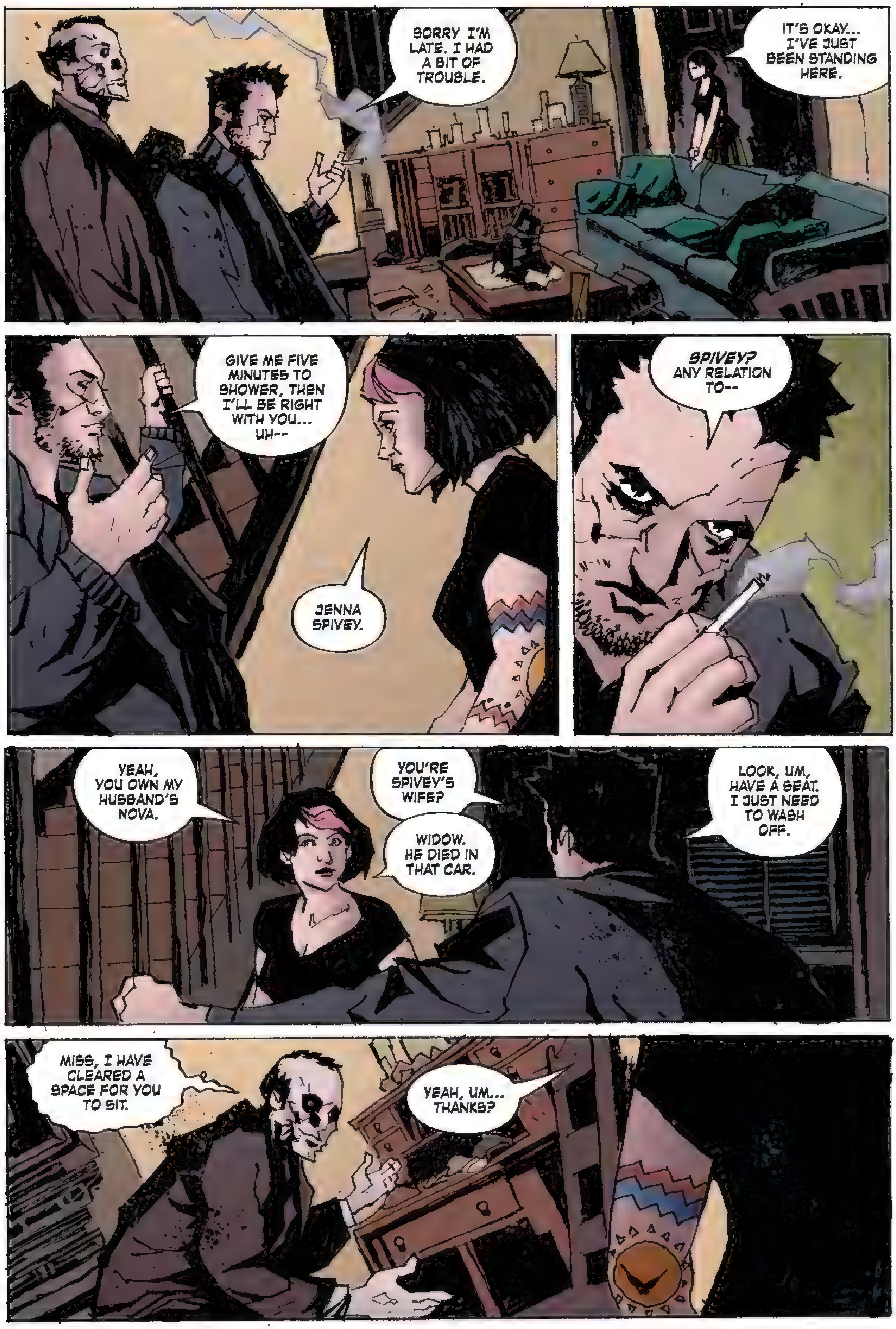

HI! YOU THE NEIGHBOR? MY NAME IS ALEC. ALEC KING. THAT'S MY SON, PETER.
CAL MCDONALD.
GOOD TO MEET YOU. THE REALTOR SAID YOU WORK AT HOME. WHAT KIND OF WORK DO YOU DO?

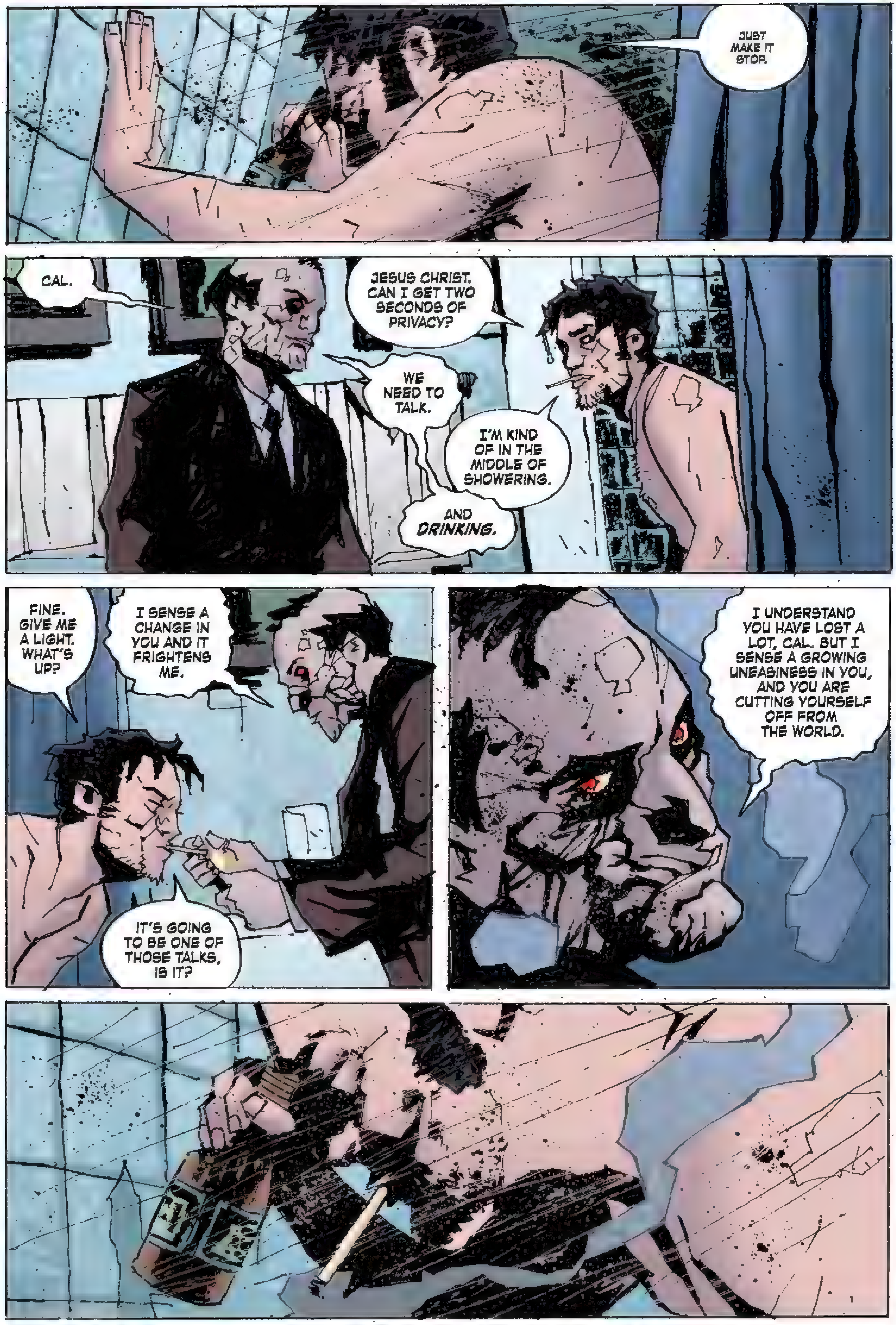

I'M IN BETWEEN JOBS RIGHT NOW.
I'M A WORK-AT-HOME DAD MYSELF. *WRITER.*
NOT THE JOB IT USED TO BE, BUT IT ALLOWS ME TO STAY AROUND THE KID, YA KNOW?

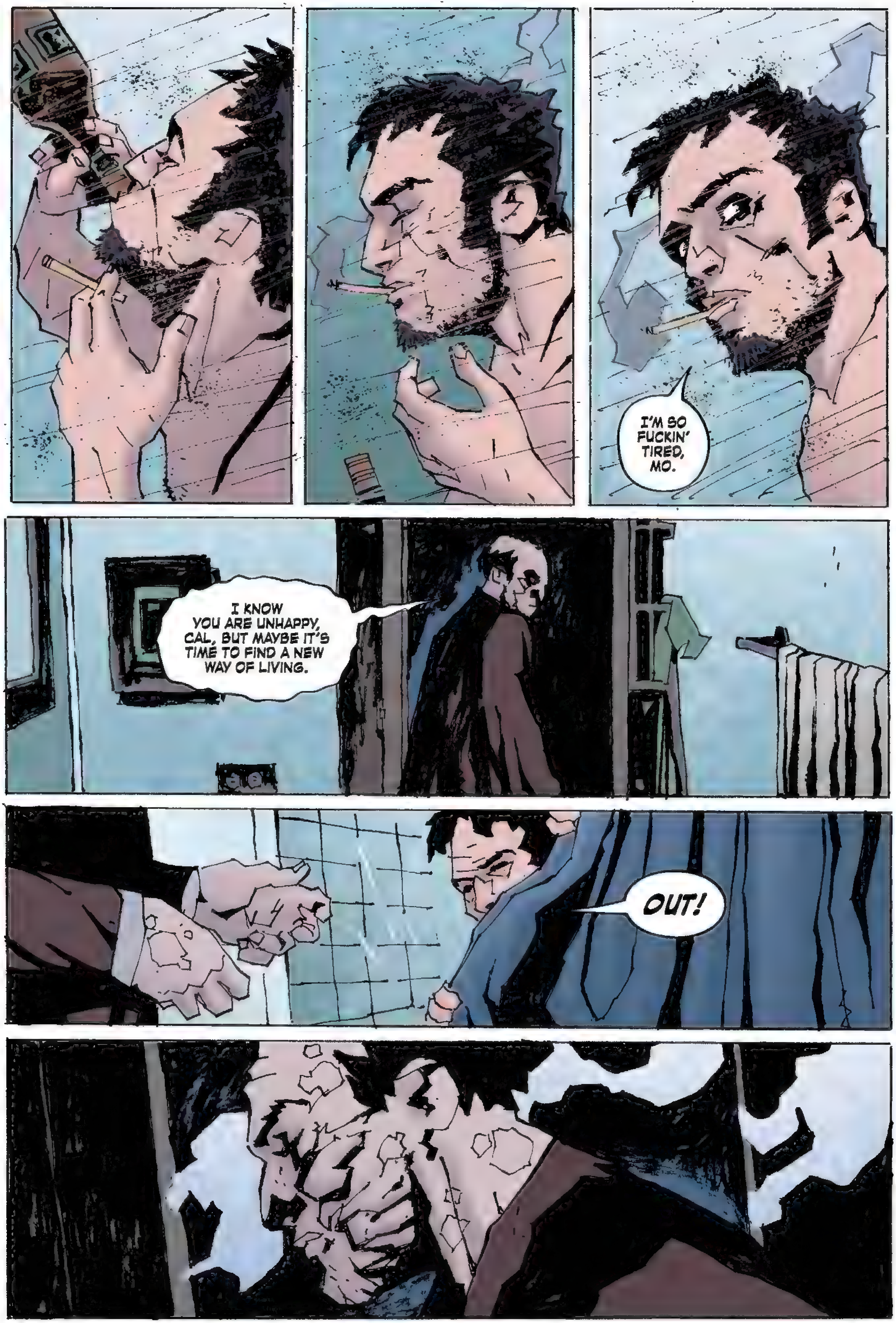

HOW'S IT GOING THERE, SHORTY?
WE'RE MOVING!
I SEE THAT.

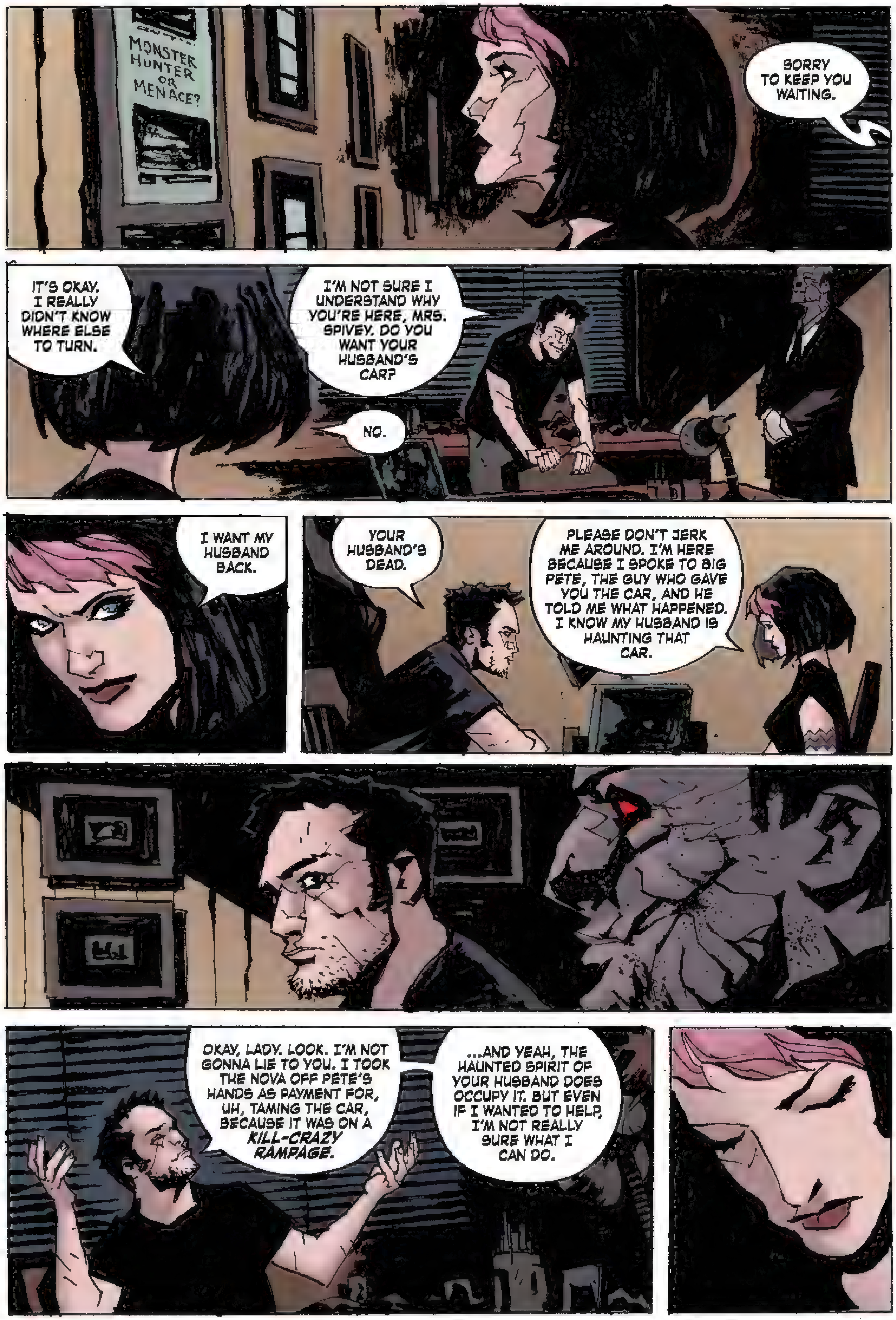

SEE YOU AROUND, KING.
GOOD TO MEET YOU.
BYE!

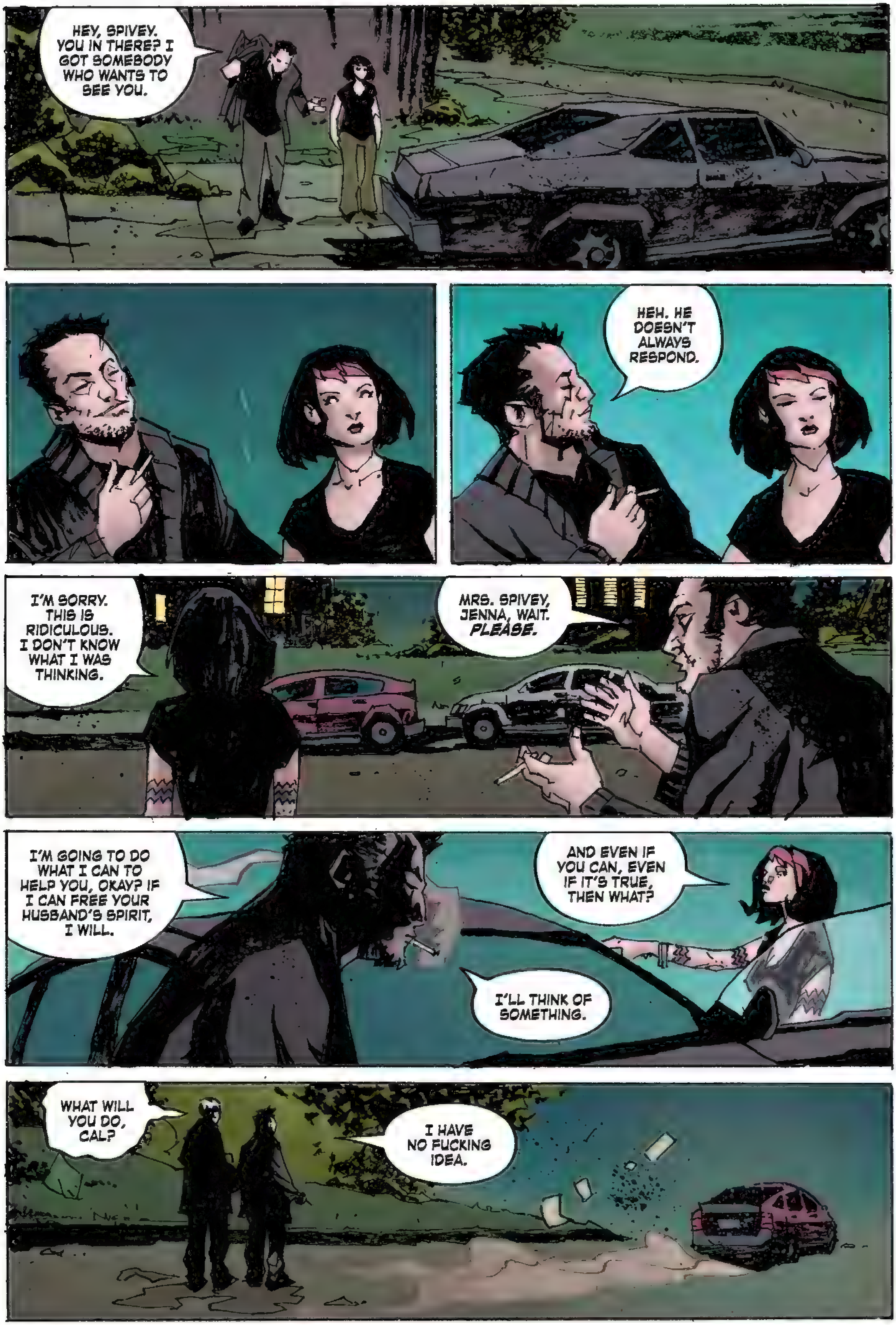
THE CHILD LIKES YOU. HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF HAVING CHILDREN?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, DEAD BOY?
WHHOOIIRRRRRR
WHAT THE FUCK?
IT'S BEEN MAKING SOUNDS LIKE THAT ALL DAY.
FUCKIN' CAR IS DEPRESSED LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE AROUND HERE.
I AM NOT DEPRESSED.
YEAH, YOU'RE A *BUNDLE* OF LAUGHS.
CAL. YOU HAVE A CLIENT. SHE IS INSIDE NOW WAITING FOR YOU.
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?
I JUST DID.


SORRY I'M LATE. I HAD A BIT OF TROUBLE.
IT'S OKAY... I'VE JUST BEEN STANDING HERE.
GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES TO SHOWER, THEN I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU... UH--
JENNA SPIVEY.
SPIVEY? ANY RELATION TO--
YEAH, YOU OWN MY HUSBAND'S NOVA.
YOU'RE SPIVEY'S WIFE?
WIDOW. HE DIED IN THAT CAR.
LOOK, UM, HAVE A SEAT. I JUST NEED TO WASH OFF.
MISS, I HAVE CLEARED A SPACE FOR YOU TO SIT.
YEAH, UM... THANKS?


JUST MAKE IT STOP.
CAL.
JESUS CHRIST. CAN I GET TWO SECONDS OF PRIVACY?
WE NEED TO TALK.
I'M KIND OF IN THE MIDDLE OF SHOWERING.
AND *DRINKING.*
FINE. GIVE ME A LIGHT. WHAT'S UP?
I SENSE A CHANGE IN YOU AND IT FRIGHTENS ME.
IT'S GOING TO BE ONE OF THOSE TALKS, IS IT?
I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE LOST A LOT, CAL. BUT I SENSE A GROWING UNEASINESS IN YOU, AND YOU ARE CUTTING YOURSELF OFF FROM THE WORLD.

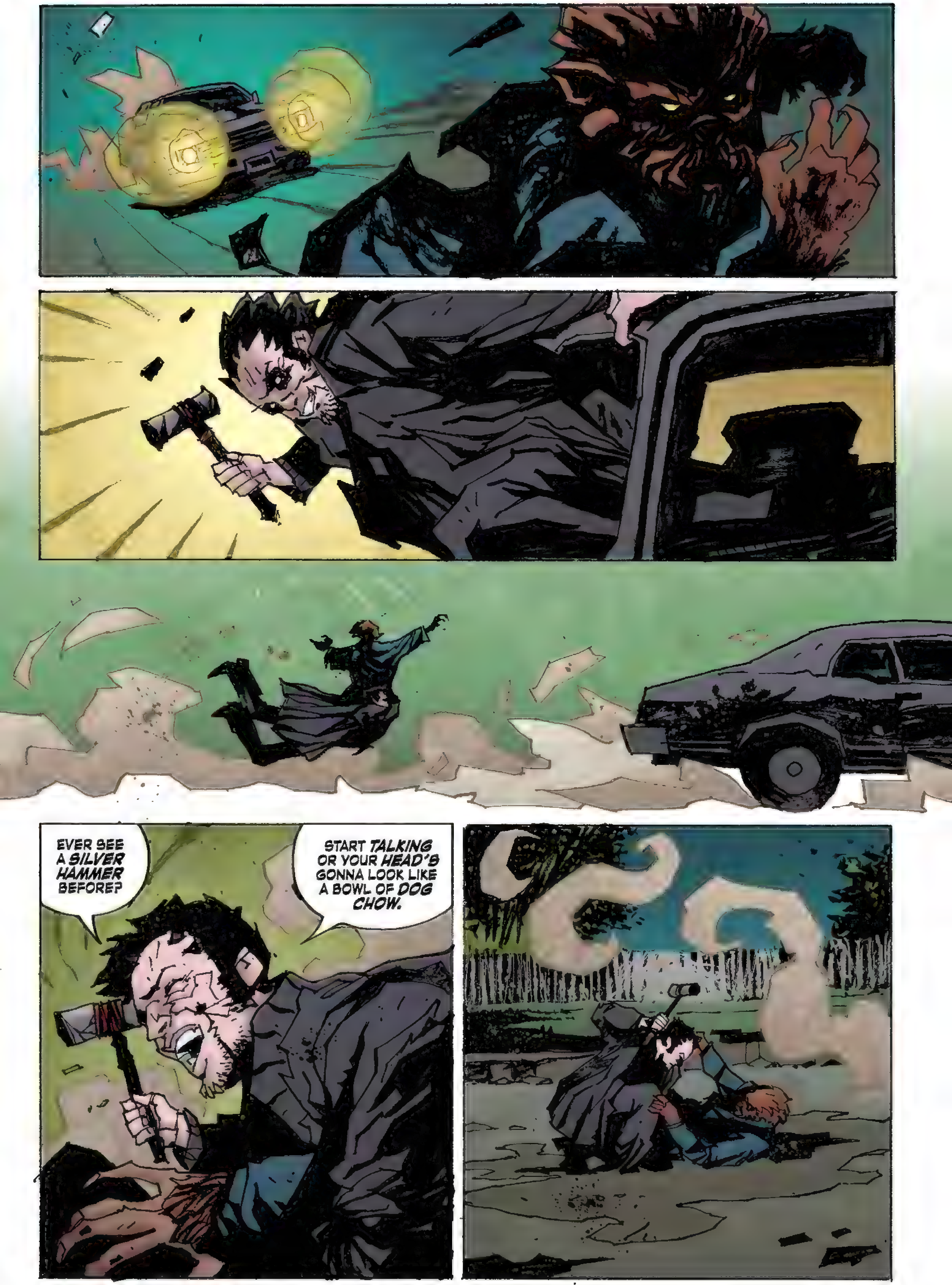

I'M SO FUCKIN' TIRED, MO.
I KNOW YOU ARE UNHAPPY, CAL, BUT MAYBE IT'S TIME TO FIND A NEW WAY OF LIVING.
OUT!

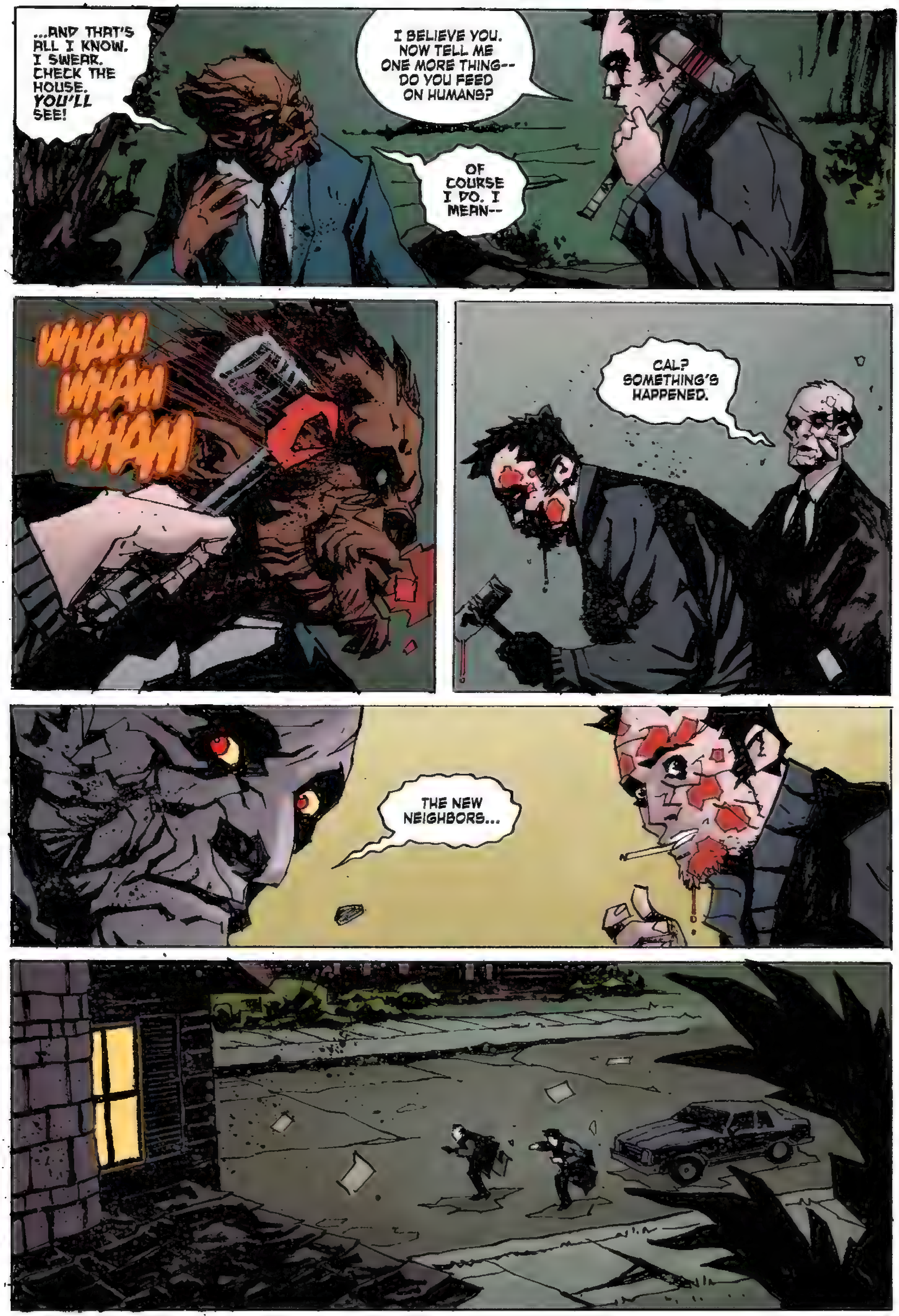

MONSTER HUNTER OR MENACE?
SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING.
IT'S OKAY. I REALLY DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO TURN.
I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE HERE, MRS. SPIVEY. DO YOU WANT YOUR HUSBAND'S CAR?
NO.
I WANT MY HUSBAND BACK.
YOUR HUSBAND'S DEAD.
PLEASE DON'T JERK ME AROUND. I'M HERE BECAUSE I SPOKE TO BIG PETE, THE GUY WHO GAVE YOU THE CAR, AND HE TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED. I KNOW MY HUSBAND IS HAUNTING THAT CAR.
OKAY, LADY. LOOK. I'M NOT GONNA LIE TO YOU. I TOOK THE NOVA OFF PETE'S HANDS AS PAYMENT FOR, UH, TAMING THE CAR, BECAUSE IT WAS ON A *KILL-CRAZY RAMPAGE.*
...AND YEAH, THE HAUNTED SPIRIT OF YOUR HUSBAND DOES OCCUPY IT. BUT EVEN IF I WANTED TO HELP, I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHAT I CAN DO.


HEY, SPIVEY. YOU IN THERE? I GOT SOMEBODY WHO WANTS TO SEE YOU.
HEH. HE DOESN'T ALWAYS RESPOND.
I'M SORRY. THIS IS RIDICULOUS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING.
MRS. SPIVEY, JENNA, WAIT. *PLEASE.*
I'M GOING TO DO WHAT I CAN TO HELP YOU, OKAY? IF I CAN FREE YOUR HUSBAND'S SPIRIT, I WILL.
AND EVEN IF YOU CAN, EVEN IF IT'S TRUE, THEN WHAT?
I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.
WHAT WILL YOU DO, CAL?
I HAVE NO FUCKING IDEA.

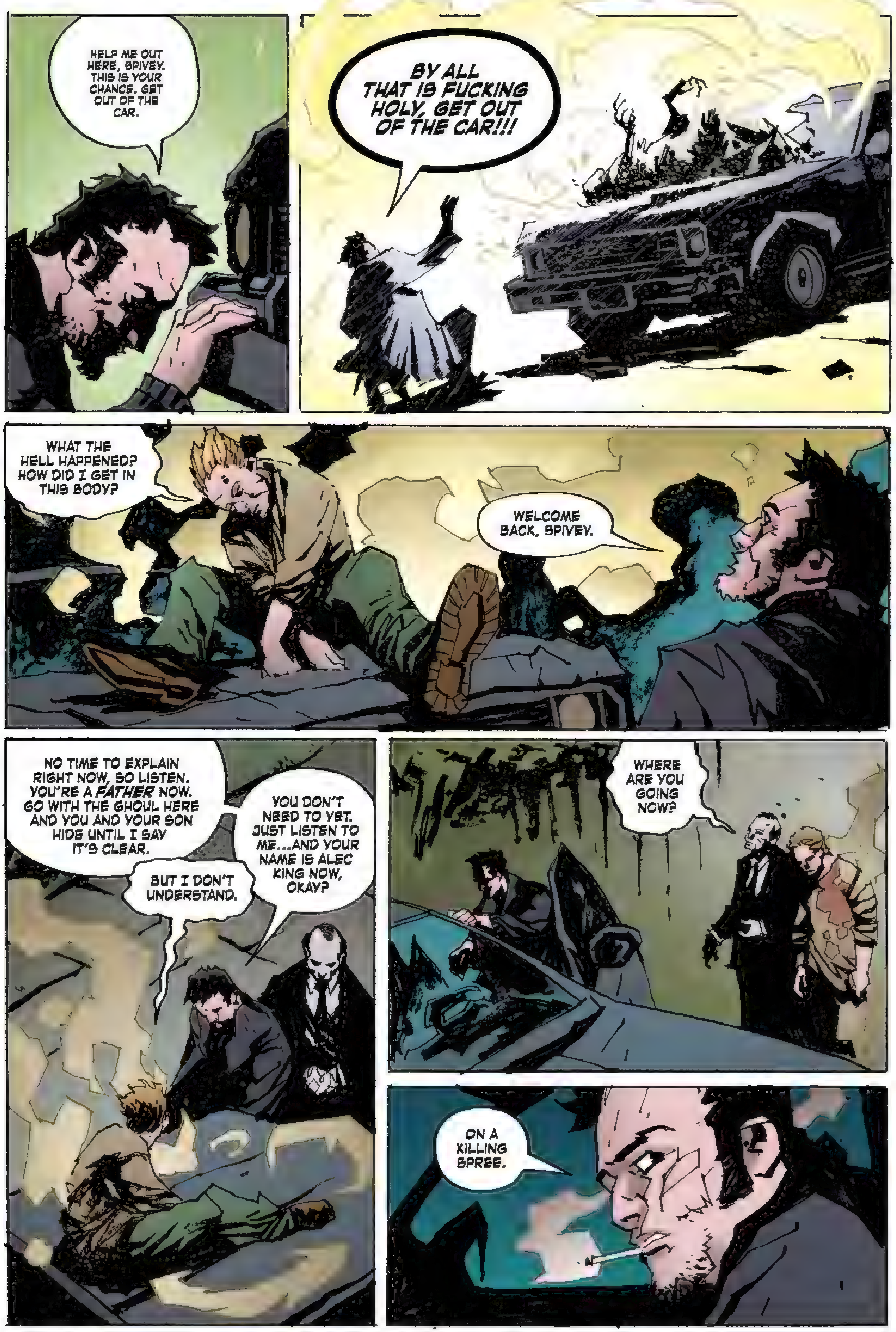
YOU SEE THAT?
YES. HE HAS BEEN THERE FOR A FEW HOURS.
COP, FED, OR FREAK?
I SENSE UNNATURAL.
JUST ACT CASUAL.
RRRRR
RRRRR
SMASH

HANDS IN THE AIR, FREAK SHOW! FREEZE AND ALL THAT SHIT!
OR RUN AWAY. FUCKING PUSSY *WEREWOLF.*
COME *ON,* SPIVEY, LET'S GET THAT *POOCH!*


EVER SEE A *SILVER HAMMER* BEFORE?
START *TALKING* OR YOUR *HEAD'S* GONNA LOOK LIKE A BOWL OF *DOG CHOW.*


...AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW. I SWEAR. CHECK THE HOUSE. *YOU'LL* SEE!
I BELIEVE YOU. NOW TELL ME ONE MORE THING-- DO YOU FEED ON HUMANS?
OF COURSE I DO. I MEAN--
WHAM WHAM WHAM
CAL? SOMETHING'S HAPPENED.
THE NEW NEIGHBORS...

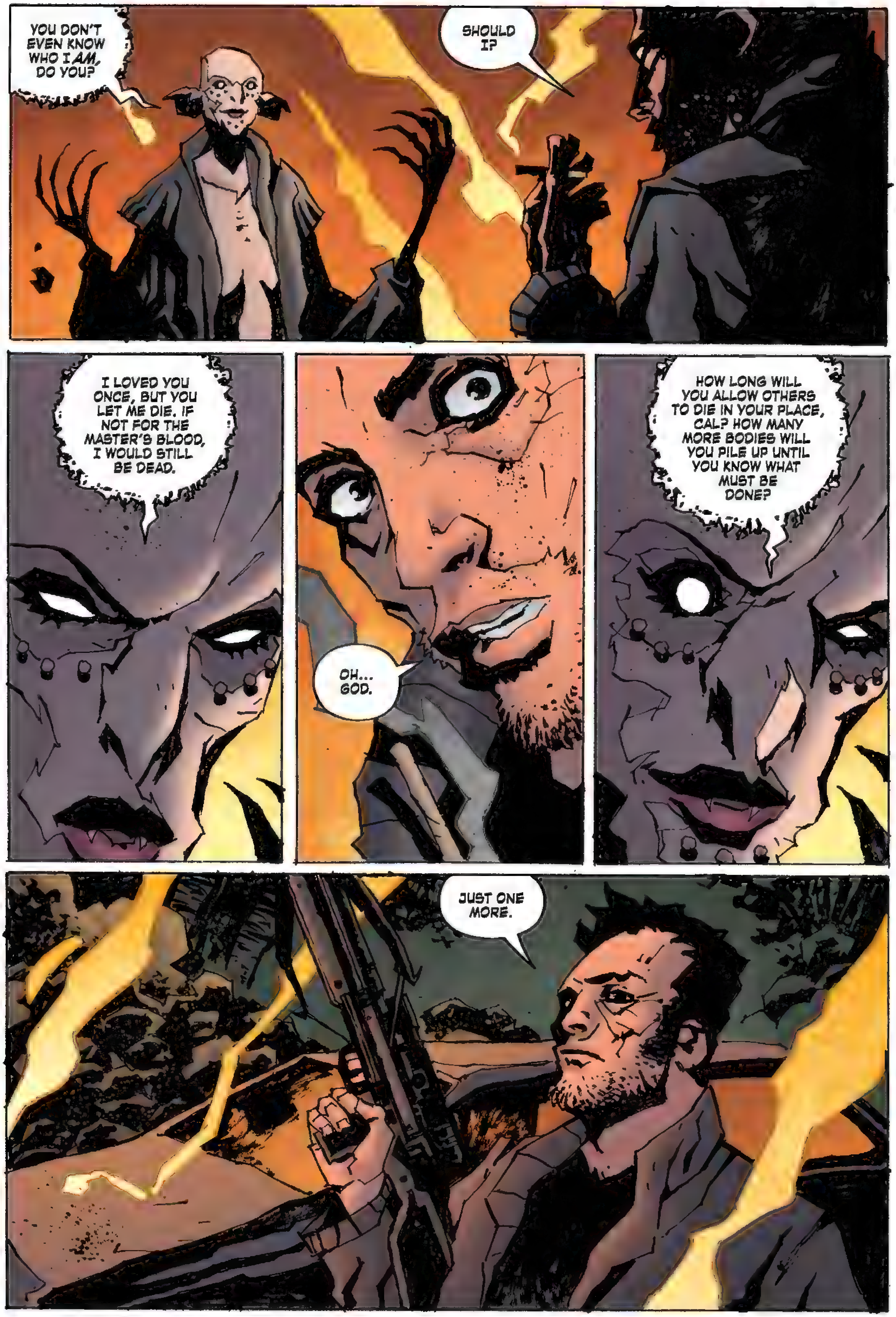
Everybody you know and love
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL EVERYBODY I EVEN SPEAK TO.
IT IS *THE WAR,* CAL. IT APPROACHES.
WAR. I CAN'T WAIT.
WHERE'S THE KID?
HE WAS HIDING WHEN I DISCOVERED THE SCENE. HE IS SAFE NOW, IN THE CARE OF GHOULS.
GOOD. HELP ME GET THE BODY OUTSIDE.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, CAL?
SOMETHING *REALLY* FUCKING CRAZY.
THANKS. NOW SCRAM. THIS IS GONNA BE DANGEROUS.
CAL, ARE YOU SURE YOU--
FUCK OFF, *NOW.* I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.


HELP ME OUT HERE, SPIVEY. THIS IS YOUR CHANCE. GET OUT OF THE CAR.
BY ALL THAT IS FUCKING HOLY, GET OUT OF THE CAR!!!
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED? HOW DID I GET IN THIS BODY?
WELCOME BACK, SPIVEY.
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN RIGHT NOW, SO LISTEN. YOU'RE A *FATHER* NOW. GO WITH THE GHOUL HERE AND YOU AND YOUR SON HIDE UNTIL I SAY IT'S CLEAR.
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
YOU DON'T NEED TO YET. JUST LISTEN TO ME...AND YOUR NAME IS ALEC KING NOW, OKAY?
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?
ON A KILLING SPREE.

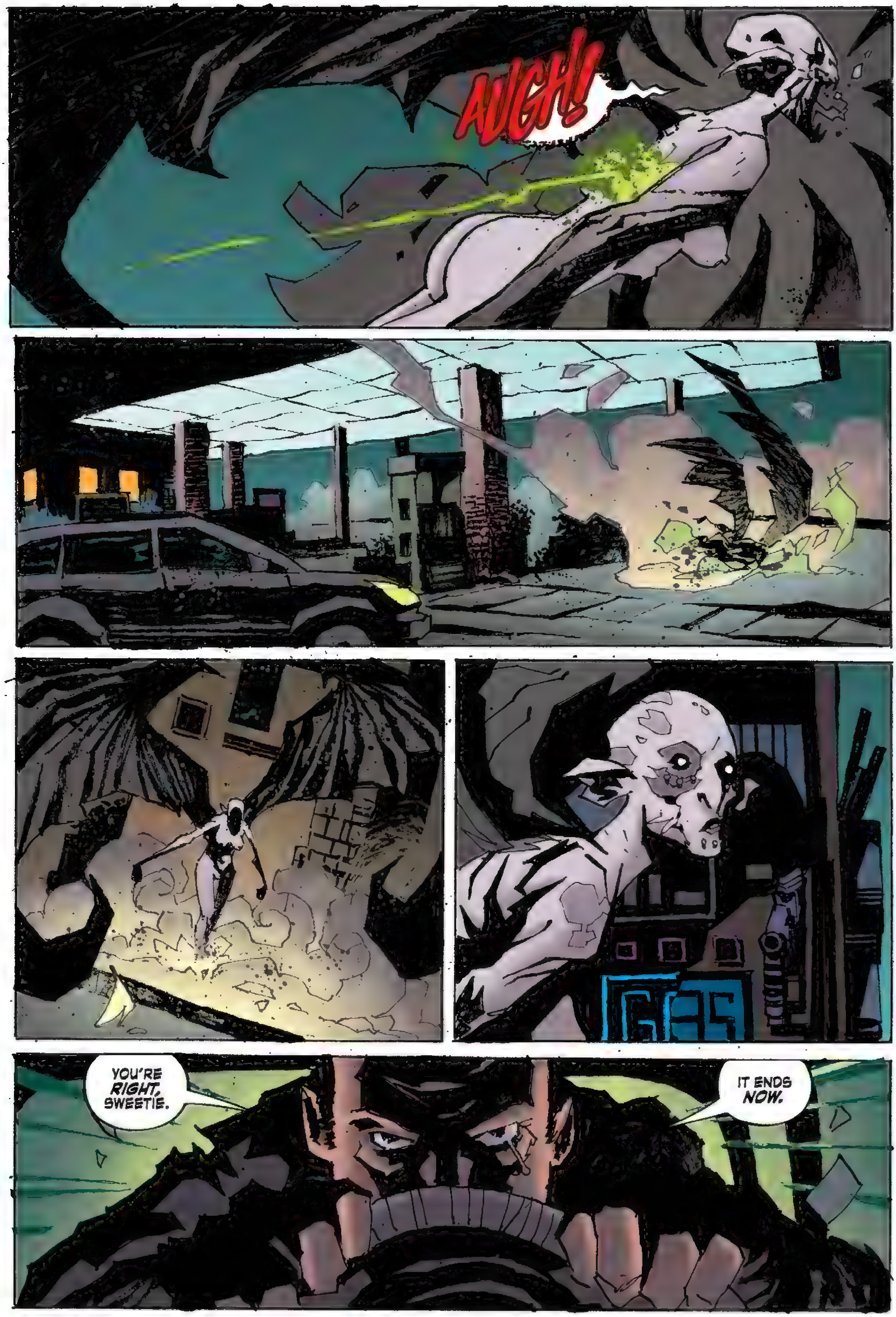
GET READY, YOU FREAK BASTARDS.
IT'S TIME TO *DIE.*
BOOM

BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
MCDONALD!
NOW YOU DIE.
NOT *ME*, FUCKO.
GURK

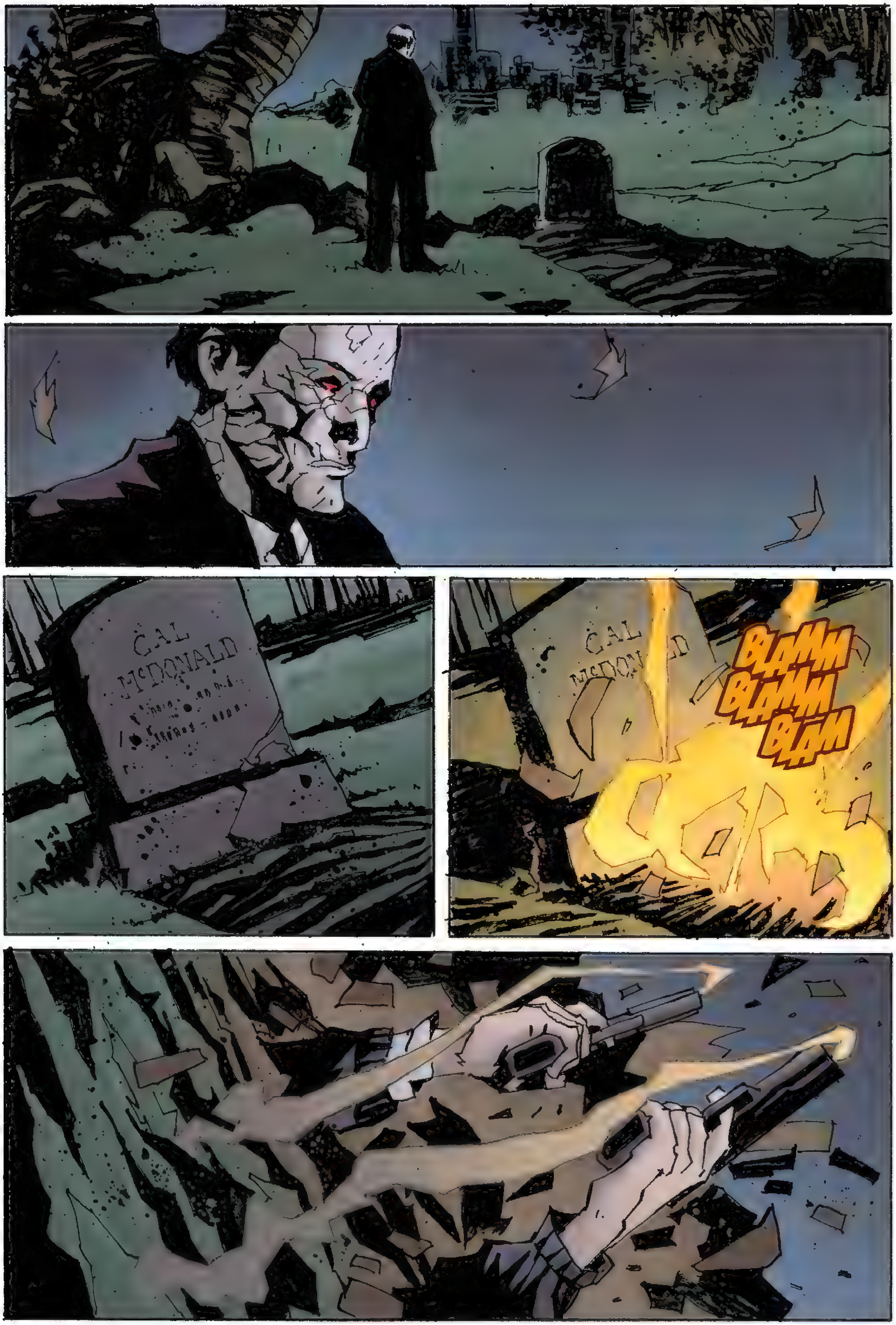
BOOM
I *THOUGHT* THAT WOULD GET YOUR ATTENTION.
YOU'VE HAD MY ATTENTION FOR A LONG TIME.
I HAVEN'T EVEN *STARTED* YET, LADY.
EVERYBODY YOU KNOW AND LOVE WILL DIE.
STORY OF MY LIFE.


YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I *AM*, DO YOU?
SHOULD I?
I LOVED YOU ONCE, BUT YOU LET ME DIE. IF NOT FOR THE MASTER'S BLOOD, I WOULD STILL BE DEAD.
OH... GOD.
HOW LONG WILL YOU ALLOW OTHERS TO DIE IN YOUR PLACE, CAL? HOW MANY MORE BODIES WILL YOU PILE UP UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE?
JUST ONE MORE.

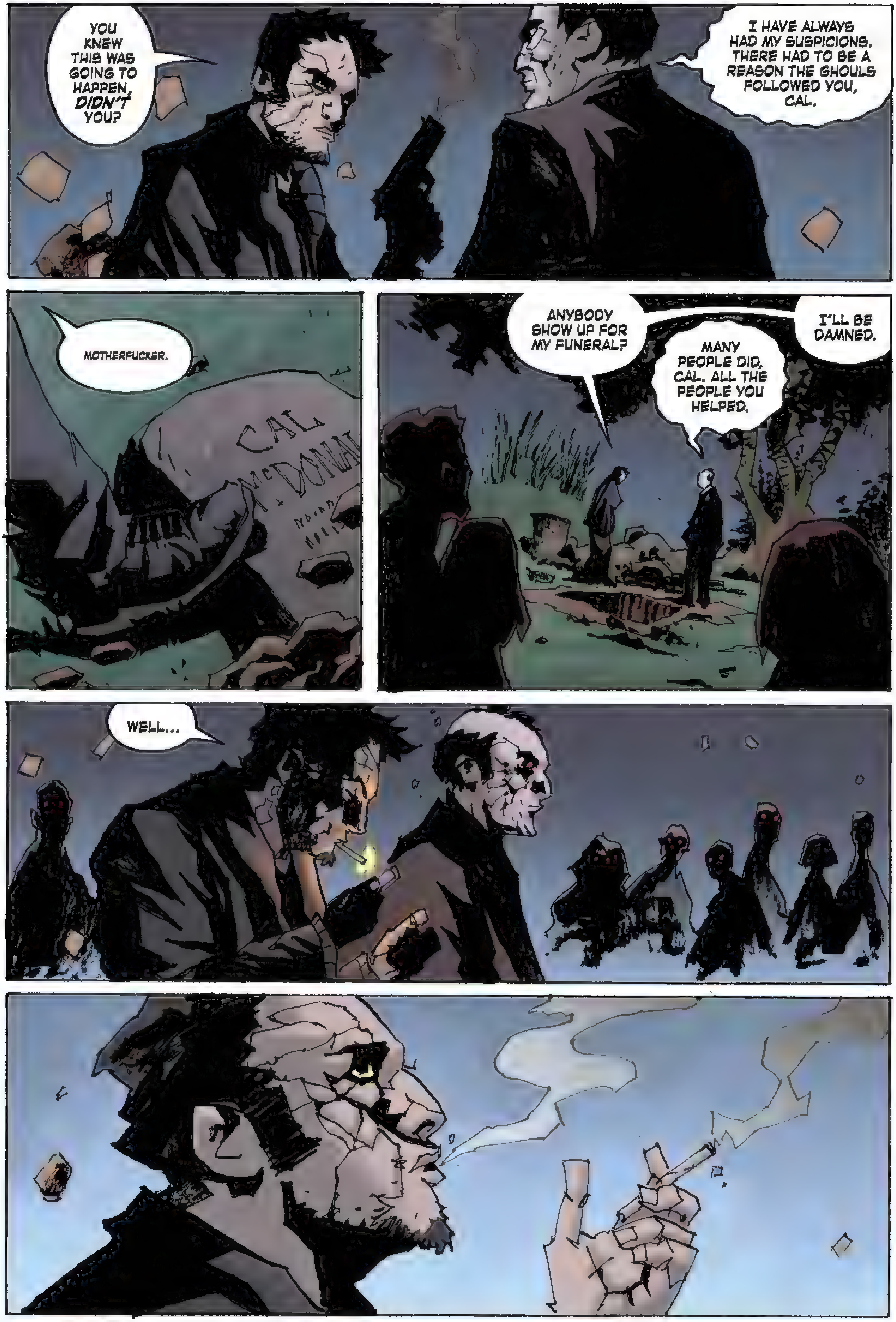
THUNGG


AUGH!
GAS
YOU'RE *RIGHT,* SWEETIE.
IT ENDS *NOW.*

BADOOOOM


CAL McDONALD
CAL McDON LD
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAM

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS SHIT.
IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN YOUR DESTINY, CAL.
YOU'VE ALWAYS BELONGED TO THE UNDEAD.


YOU KNEW THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, *DIDN'T* YOU?
I HAVE ALWAYS HAD MY SUSPICIONS. THERE HAD TO BE A REASON THE GHOULS FOLLOWED YOU, CAL.
MOTHERFUCKER.
CAL McDONAL
ANYBODY SHOW UP FOR MY FUNERAL?
MANY PEOPLE DID, CAL. ALL THE PEOPLE YOU HELPED.
I'LL BE DAMNED.
WELL...

GUESS WE BETTER GET THIS WAR *STARTED* THEN.
THE END

DIE! DIE! MY DARLING

story
STEVE NILES AND ERIC POWELL

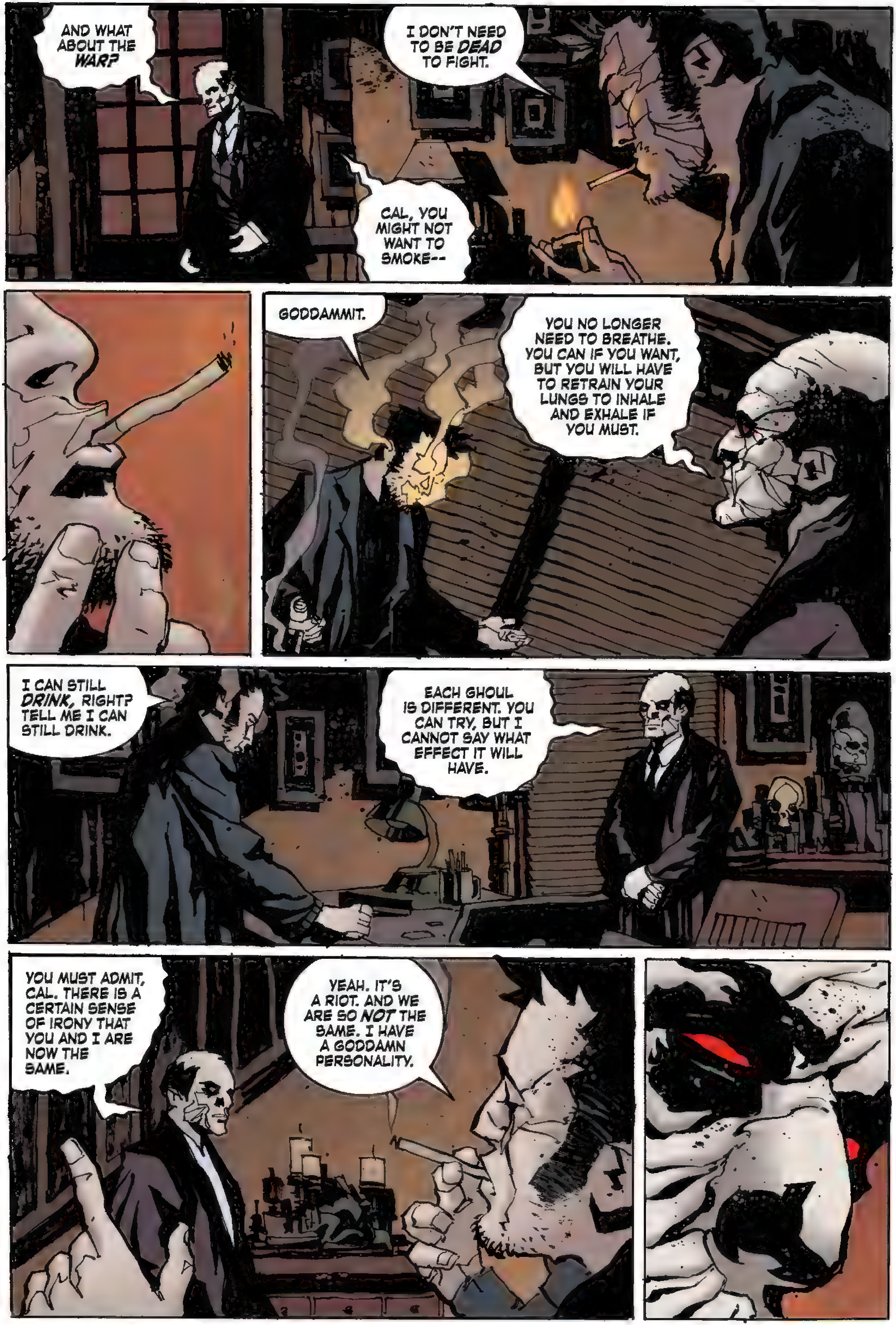
art
CHRISTOPHER MITTEN

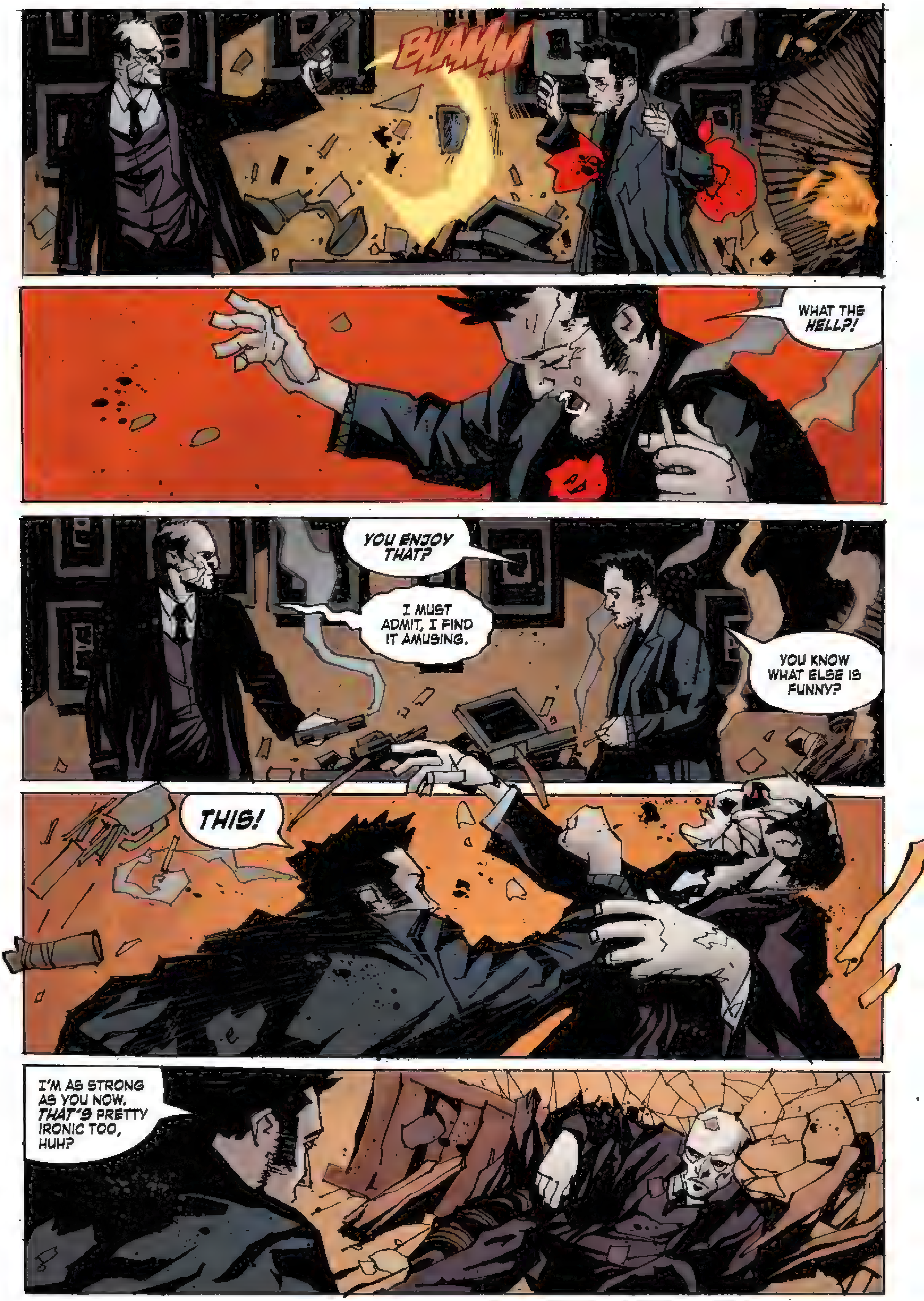
colors
MICHELLE MADSEN

letters
NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

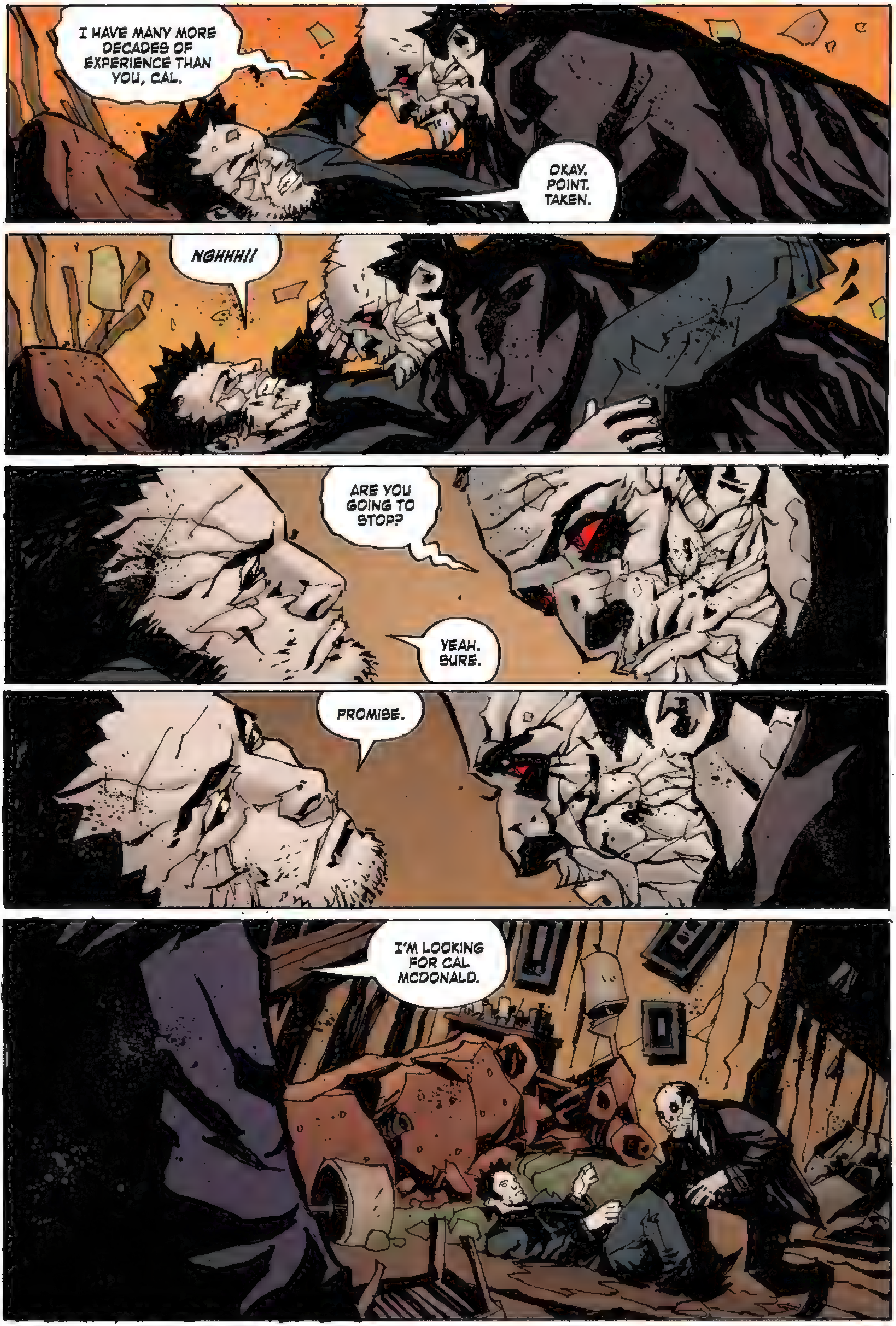
title art
FIONA STAPLES

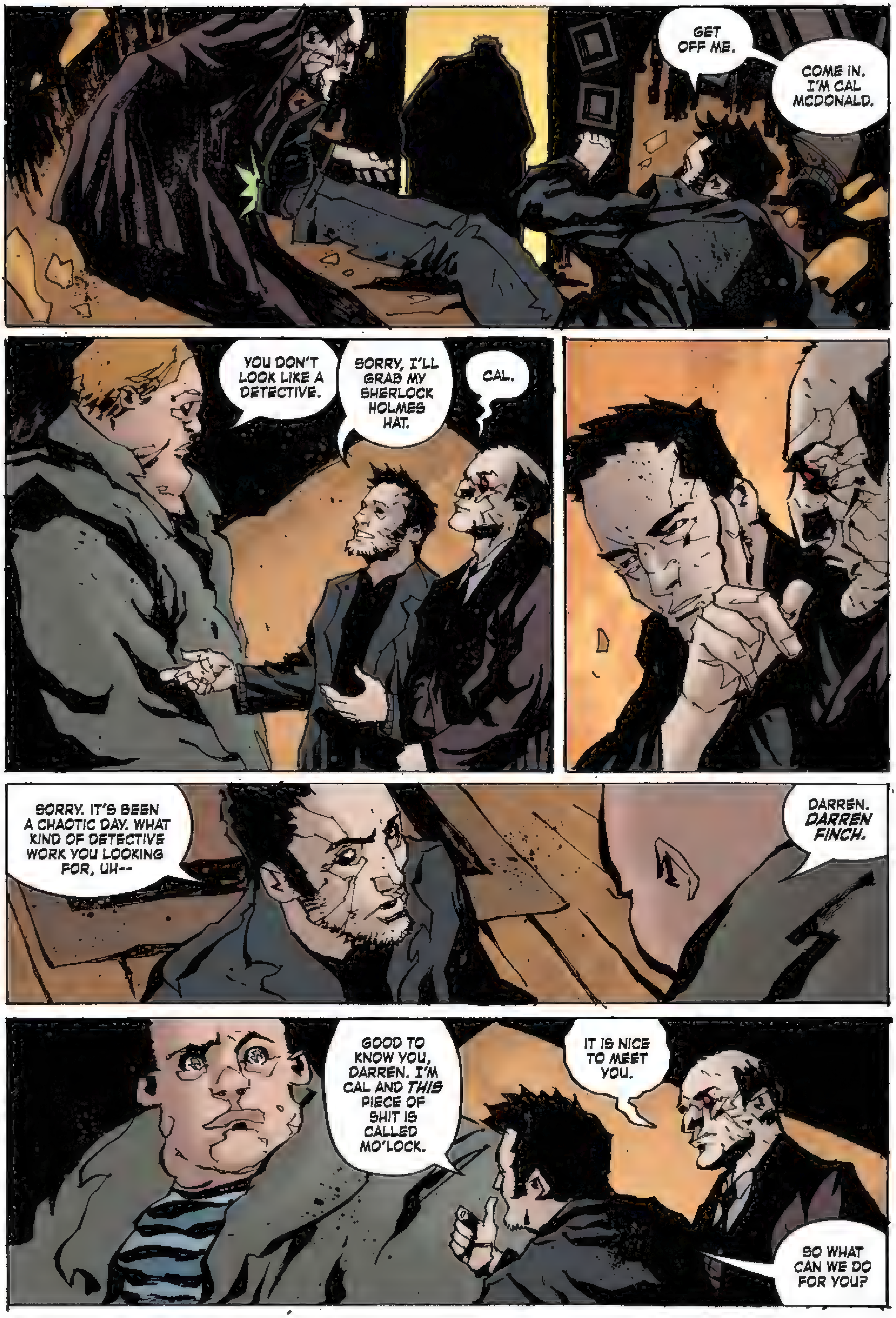
I'D LIKE TO SAY BEING DEAD CHANGED MY LIFE, BUT IT WOULD BE A BIG FAT LIE.
I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU ARE UPSET, CAL, BUT YOU MUST FACE THE REALITY THAT YOU ARE ONE OF US NOW.
I'VE HAD WORSE THINGS HAPPEN. REMEMBER WHEN I GOT TURNED INTO A *WEREWOLF?* I MANAGED TO SHAKE *THAT* AND I'LL SHAKE THIS UNDEAD BULLSHIT TOO.
I THINK YOU ARE OVERREACTING.
ASIDE FROM BEING UNBELIEVABLY PISSED OFF, I HAD THE SAME SHITTY EXISTENCE I ALWAYS HAD.
YOU CAN JUST *CHECK* THAT BULLSHIT RIGHT NOW. I'M GOING ALONG WITH THIS BECAUSE I *HAVE* TO, BUT DON'T THINK FOR A *SECOND* I'M GONNA BE *MR. HAPPY!*
THAT WAS MY FARTHEST THOUGHT.
AND WHAT'S *THIS* SHIT?!
AM I *THIS* FRAGILE NOW?
NO. YOU ARE THAT *STRONG* NOW.
SLAM
AND IT WAS JUST GOING TO LAST FOR-FUCKING-EVER.

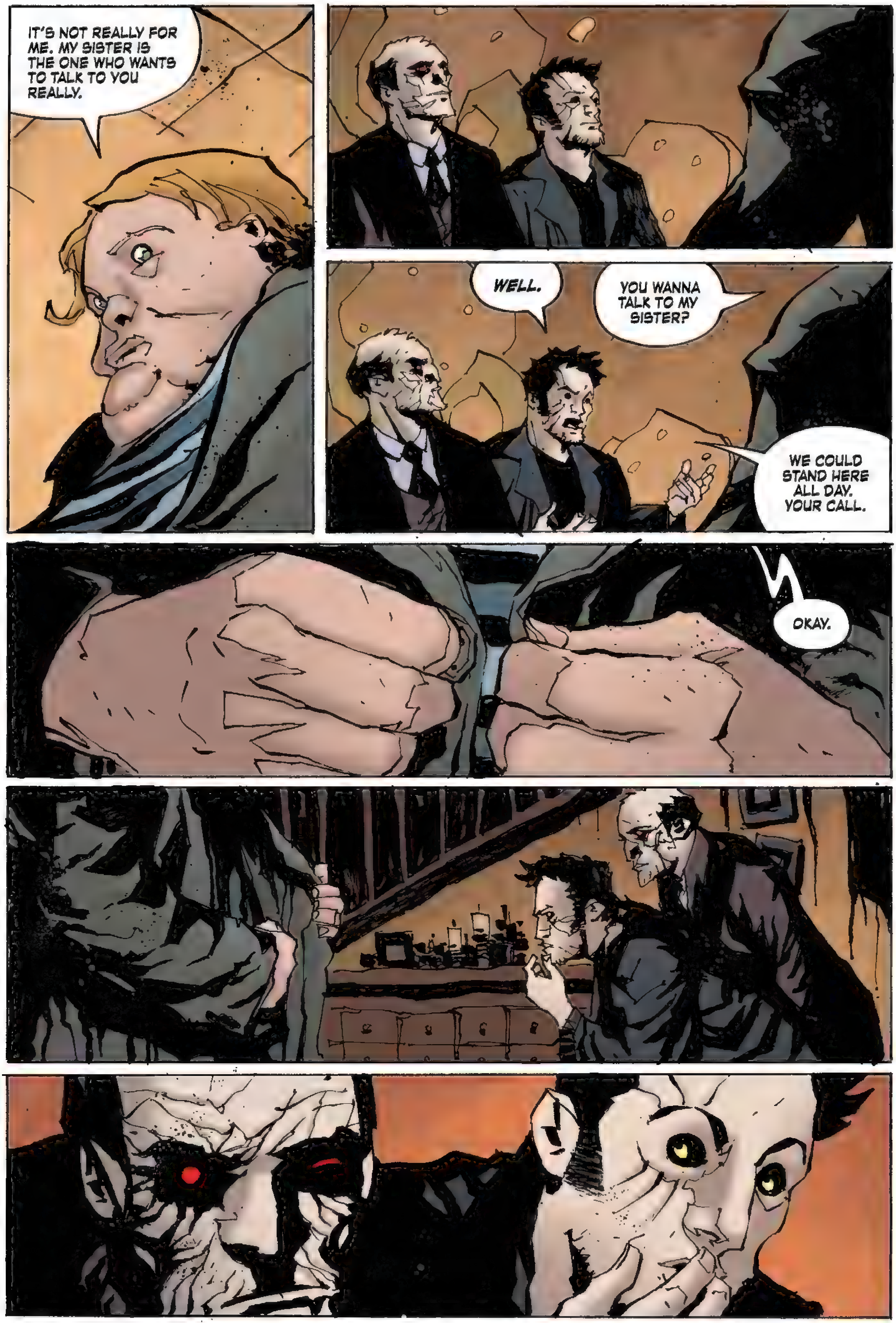

AND WHAT ABOUT THE *WAR?*
I DON'T NEED TO BE *DEAD* TO FIGHT.
CAL, YOU MIGHT NOT WANT TO SMOKE--
GODDAMMIT.
YOU NO LONGER NEED TO BREATHE. YOU CAN IF YOU WANT, BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO RETRAIN YOUR LUNGS TO INHALE AND EXHALE IF YOU MUST.
I CAN STILL *DRINK,* RIGHT? TELL ME I CAN STILL DRINK.
EACH GHOUL IS DIFFERENT. YOU CAN TRY, BUT I CANNOT SAY WHAT EFFECT IT WILL HAVE.
YOU MUST ADMIT, CAL. THERE IS A CERTAIN SENSE OF IRONY THAT YOU AND I ARE NOW THE SAME.
YEAH. IT'S A RIOT. AND WE ARE SO *NOT* THE SAME. I HAVE A GODDAMN PERSONALITY.


BLAMM
WHAT THE HELL?!
YOU ENJOY THAT?
I MUST ADMIT, I FIND IT AMUSING.
YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE IS FUNNY?
THIS!
I'M AS STRONG AS YOU NOW. THAT'S PRETTY IRONIC TOO, HUH?

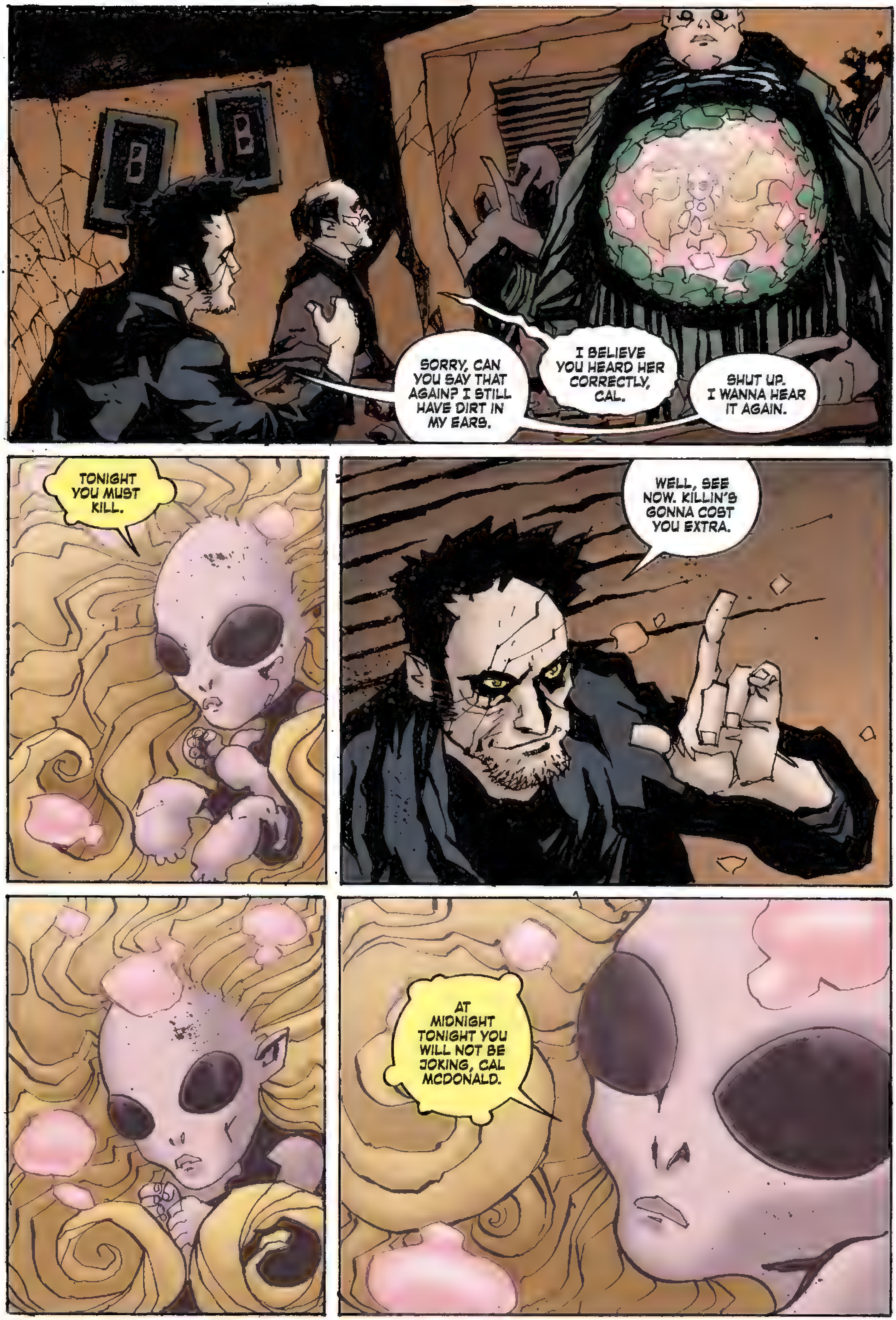
I AM SORRY I SHOT YOU. PLEASE STOP.
THIS IS A WASTE OF BOTH OUR TIME.
YEAH, BUT IT'S KIND OF *FUN.*
POW!
THUNK

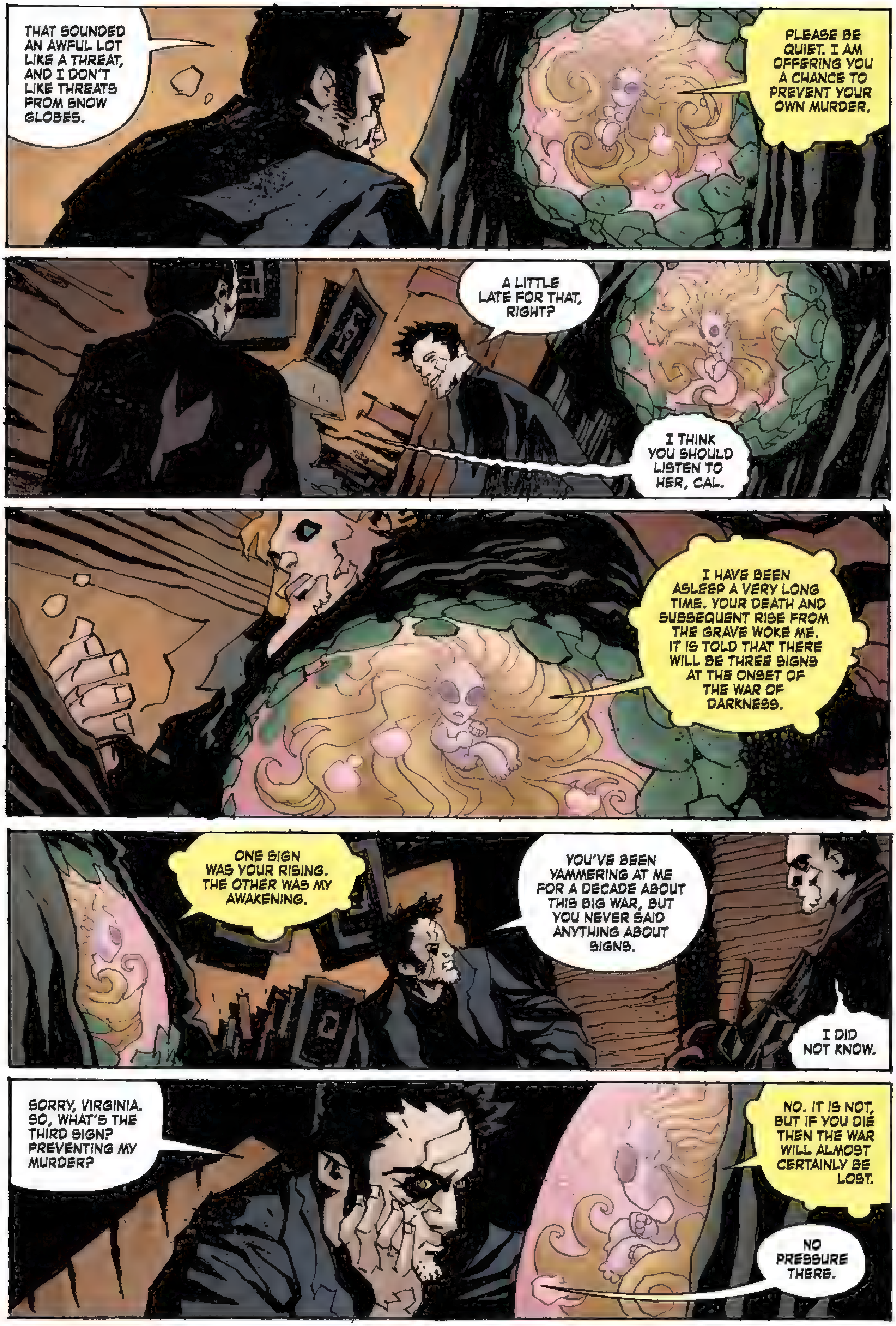

I HAVE MANY MORE DECADES OF EXPERIENCE THAN YOU, CAL.
OKAY. POINT. TAKEN.
NGHHH!!
ARE YOU GOING TO STOP?
YEAH. SURE.
PROMISE.
I'M LOOKING FOR CAL MCDONALD.

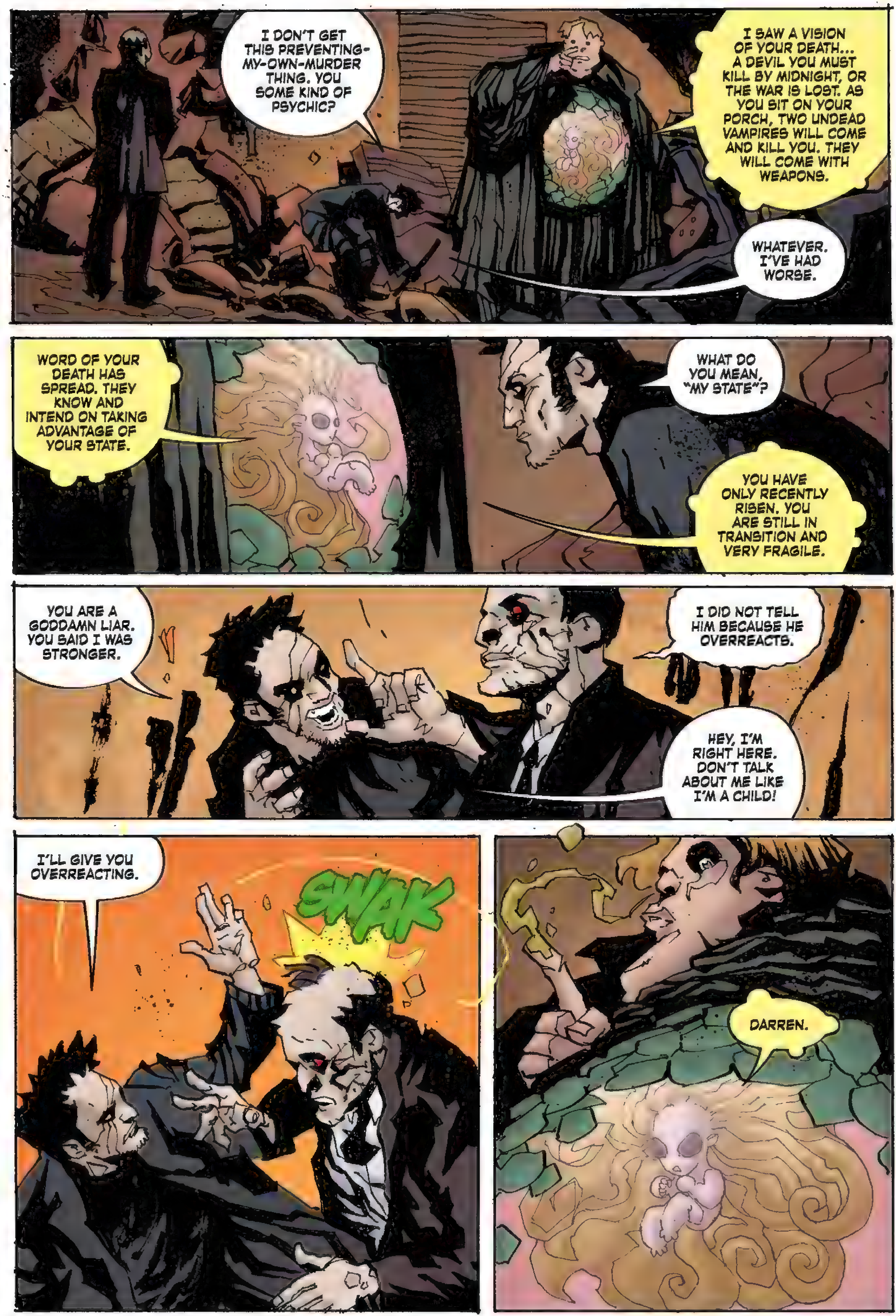

GET OFF ME.
COME IN. I'M CAL MCDONALD.
YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A DETECTIVE.
SORRY, I'LL GRAB MY SHERLOCK HOLMES HAT.
CAL.
SORRY. IT'S BEEN A CHAOTIC DAY. WHAT KIND OF DETECTIVE WORK YOU LOOKING FOR, UH--
DARREN. *DARREN FINCH.*
GOOD TO KNOW YOU, DARREN. I'M CAL AND *THIS* PIECE OF SHIT IS CALLED MO'LOCK.
IT IS NICE TO MEET YOU.
SO WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?


IT'S NOT REALLY FOR ME. MY SISTER IS THE ONE WHO WANTS TO TALK TO YOU REALLY.
WELL.
YOU WANNA TALK TO MY SISTER?
WE COULD STAND HERE ALL DAY. YOUR CALL.
OKAY.

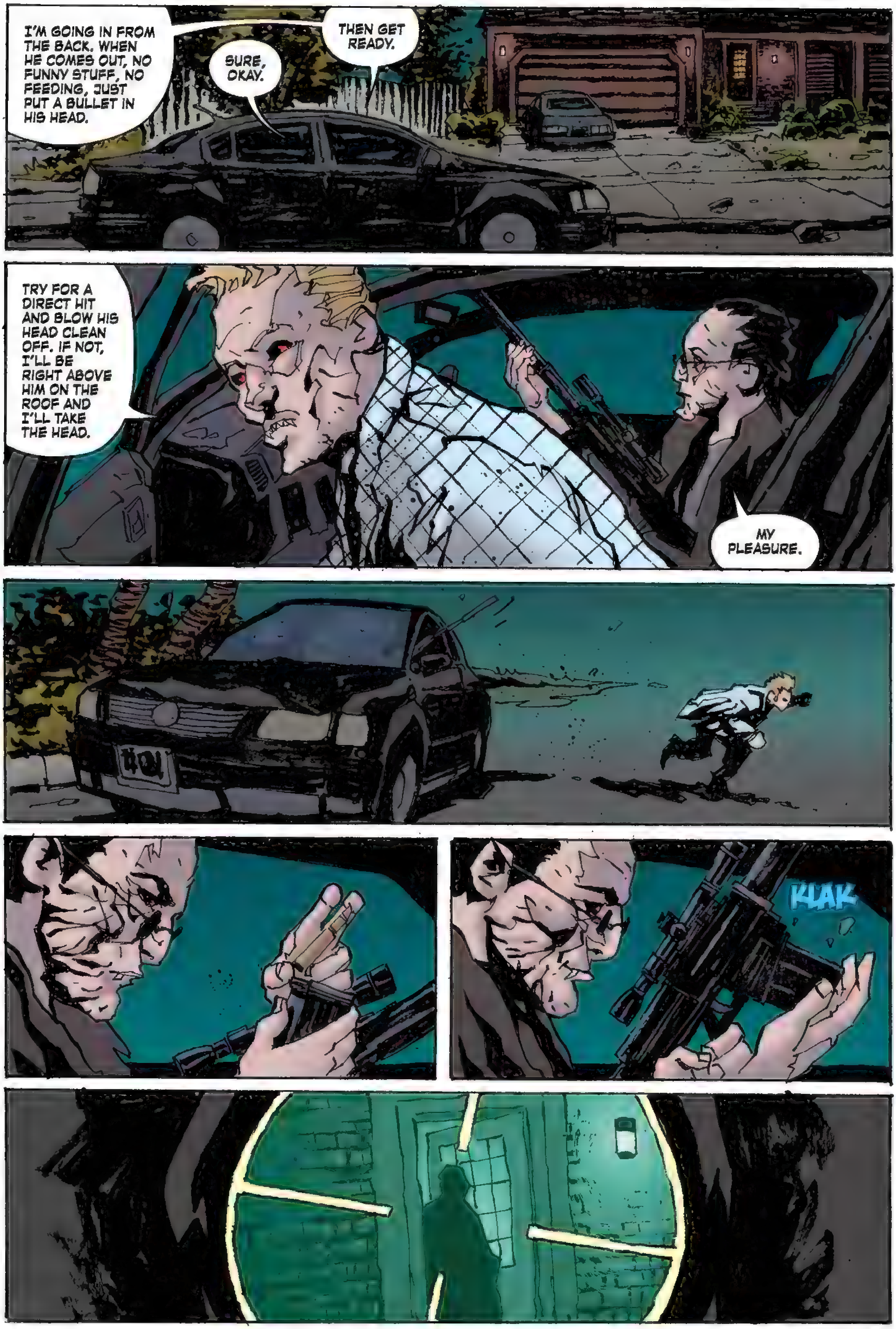
THIS IS THE DETECTIVE, VIRGINIA.
HELLO.
HI.
I HAVE BEEN ASLEEP FOR A LONG TIME. THEY WOKE ME TO TELL ME YOU'D *DIED*.
YEAH, WELL I DON'T PLAN TO *STAY* THIS WAY.
PLEASE DON'T SPEAK.
THE *WAR* HAS BEGUN. INNOCENT BLOOD ALREADY FLOWS. THE LIGHT MUST FIGHT BACK AND WE MUST DRAW A LINE IN THE SAND. TONIGHT YOU MUST KILL AND TAKE A STAND.

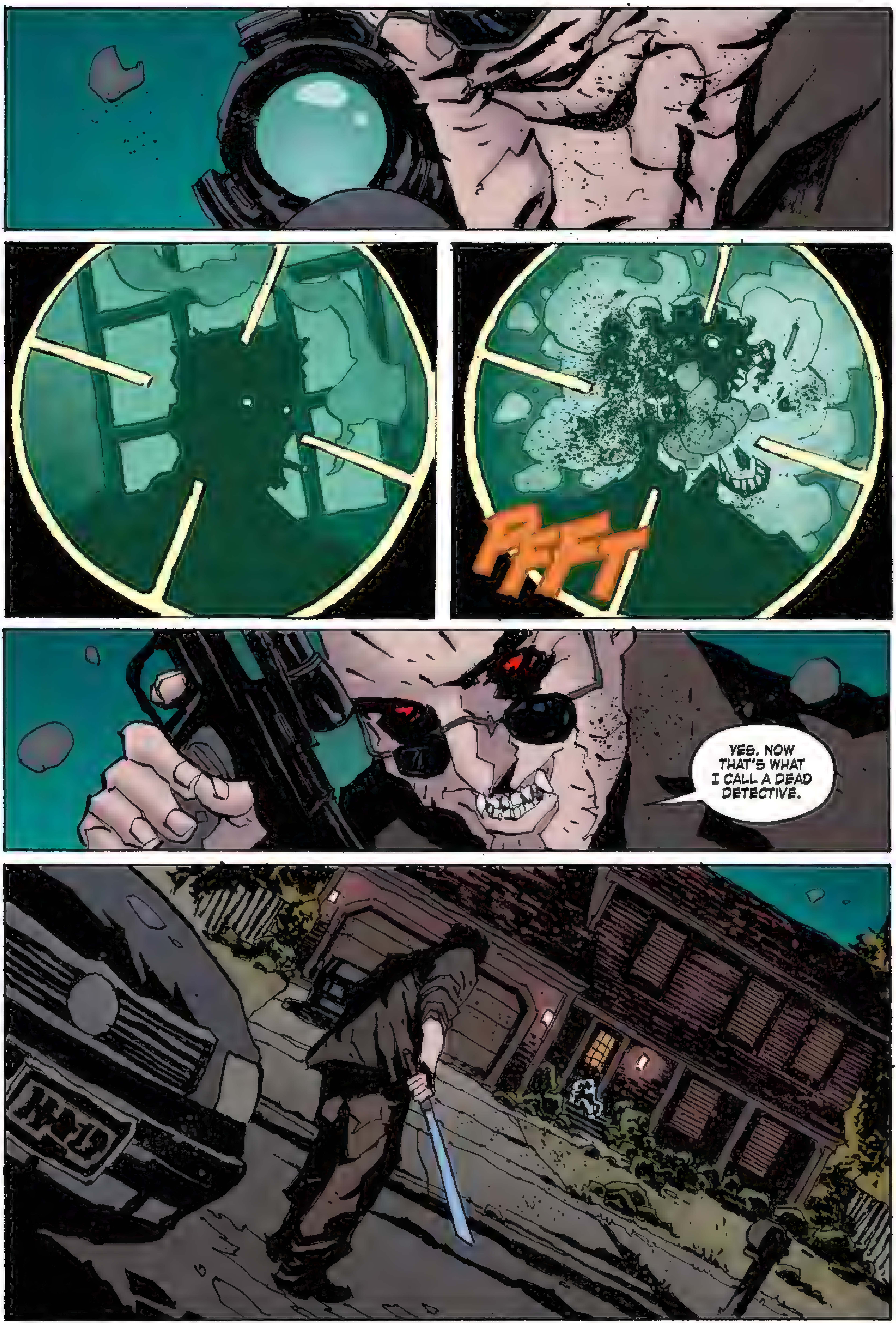

SORRY, CAN YOU SAY THAT AGAIN? I STILL HAVE DIRT IN MY EARS.
I BELIEVE YOU HEARD HER CORRECTLY, CAL.
SHUT UP. I WANNA HEAR IT AGAIN.
TONIGHT YOU MUST KILL.
WELL, SEE NOW. KILLIN'S GONNA COST YOU EXTRA.
AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT YOU WILL NOT BE JOKING, CAL MCDONALD.


THAT SOUNDED AN AWFUL LOT LIKE A THREAT, AND I DON'T LIKE THREATS FROM SNOW GLOBES.
PLEASE BE QUIET. I AM OFFERING YOU A CHANCE TO PREVENT YOUR OWN MURDER.
A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT, RIGHT?
I THINK YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO HER, CAL.
I HAVE BEEN ASLEEP A VERY LONG TIME. YOUR DEATH AND SUBSEQUENT RISE FROM THE GRAVE WOKE ME. IT IS TOLD THAT THERE WILL BE THREE SIGNS AT THE ONSET OF THE WAR OF DARKNESS.
ONE SIGN WAS YOUR RISING. THE OTHER WAS MY AWAKENING.
YOU'VE BEEN YAMMERING AT ME FOR A DECADE ABOUT THIS BIG WAR, BUT YOU NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT SIGNS.
I DID NOT KNOW.
SORRY, VIRGINIA. SO, WHAT'S THE THIRD SIGN? PREVENTING MY MURDER?
NO. IT IS NOT, BUT IF YOU DIE THEN THE WAR WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY BE LOST.
NO PRESSURE THERE.

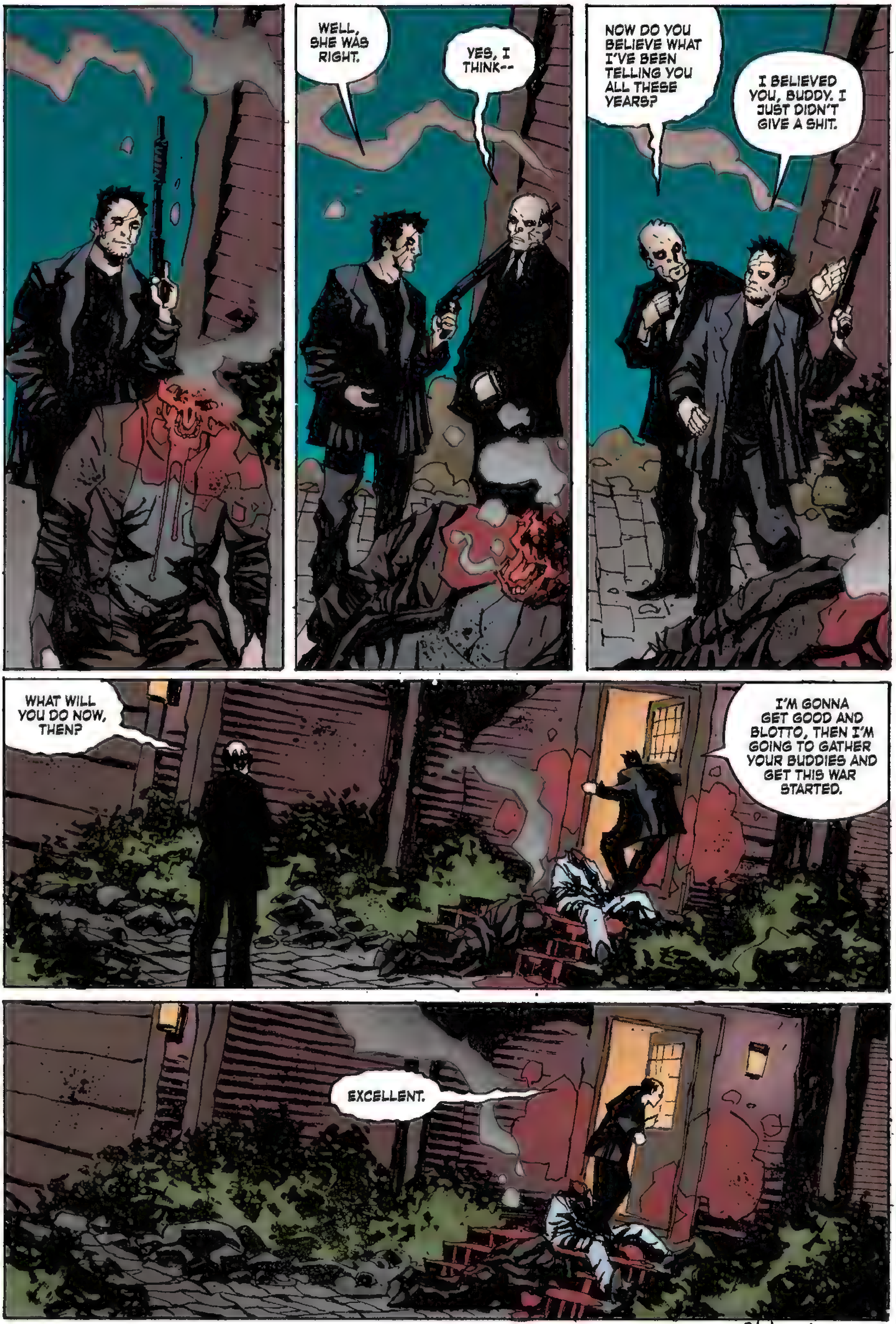

I DON'T GET THIS PREVENTING-MY-OWN-MURDER THING. YOU SOME KIND OF PSYCHIC?
I SAW A VISION OF YOUR DEATH... A DEVIL YOU MUST KILL BY MIDNIGHT, OR THE WAR IS LOST. AS YOU SIT ON YOUR PORCH, TWO UNDEAD VAMPIRES WILL COME AND KILL YOU. THEY WILL COME WITH WEAPONS.
WHATEVER. I'VE HAD WORSE.
WORD OF YOUR DEATH HAS SPREAD. THEY KNOW AND INTEND ON TAKING ADVANTAGE OF YOUR STATE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "MY STATE"?
YOU HAVE ONLY RECENTLY RISEN. YOU ARE STILL IN TRANSITION AND VERY FRAGILE.
YOU ARE A GODDAMN LIAR. YOU SAID I WAS STRONGER.
I DID NOT TELL HIM BECAUSE HE OVERREACTS.
HEY, I'M RIGHT HERE. DON'T TALK ABOUT ME LIKE I'M A CHILD!
I'LL GIVE YOU OVERREACTING.
SWAK
DARREN.

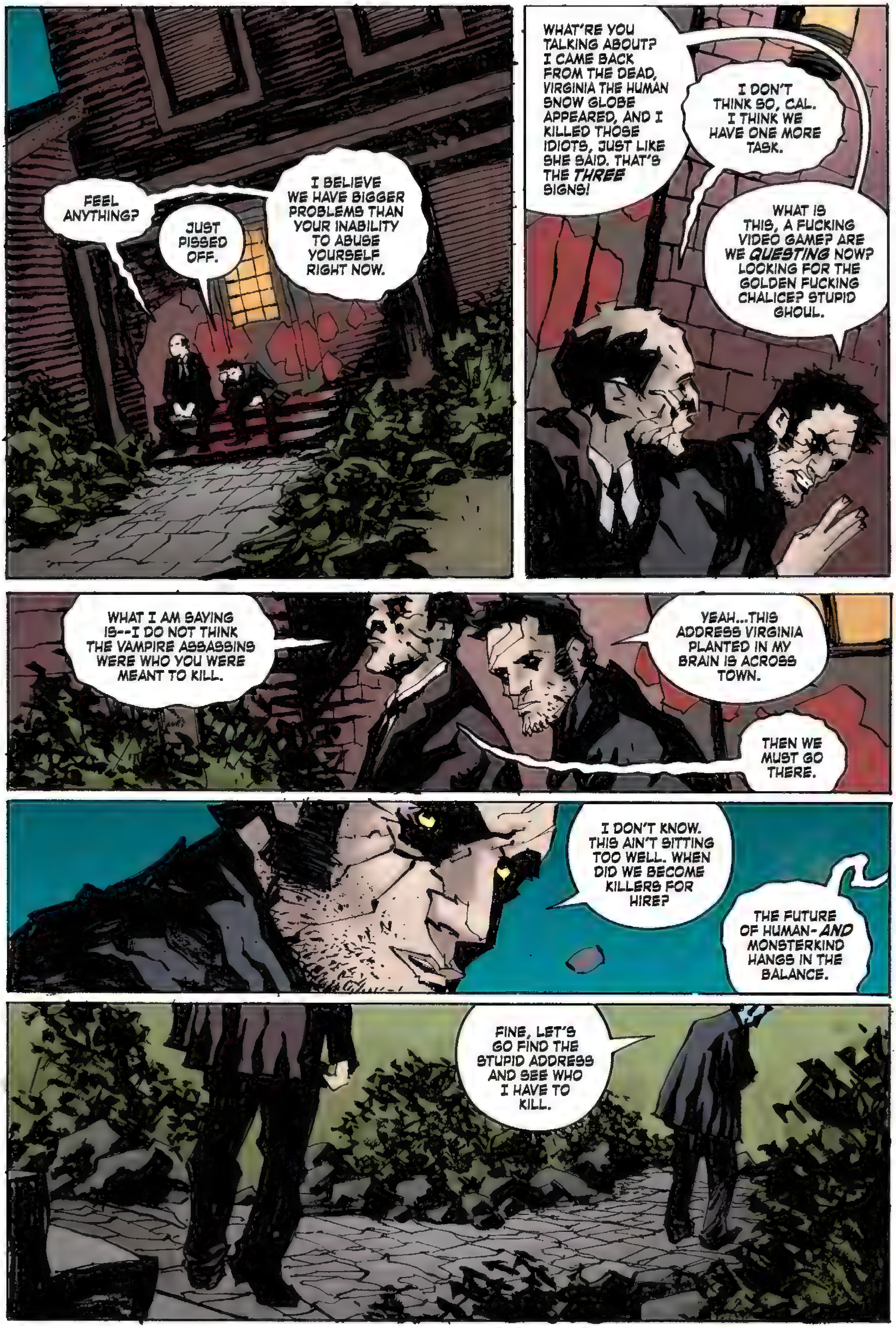
HEY!
PAY ATTENTION!
I WILL INSERT THE LOCATION AND DESCRIPTION OF THE INTENDED TARGET DIRECTLY INTO YOUR MIND. IT MIGHT PINCH A BIT.
I HOPE YOU WILL MAKE THE CORRECT DECISION.
CAREFUL! I'M FRAGILE!
GOOD DAY TO YOU.
HOW DO WE FIND YOU IF WE NEED TO?
YOU CAN'T AND SHOULD NOT. I WILL FIND YOU.
HEY, SHE FORGOT TO TELL ME THE--
OH...
THERE IT IS. WEIRD.

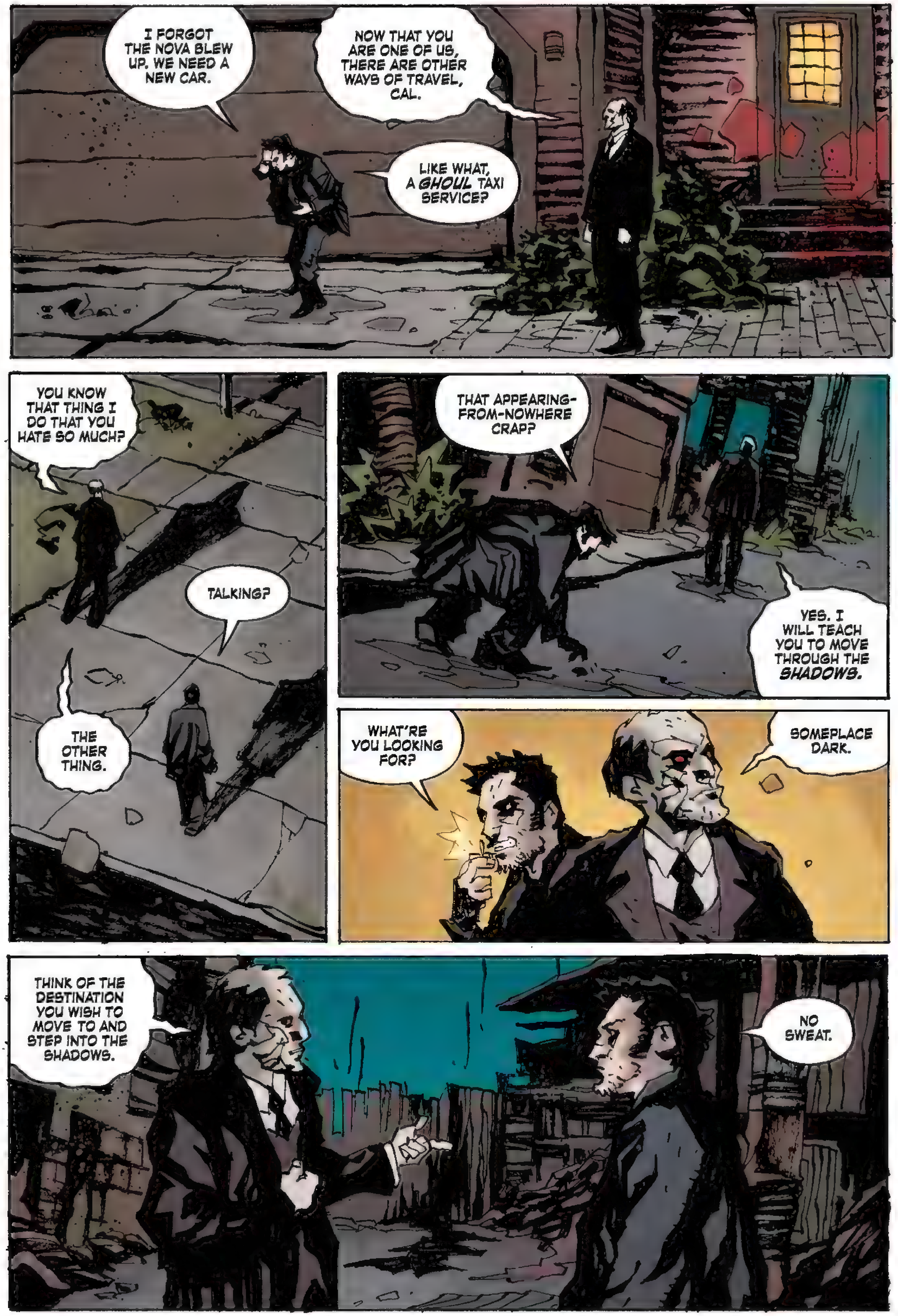

I'M GOING IN FROM THE BACK. WHEN HE COMES OUT, NO FUNNY STUFF, NO FEEDING, JUST PUT A BULLET IN HIS HEAD.
SURE, OKAY.
THEN GET READY.
TRY FOR A DIRECT HIT AND BLOW HIS HEAD CLEAN OFF. IF NOT, I'LL BE RIGHT ABOVE HIM ON THE ROOF AND I'LL TAKE THE HEAD.
MY PLEASURE.
KLAK

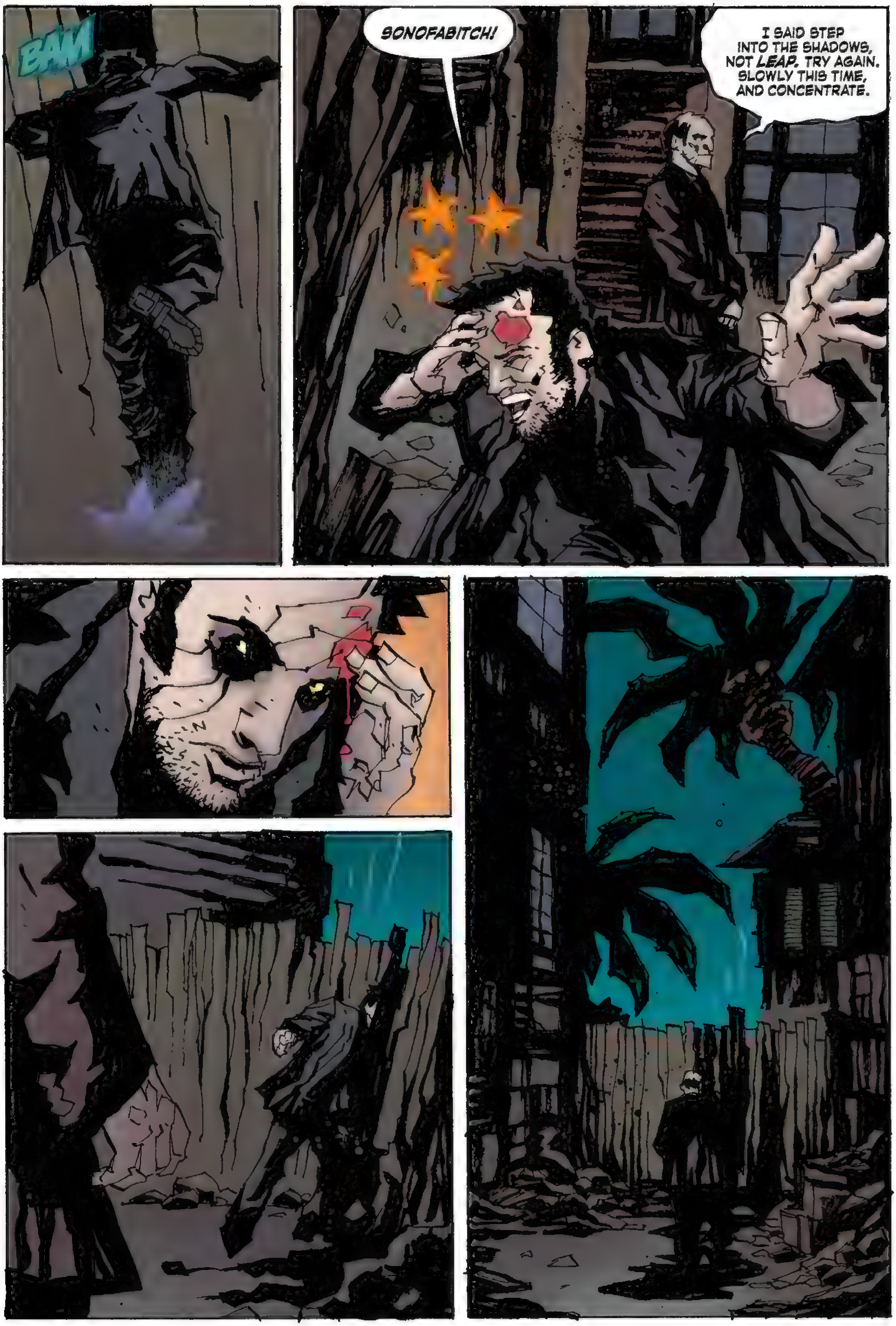

PFFT
YES. NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A DEAD DETECTIVE.

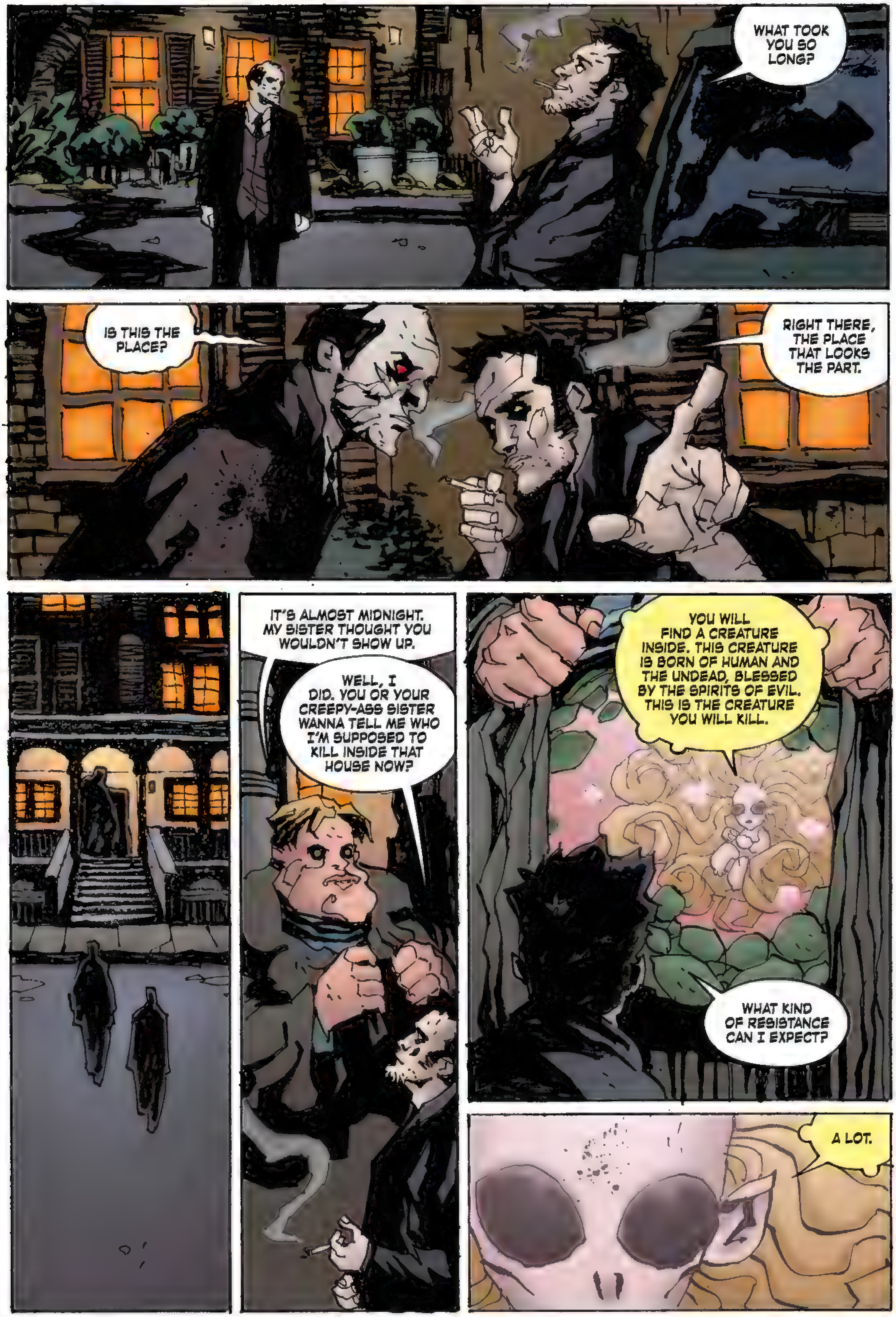
HI.
THANKS FOR THE ASSIST.
BOOM


WELL, SHE WAS RIGHT.
YES, I THINK--
NOW DO YOU BELIEVE WHAT I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU ALL THESE YEARS?
I BELIEVED YOU, BUDDY. I JUST DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT.
WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW, THEN?
I'M GONNA GET GOOD AND BLOTTO, THEN I'M GOING TO GATHER YOUR BUDDIES AND GET THIS WAR STARTED.
EXCELLENT.


FEEL ANYTHING?
JUST PISSED OFF.
I BELIEVE WE HAVE BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN YOUR INABILITY TO ABUSE YOURSELF RIGHT NOW.
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD, VIRGINIA THE HUMAN SNOW GLOBE APPEARED, AND I KILLED THOSE IDIOTS, JUST LIKE SHE SAID. THAT'S THE *THREE* SIGNS!
I DON'T THINK SO, CAL. I THINK WE HAVE ONE MORE TASK.
WHAT IS THIS, A FUCKING VIDEO GAME? ARE WE *QUESTING* NOW? LOOKING FOR THE GOLDEN FUCKING CHALICE? STUPID GHOUL.
WHAT I AM SAYING IS--I DO NOT THINK THE VAMPIRE ASSASSINS WERE WHO YOU WERE MEANT TO KILL.
YEAH...THIS ADDRESS VIRGINIA PLANTED IN MY BRAIN IS ACROSS TOWN.
THEN WE MUST GO THERE.
I DON'T KNOW. THIS AIN'T SITTING TOO WELL. WHEN DID WE BECOME KILLERS FOR HIRE?
THE FUTURE OF HUMAN- *AND* MONSTERKIND HANGS IN THE BALANCE.
FINE, LET'S GO FIND THE STUPID ADDRESS AND SEE WHO I HAVE TO KILL.


I FORGOT THE NOVA BLEW UP. WE NEED A NEW CAR.
NOW THAT YOU ARE ONE OF US, THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF TRAVEL, CAL.
LIKE WHAT, A *GHOUL* TAXI SERVICE?
YOU KNOW THAT THING I DO THAT YOU HATE SO MUCH?
TALKING?
THE OTHER THING.
THAT APPEARING-FROM-NOWHERE CRAP?
YES. I WILL TEACH YOU TO MOVE THROUGH THE *SHADOWS.*
WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING FOR?
SOMEPLACE DARK.
THINK OF THE DESTINATION YOU WISH TO MOVE TO AND STEP INTO THE SHADOWS.
NO SWEAT.


BAM
SONOFABITCH!
I SAID STEP INTO THE SHADOWS, NOT *LEAP*. TRY AGAIN. SLOWLY THIS TIME, AND CONCENTRATE.


WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
IS THIS THE PLACE?
RIGHT THERE, THE PLACE THAT LOOKS THE PART.
IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT. MY SISTER THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T SHOW UP.
WELL, I DID. YOU OR YOUR CREEPY-ASS SISTER WANNA TELL ME WHO I'M SUPPOSED TO KILL INSIDE THAT HOUSE NOW?
YOU WILL FIND A CREATURE INSIDE. THIS CREATURE IS BORN OF HUMAN AND THE UNDEAD, BLESSED BY THE SPIRITS OF EVIL. THIS IS THE CREATURE YOU WILL KILL.
WHAT KIND OF RESISTANCE CAN I EXPECT?
A LOT.

COMING!

...THE HELL?!
RRRRRR.
IT'S A BABY.
IT IS THE CREATURE VIRGINIA DESCRIBED, CAL. YOU MUST KILL IT. THERE IS LESS THAN A MINUTE UNTIL MIDNIGHT.
I'M NOT KILLIN' A KID.
BUT YOU MUST, CAL. VIRGINIA SAID IT WAS KEY TO US WINNING THE COMING WAR!
NO.
BUT... WE MUST...

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO KILL ME IF YOU LAY ONE FINGER ON THAT KID.
CAL.
I MEAN IT.
OF COURSE... YOU ARE RIGHT.
DAMN STRAIGHT. NOT TO MENTION WE JUST MET GIGANTOR AND HIS SNOW-GLOBE SISTER, WHAT, YESTERDAY? FOR ALL WE KNOW *SHE'S* THE ONE I'M SUPPOSED TO KILL.
THE CHILD MUST DIE.
NOT ON MY WATCH, SISTER.
THROW ME AT HER.
WHAT?
DO IT.
SPLOOSH

YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING! YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING I PLANNED!!!
PLEASE...
AAAH!
...DON'T SPEAK.
THERE, SEE? THE WORLD *DIDN'T* END.
WHAT ABOUT... *IT?*
IF HE MAKES TROUBLE, I'LL KILL 'IM WHEN HE GETS BIGGER.
I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT, CAL.
I HOPE I AM, TOO.
"EITHER WAY, IT'S GOING TO GET INTERESTING."
THE END

THEY FIGHT BY NIGHT
CHANGE YOU CAN
BELIEVE IN
2012

story
STEVE NILES AND ERIC POWELL

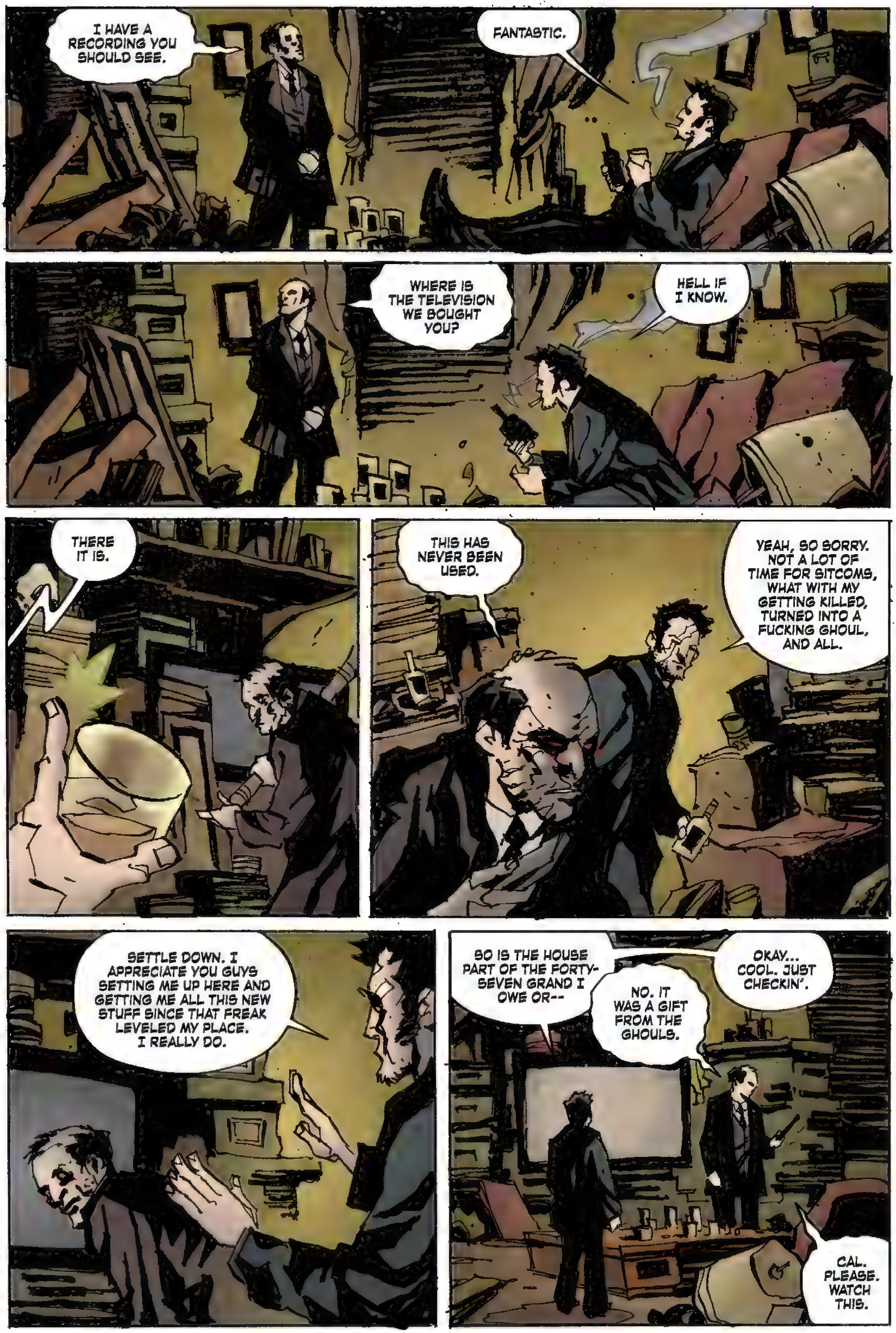
art
CHRISTOPHER MITTEN

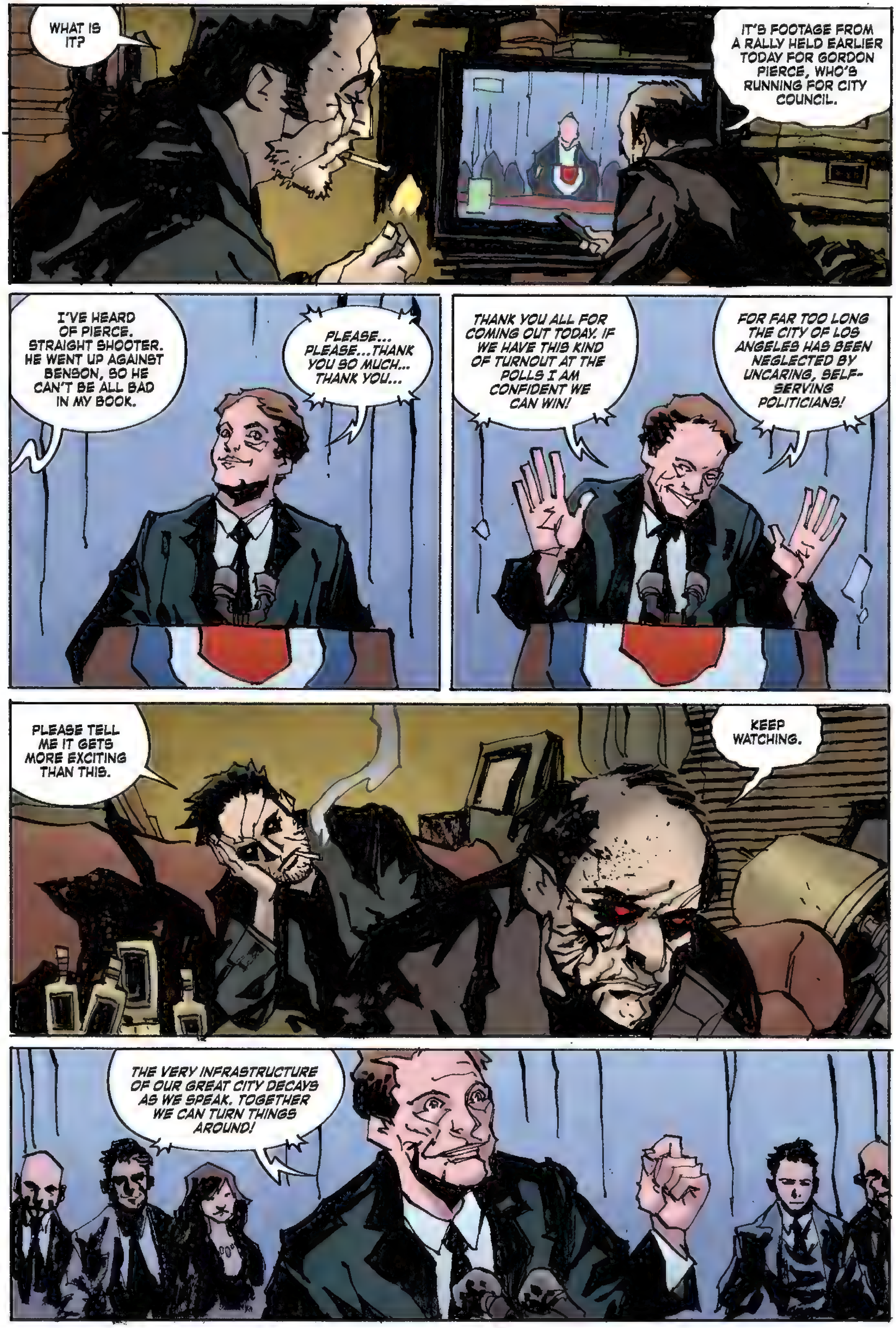
colors
MICHELLE MADSEN

letters
NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

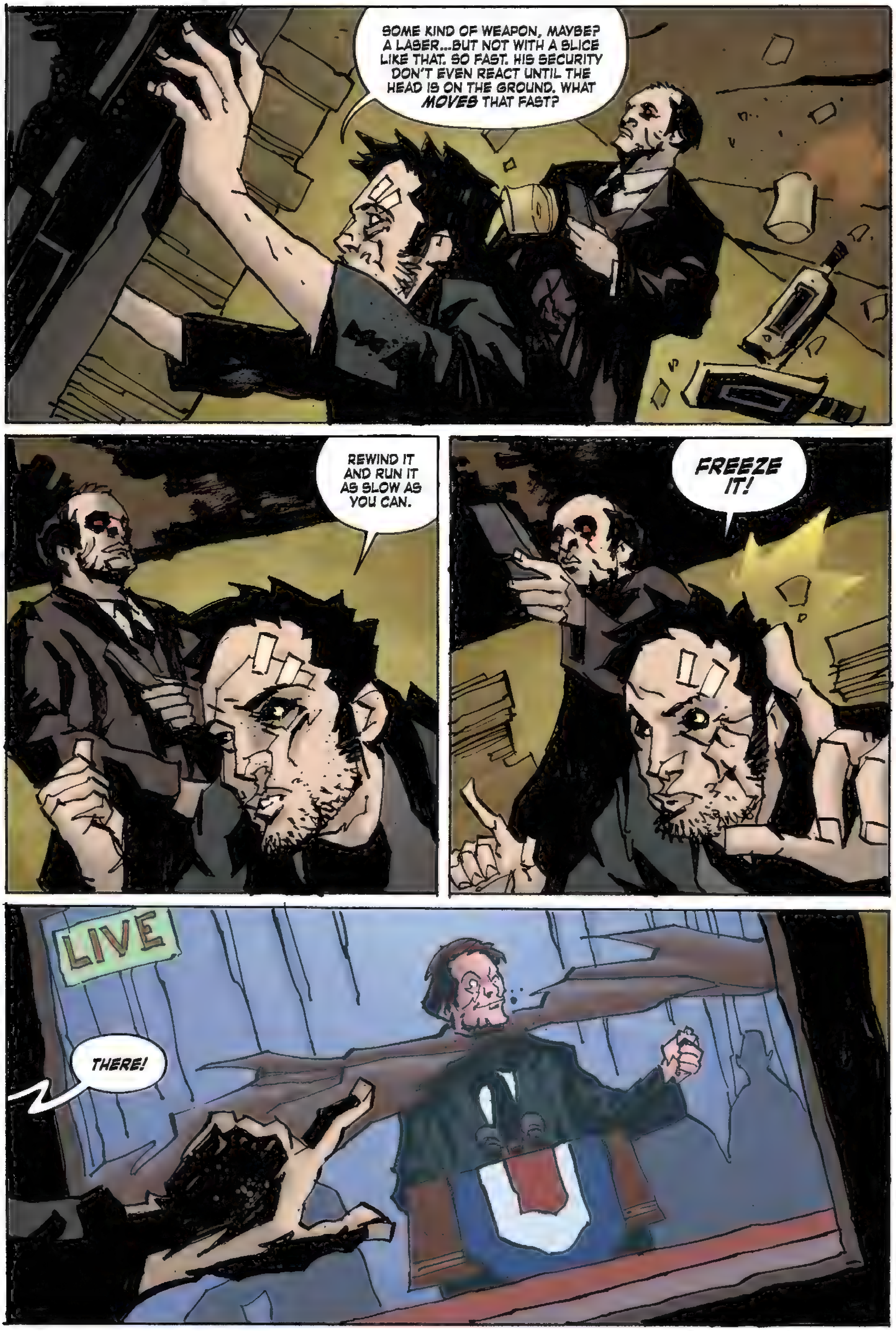
title art
FIONA STAPLES

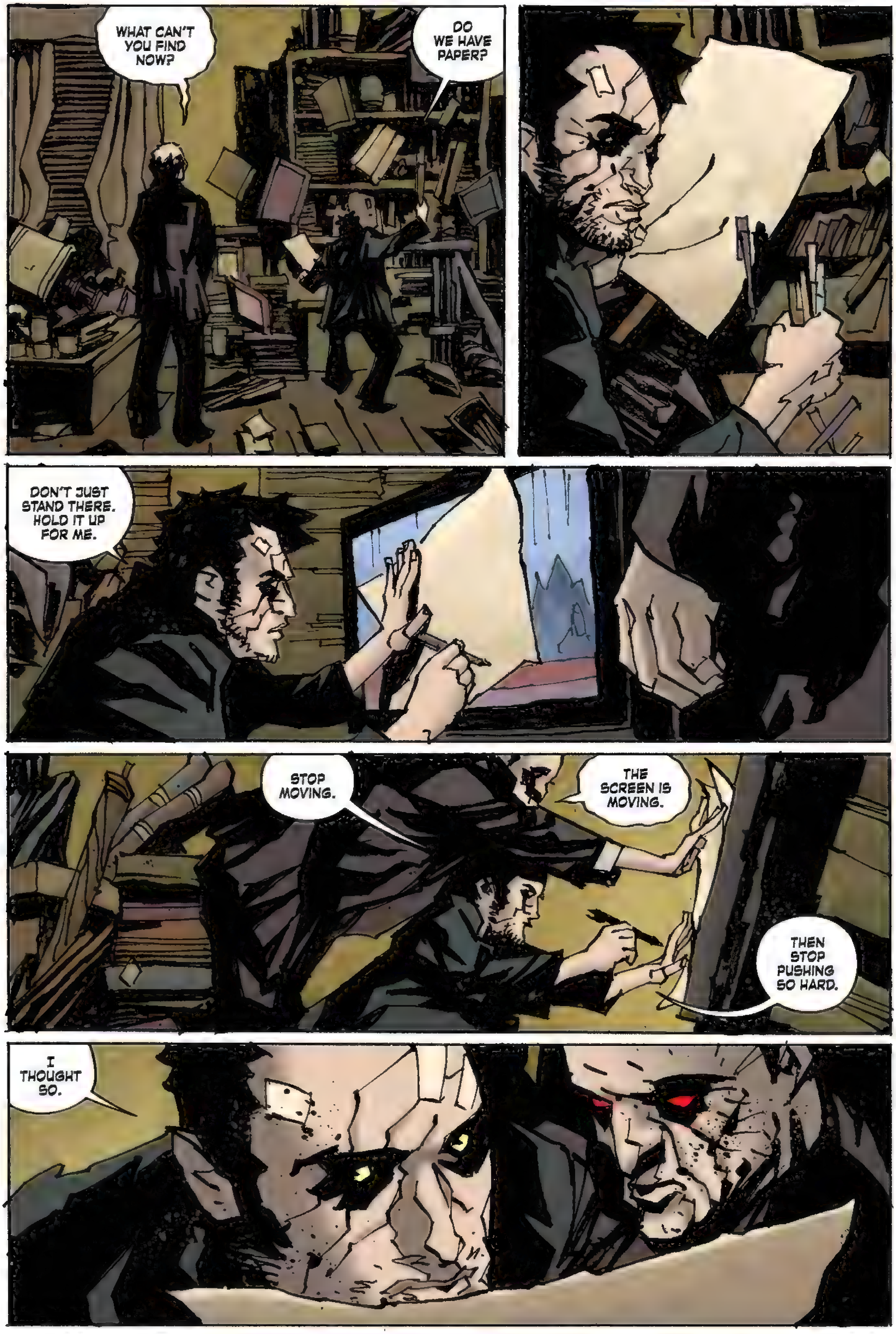
I SEE YOU'VE DISCOVERED WHISKEY STILL HOLDS ITS POTENCY.
YEAH, BUT IT TAKES *A LOT* MORE, AND I'M BROKE AS SHIT.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO BORROW MORE MONEY?
NO THANKS, PAL. I ALREADY OWE YOU ENOUGH.
HOW MUCH AM I UP TO NOW ANYWAY?
FORTY-SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.
SO...YEAH, WHAT'S UP? YOU SAID YOU HAD SOMETHING FOR ME?
DID YOU SEE THE NEWS TODAY?
FUCK NO.
I THOUGHT AS MUCH.

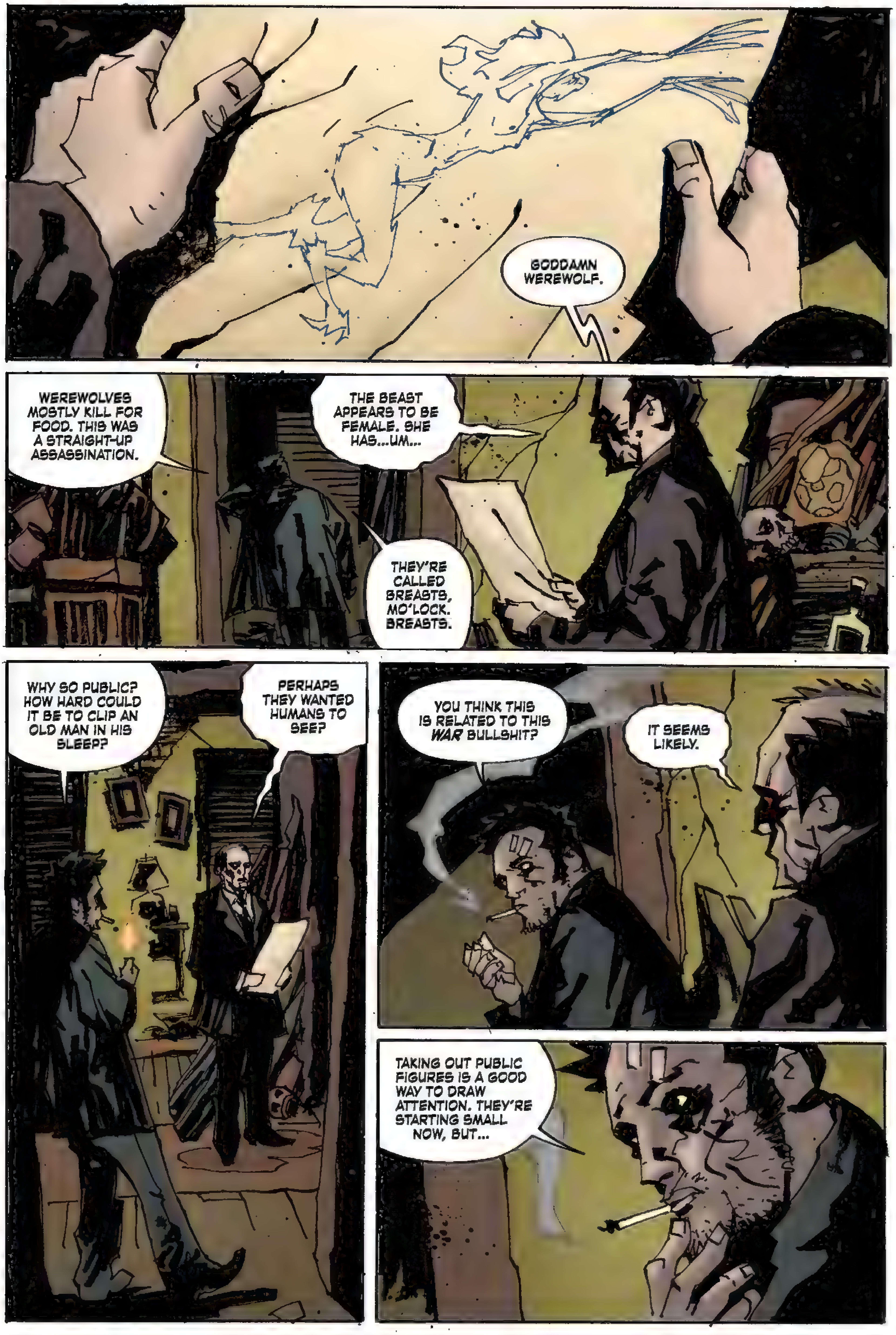

I HAVE A RECORDING YOU SHOULD SEE.
FANTASTIC.
WHERE IS THE TELEVISION WE BOUGHT YOU?
HELL IF I KNOW.
THERE IT IS.
THIS HAS NEVER BEEN USED.
YEAH, SO SORRY. NOT A LOT OF TIME FOR SITCOMS, WHAT WITH MY GETTING KILLED, TURNED INTO A FUCKING GHOUL, AND ALL.
SETTLE DOWN. I APPRECIATE YOU GUYS SETTING ME UP HERE AND GETTING ME ALL THIS NEW STUFF SINCE THAT FREAK LEVELED MY PLACE. I REALLY DO.
SO IS THE HOUSE PART OF THE FORTY-SEVEN GRAND I OWE OR--
NO. IT WAS A GIFT FROM THE GHOULS.
OKAY... COOL. JUST CHECKIN'.
CAL. PLEASE. WATCH THIS.


WHAT IS IT?
IT'S FOOTAGE FROM A RALLY HELD EARLIER TODAY FOR GORDON PIERCE, WHO'S RUNNING FOR CITY COUNCIL.
I'VE HEARD OF PIERCE. STRAIGHT SHOOTER. HE WENT UP AGAINST BENSON, SO HE CAN'T BE ALL BAD IN MY BOOK.
PLEASE... PLEASE...THANK YOU SO MUCH... THANK YOU...
THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING OUT TODAY. IF WE HAVE THIS KIND OF TURNOUT AT THE POLLS I AM CONFIDENT WE CAN WIN!
FOR FAR TOO LONG THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES HAS BEEN NEGLECTED BY UNCARING, SELF-SERVING POLITICIANS!
PLEASE TELL ME IT GETS MORE EXCITING THAN THIS.
KEEP WATCHING.
THE VERY INFRASTRUCTURE OF OUR GREAT CITY DECAYS AS WE SPEAK. TOGETHER WE CAN TURN THINGS AROUND!

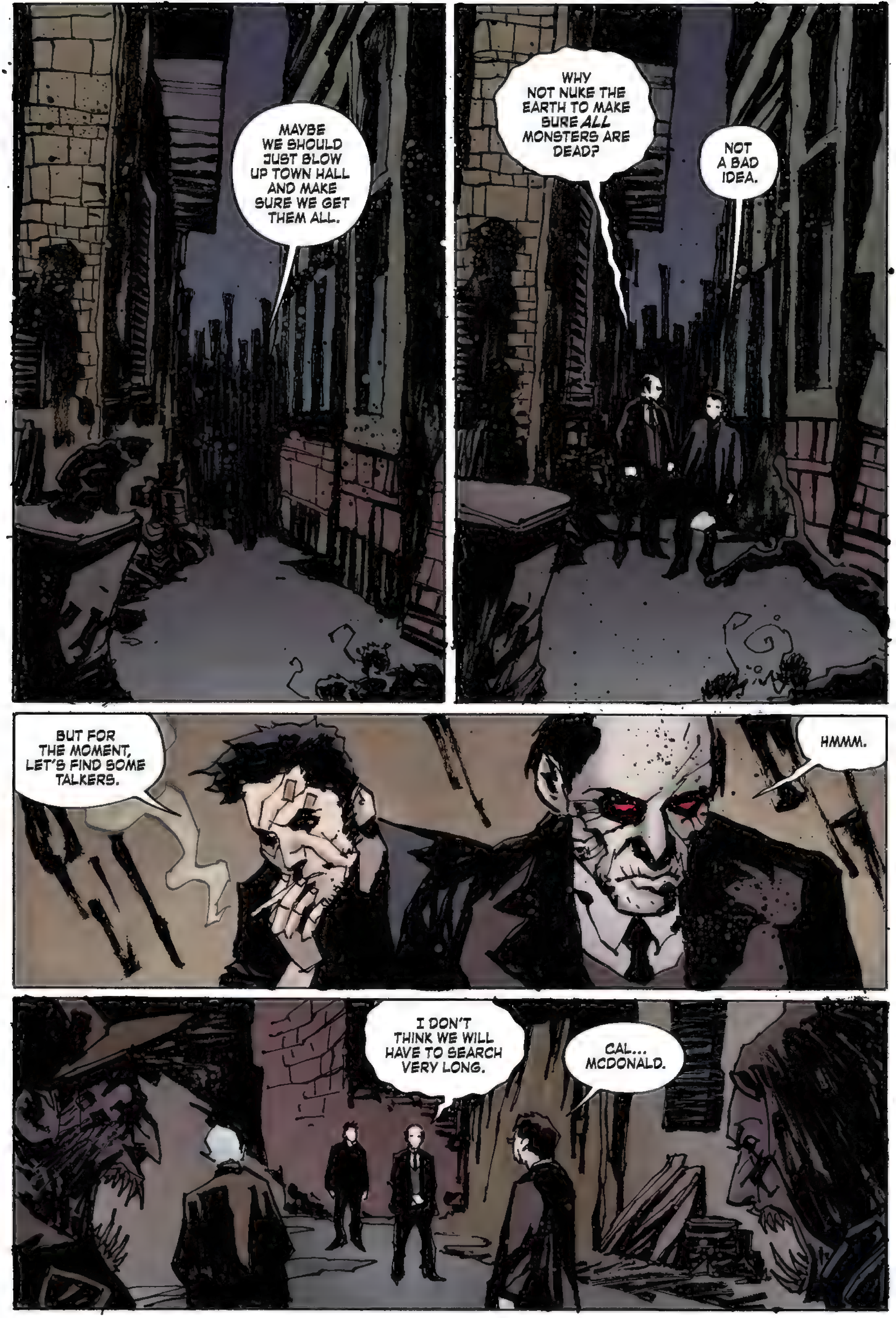
SPLAT
THUMP
HOLY CRAP!
INDEED.
PLAY IT AGAIN.

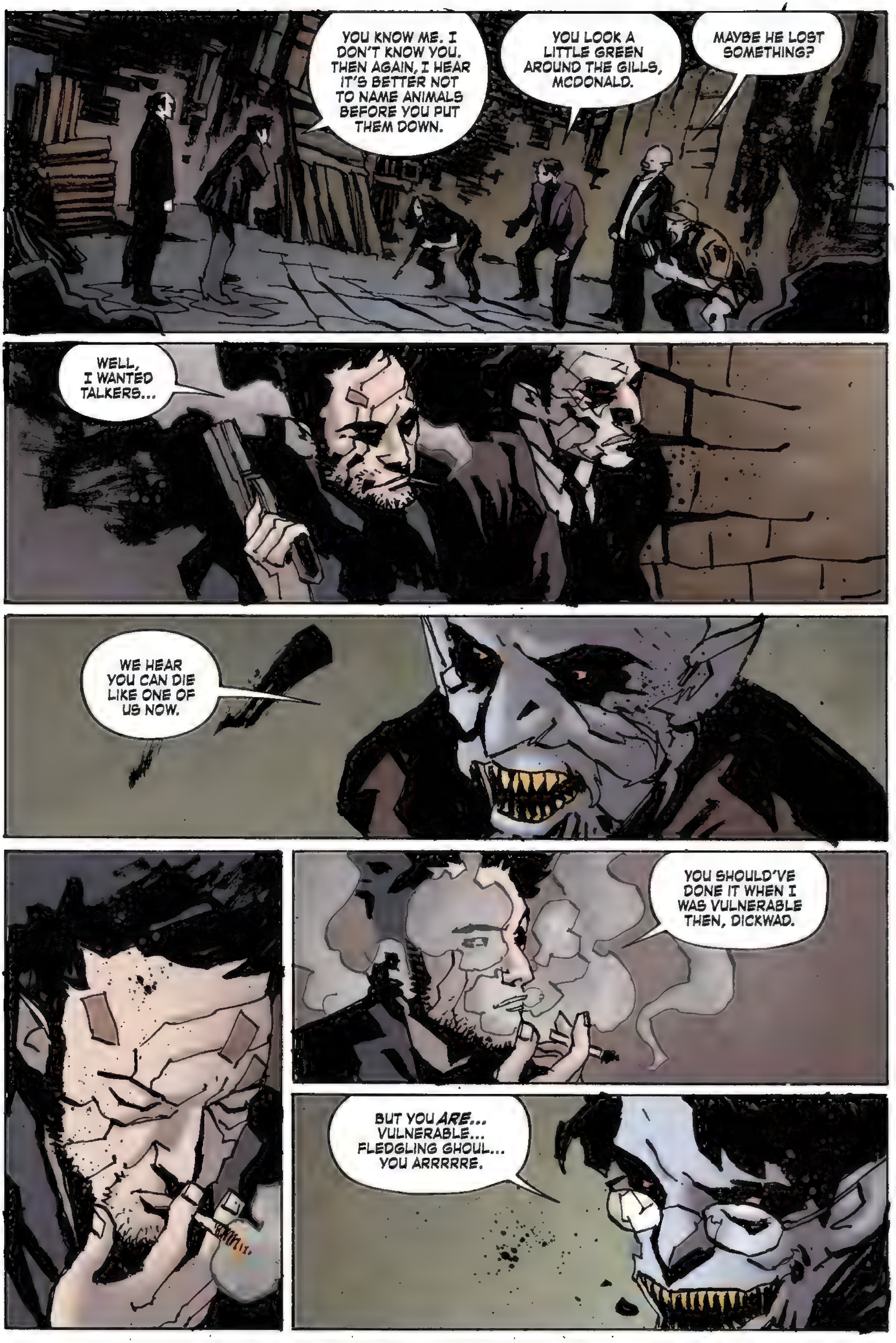

SOME KIND OF WEAPON, MAYBE? A LASER...BUT NOT WITH A SLICE LIKE THAT. SO FAST. HIS SECURITY DON'T EVEN REACT UNTIL THE HEAD IS ON THE GROUND. WHAT *MOVES* THAT FAST?
REWIND IT AND RUN IT AS SLOW AS YOU CAN.
FREEZE IT!
LIVE
THERE!

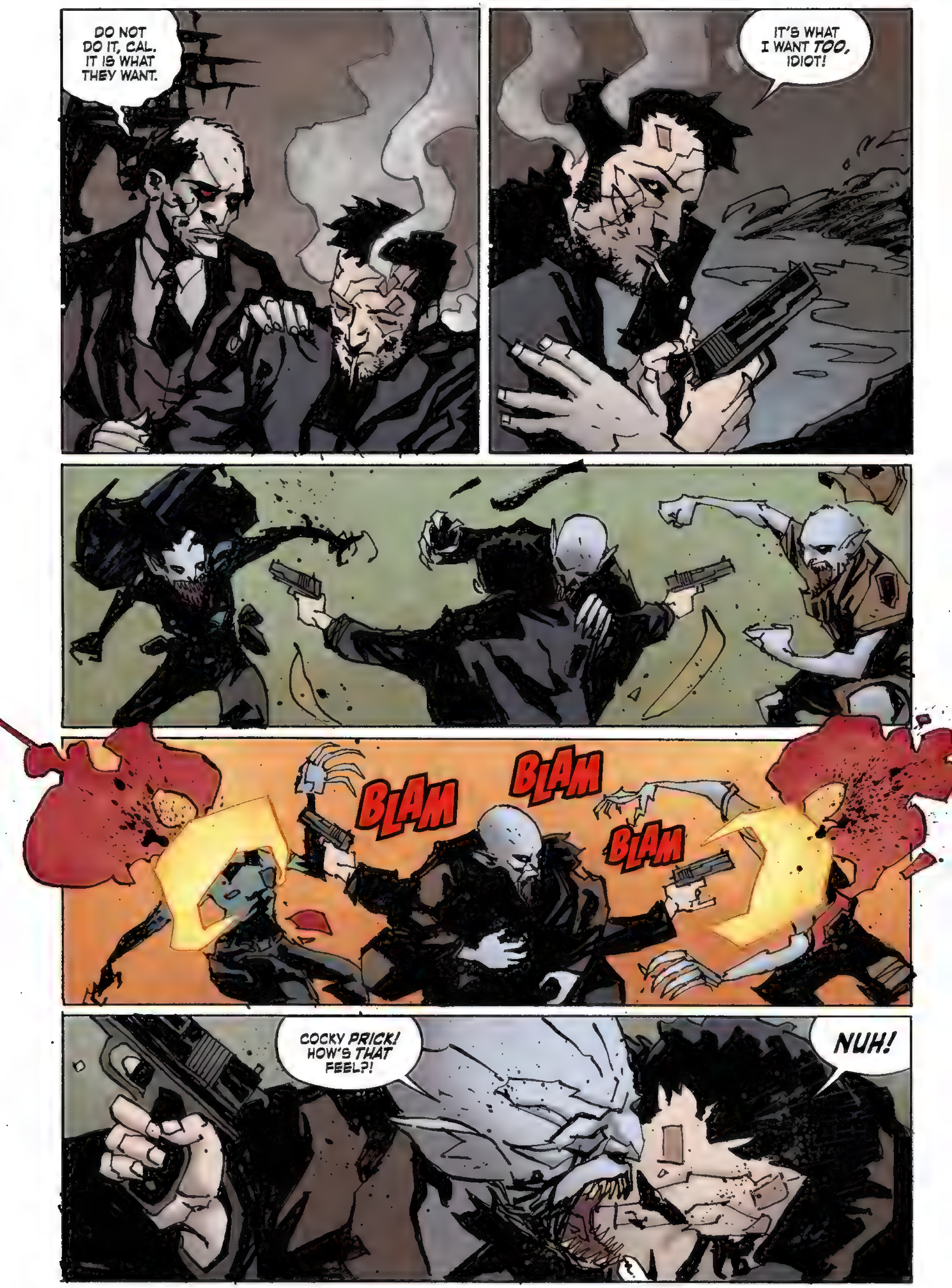

WHAT CAN'T YOU FIND NOW?
DO WE HAVE PAPER?
DON'T JUST STAND THERE. HOLD IT UP FOR ME.
STOP MOVING.
THE SCREEN IS MOVING.
THEN STOP PUSHING SO HARD.
I THOUGHT SO.


GODDAMN WEREWOLF.
WEREWOLVES MOSTLY KILL FOR FOOD. THIS WAS A STRAIGHT-UP ASSASSINATION.
THE BEAST APPEARS TO BE FEMALE. SHE HAS...UM...
THEY'RE CALLED BREASTS, MO'LOCK. BREASTS.
WHY SO PUBLIC? HOW HARD COULD IT BE TO CLIP AN OLD MAN IN HIS SLEEP?
PERHAPS THEY WANTED HUMANS TO SEE?
YOU THINK THIS IS RELATED TO THIS *WAR* BULLSHIT?
IT SEEMS LIKELY.
TAKING OUT PUBLIC FIGURES IS A GOOD WAY TO DRAW ATTENTION. THEY'RE STARTING SMALL NOW, BUT...

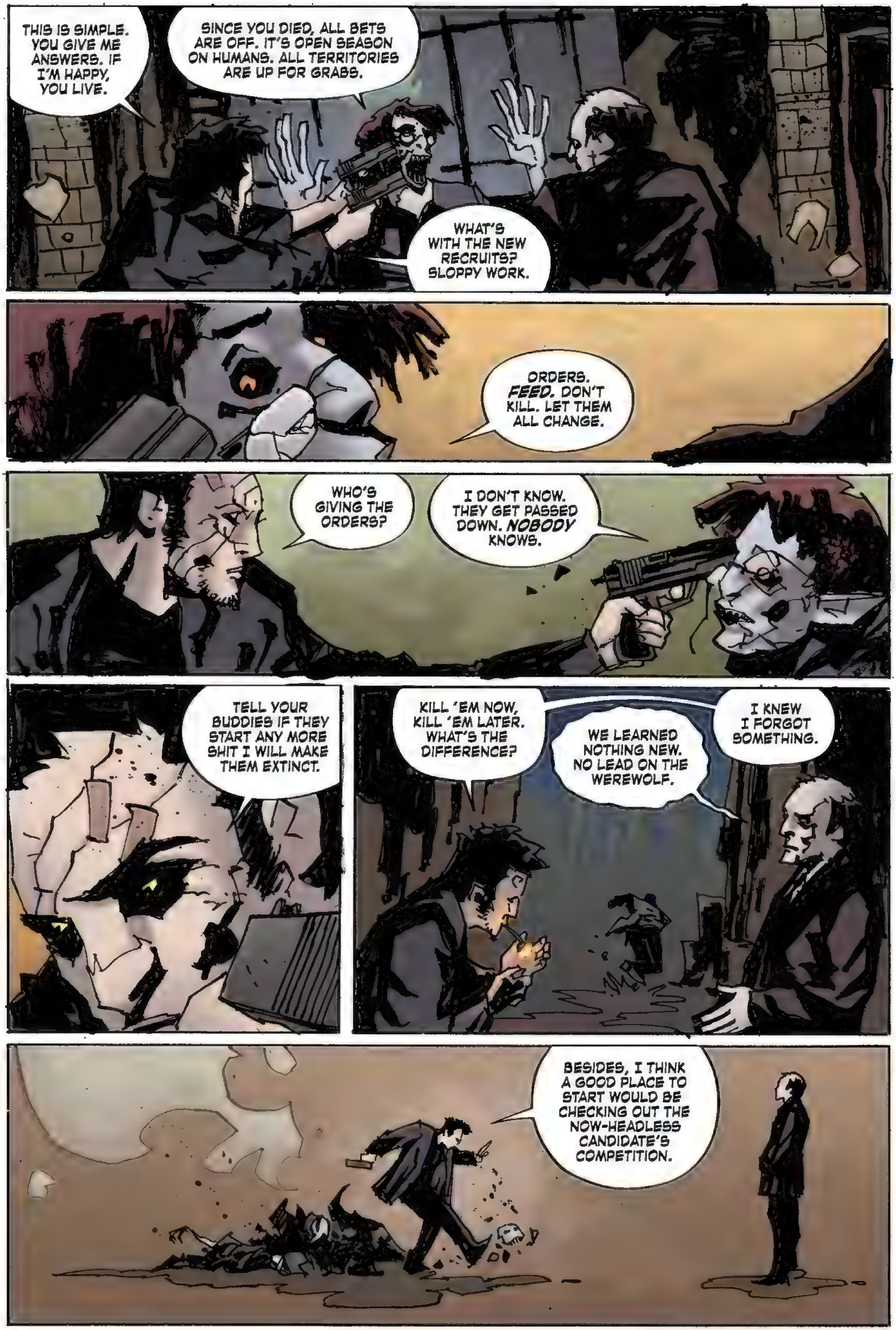
KRSH
I KEEP FORGETTING.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
LET'S ROUST THE USUALS AND SEE IF WE CAN START SOME TROUBLE.

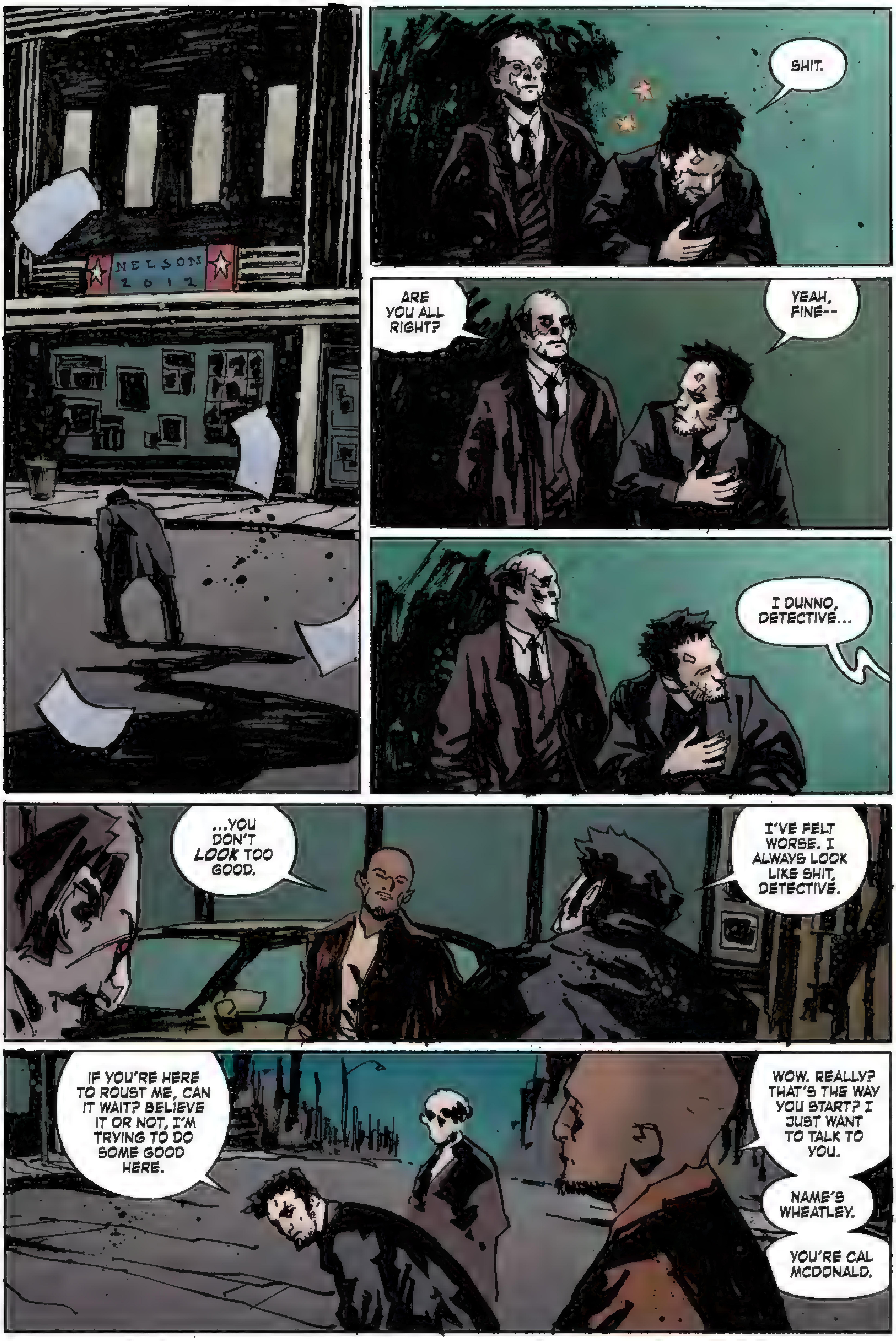

MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST BLOW UP TOWN HALL AND MAKE SURE WE GET THEM ALL.
WHY NOT NUKE THE EARTH TO MAKE SURE *ALL* MONSTERS ARE DEAD?
NOT A BAD IDEA.
BUT FOR THE MOMENT, LET'S FIND SOME TALKERS.
HMMM.
I DON'T THINK WE WILL HAVE TO SEARCH VERY LONG.
CAL... MCDONALD.

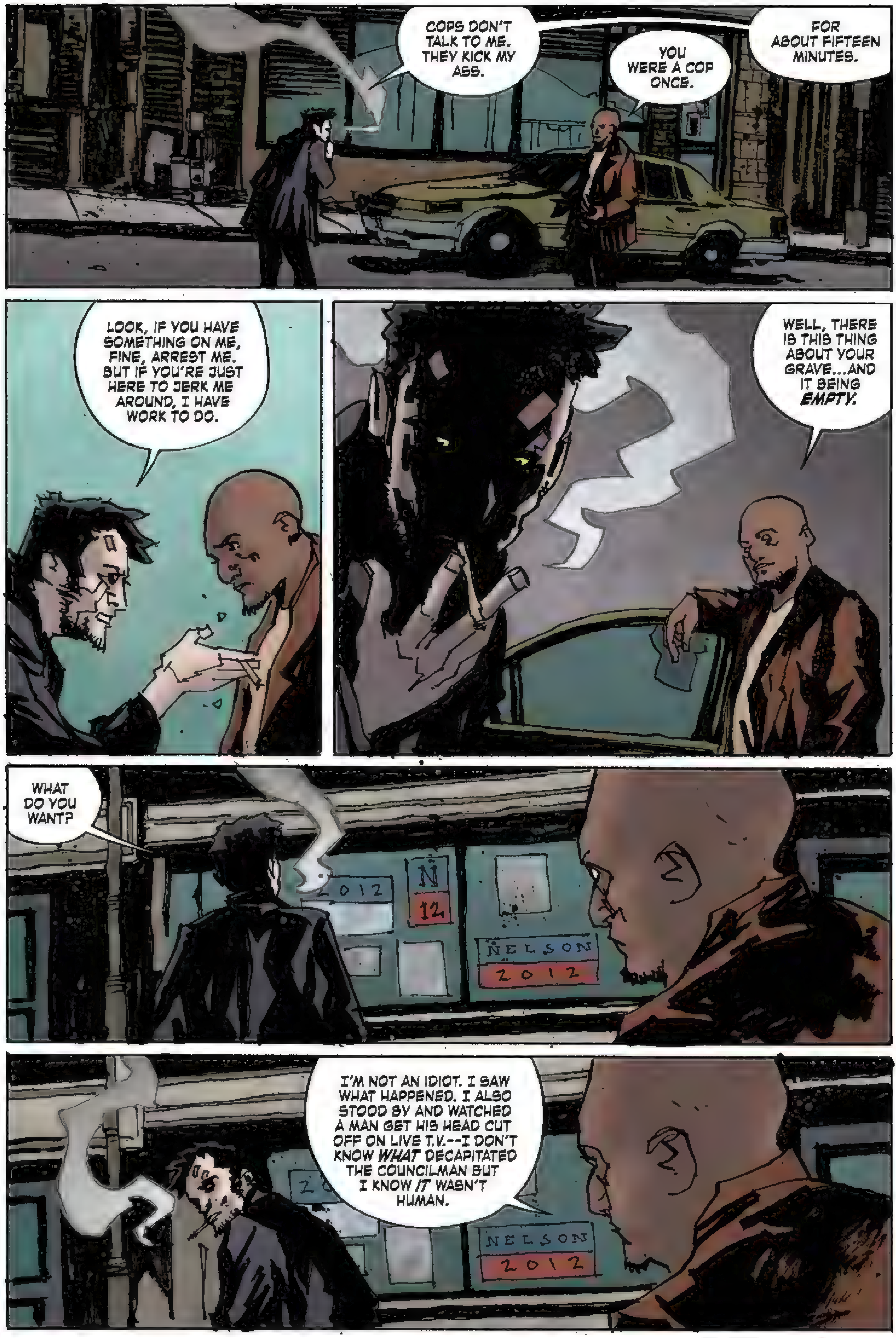

YOU KNOW ME. I DON'T KNOW YOU. THEN AGAIN, I HEAR IT'S BETTER NOT TO NAME ANIMALS BEFORE YOU PUT THEM DOWN.
YOU LOOK A LITTLE GREEN AROUND THE GILLS, MCDONALD.
MAYBE HE LOST SOMETHING?
WELL, I WANTED TALKERS...
WE HEAR YOU CAN DIE LIKE ONE OF US NOW.
YOU SHOULD'VE DONE IT WHEN I WAS VULNERABLE THEN, DICKWAD.
BUT YOU *ARE*... VULNERABLE... FLEDGLING GHOUL... YOU ARRRRRE.


DO NOT DO IT, CAL. IT IS WHAT THEY WANT.
IT'S WHAT I WANT *TOO*, IDIOT!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
COCKY *PRICK!* HOW'S *THAT* FEEL?!
NUH!

STOP THIS!
SCARY, ISN'T IT?
NO.
BLAM
BLAM
THIS IS.
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT RUNNING.
MO'LOCK, HOLD HIM.

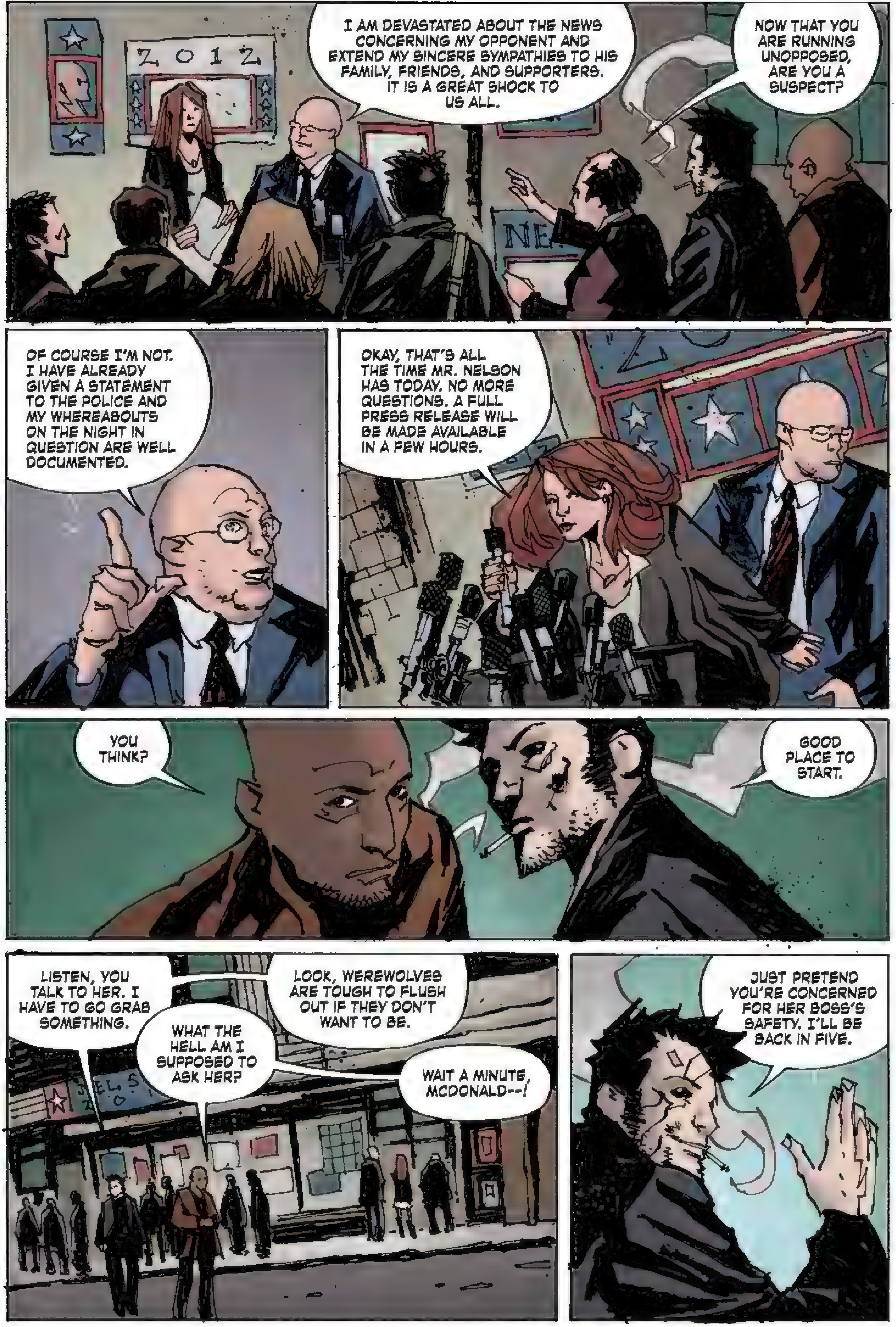

THIS IS SIMPLE. YOU GIVE ME ANSWERS. IF I'M HAPPY, YOU LIVE.
SINCE YOU DIED, ALL BETS ARE OFF. IT'S OPEN SEASON ON HUMANS. ALL TERRITORIES ARE UP FOR GRABS.
WHAT'S WITH THE NEW RECRUITS? SLOPPY WORK.
ORDERS. *FEED.* DON'T KILL. LET THEM ALL CHANGE.
WHO'S GIVING THE ORDERS?
I DON'T KNOW. THEY GET PASSED DOWN. *NOBODY* KNOWS.
TELL YOUR BUDDIES IF THEY START ANY MORE SHIT I WILL MAKE THEM EXTINCT.
KILL 'EM NOW, KILL 'EM LATER. WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
I KNEW I FORGOT SOMETHING.
WE LEARNED NOTHING NEW. NO LEAD ON THE WEREWOLF.
BESIDES, I THINK A GOOD PLACE TO START WOULD BE CHECKING OUT THE NOW-HEADLESS CANDIDATE'S COMPETITION.

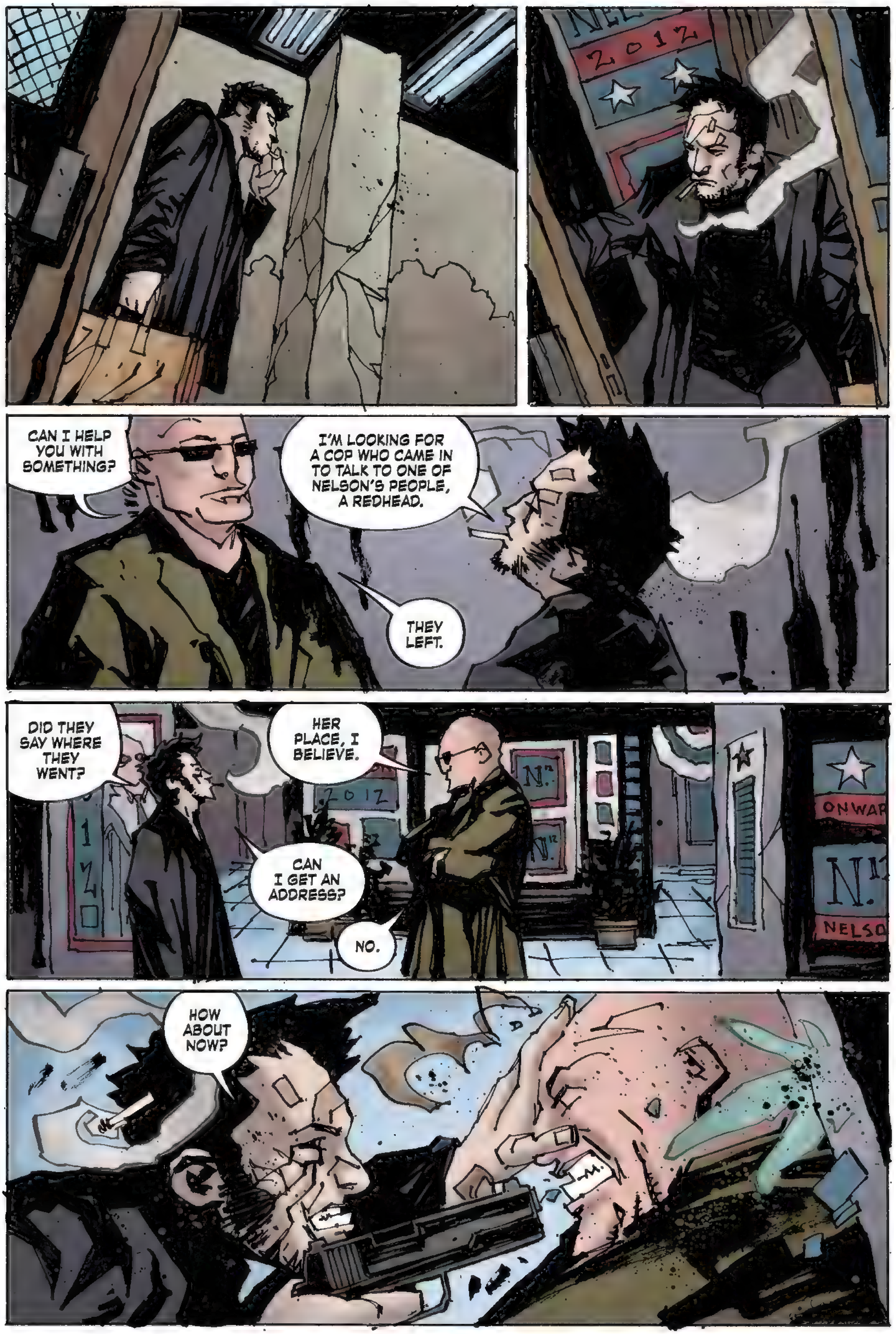

NELSON 2012
SHIT.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YEAH, FINE--
I DUNNO, DETECTIVE...
...YOU DON'T *LOOK* TOO GOOD.
I'VE FELT WORSE. I ALWAYS LOOK LIKE SHIT, DETECTIVE.
IF YOU'RE HERE TO ROUST ME, CAN IT WAIT? BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I'M TRYING TO DO SOME GOOD HERE.
WOW. REALLY? THAT'S THE WAY YOU START? I JUST WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
NAME'S WHEATLEY.
YOU'RE CAL MCDONALD.

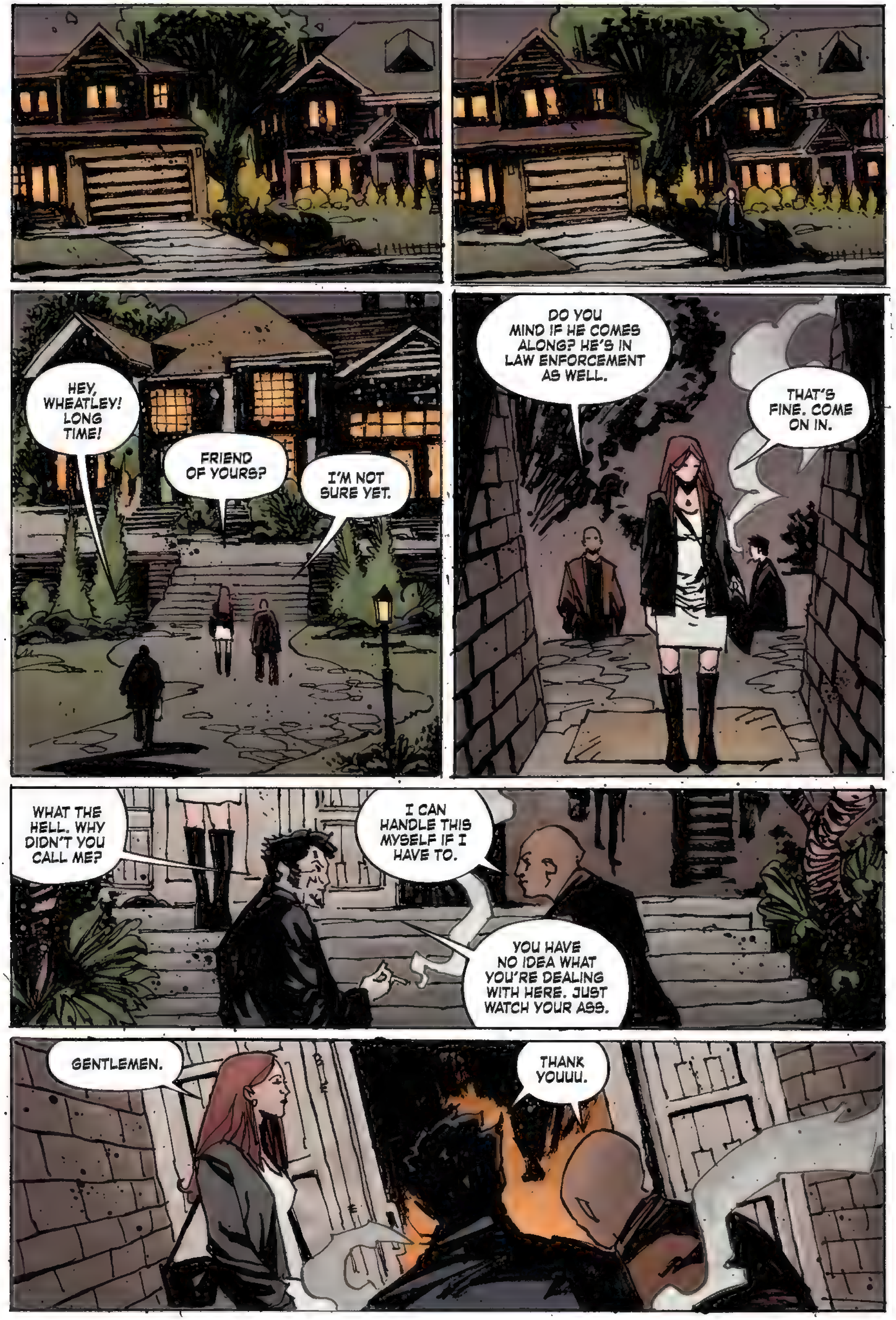

COPS DON'T TALK TO ME. THEY KICK MY ASS.
YOU WERE A COP ONCE.
FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES.
LOOK, IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING ON ME, FINE, ARREST ME. BUT IF YOU'RE JUST HERE TO JERK ME AROUND, I HAVE WORK TO DO.
WELL, THERE IS THIS THING ABOUT YOUR GRAVE...AND IT BEING *EMPTY.*
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
N 12
NELSON 2012
I'M NOT AN IDIOT. I SAW WHAT HAPPENED. I ALSO STOOD BY AND WATCHED A MAN GET HIS HEAD CUT OFF ON LIVE T.V.--I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* DECAPITATED THE COUNCILMAN BUT I KNOW *IT* WASN'T HUMAN.
NELSON 2012

YOU WANT INFORMATION? I HAVE JUST AS MUCH AS YOU DO.
MAYBE MORE... MAYBE YOU DO KNOW WHAT IT IS.
MAYBE I DO, BUT SAYING IT OUT LOUD TO A MUGGLE...SOUNDS REALLY FUCKING STUPID.
TRY ME.
I'M PRETTY SURE WE'RE DEALING WITH A WEREWOLF HERE, SOME SORT OF SHAPE SHIFTER OR AT THE VERY LEAST A SUPER-INTELLIGENT CREATURE. NEW SHIT POPS UP ALL THE TIME. LIKE MOST MONSTERS THEY ARE A CONSTANTLY EVOLVING SPECIES, SO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO BE READY FOR VARIATIONS.
SHIT'S A LOT WEIRDER THAN YOU THINK IT IS, DETECTIVE.

THOMAS NELSON WAS THE MURDERED COUNCILMAN'S BIGGEST RIVAL... BUT HE'S A DUDE AND WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEMALE.
I STILL WANT TO ASK HIM SOME QUESTIONS.
NELSON 2012
WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY, THEN BRACE 'EM.
MO'LOCK. HANG BACK, OKAY?
OF COURSE.
CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?
YES, WHEATLEY?
WHAT EXACTLY IS YOUR FRIEND?
HE'S A GHOUL, THE SOULLESS UNDEAD. DON'T WORRY, UM...THEY'RE ON OUR SIDE. SOME OF 'EM, YOU CAN'T EVEN TELL...
THAT'S COMFORTING.
THERE'S NELSON NOW.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS, THANK YOU FOR COMING TODAY. I WILL KEEP THIS BRIEF.
NELSON


2012
I AM DEVASTATED ABOUT THE NEWS CONCERNING MY OPPONENT AND EXTEND MY SINCERE SYMPATHIES TO HIS FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND SUPPORTERS. IT IS A GREAT SHOCK TO US ALL.
NOW THAT YOU ARE RUNNING UNOPPOSED, ARE YOU A SUSPECT?
NE
OF COURSE I'M NOT. I HAVE ALREADY GIVEN A STATEMENT TO THE POLICE AND MY WHEREABOUTS ON THE NIGHT IN QUESTION ARE WELL DOCUMENTED.
OKAY, THAT'S ALL THE TIME MR. NELSON HAS TODAY. NO MORE QUESTIONS. A FULL PRESS RELEASE WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE IN A FEW HOURS.
YOU THINK?
GOOD PLACE TO START.
LISTEN, YOU TALK TO HER. I HAVE TO GO GRAB SOMETHING.
LOOK, WEREWOLVES ARE TOUGH TO FLUSH OUT IF THEY DON'T WANT TO BE.
WHAT THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO ASK HER?
WAIT A MINUTE, MCDONALD--!
JUST PRETEND YOU'RE CONCERNED FOR HER BOSS'S SAFETY. I'LL BE BACK IN FIVE.

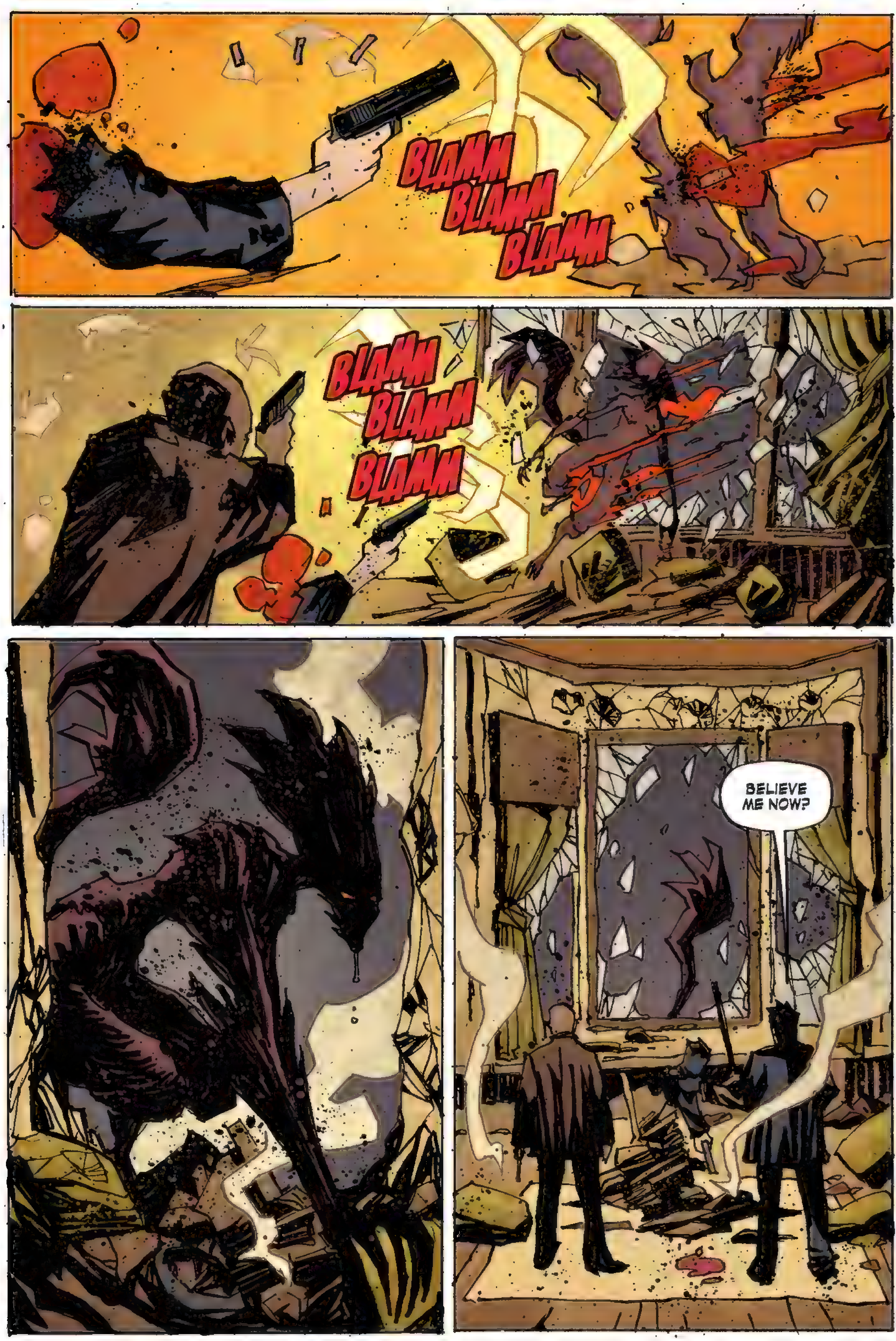

2012
CAN I HELP YOU WITH SOMETHING?
I'M LOOKING FOR A COP WHO CAME IN TO TALK TO ONE OF NELSON'S PEOPLE, A REDHEAD.
THEY LEFT.
DID THEY SAY WHERE THEY WENT?
HER PLACE, I BELIEVE.
2012
CAN I GET AN ADDRESS?
NO.
ONWAR
NELSO
HOW ABOUT NOW?

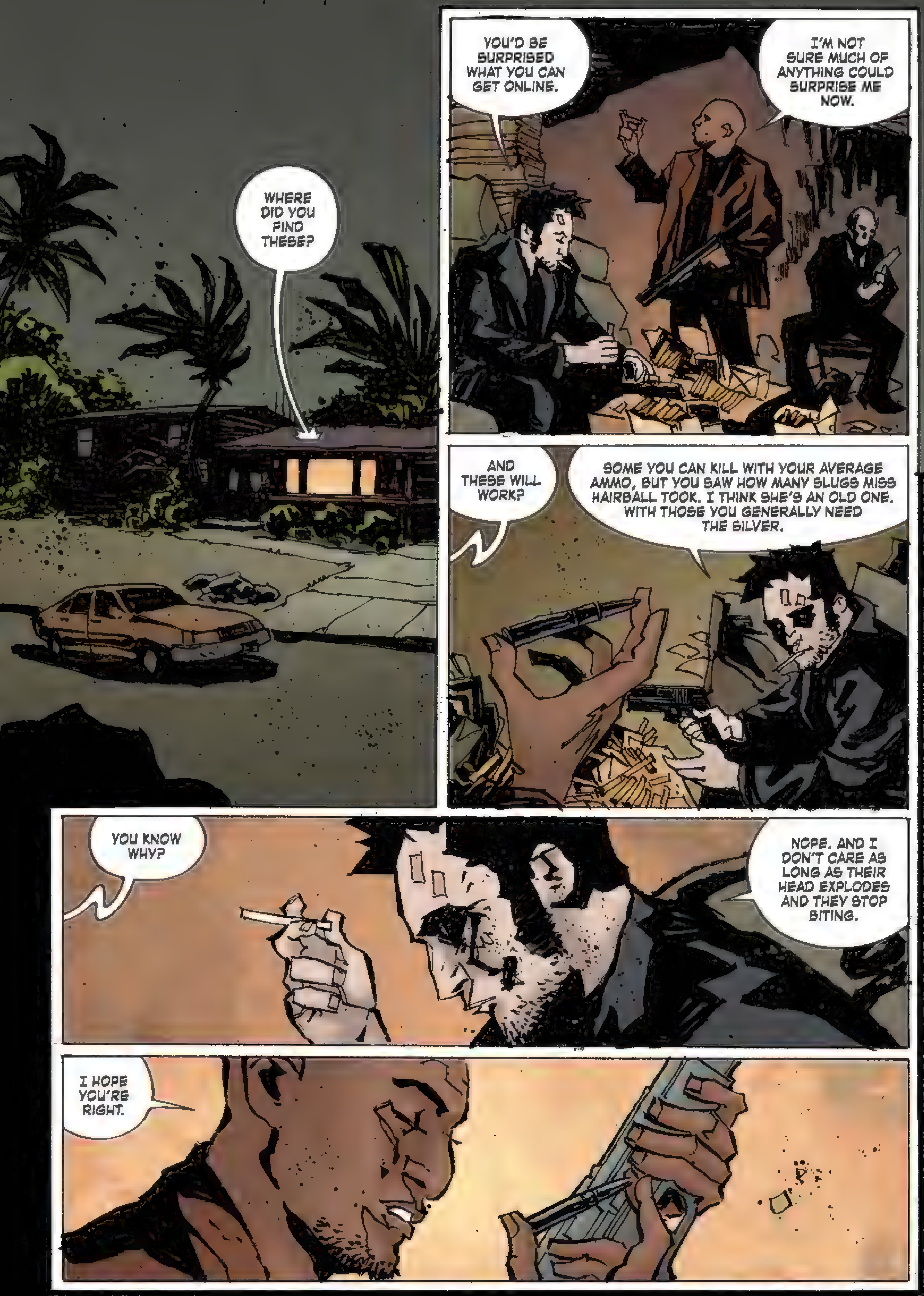

HEY, WHEATLEY! LONG TIME!
FRIEND OF YOURS?
I'M NOT SURE YET.
DO YOU MIND IF HE COMES ALONG? HE'S IN LAW ENFORCEMENT AS WELL.
THAT'S FINE. COME ON IN.
WHAT THE HELL. WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME?
I CAN HANDLE THIS MYSELF IF I HAVE TO.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH HERE. JUST WATCH YOUR ASS.
GENTLEMEN.
THANK YOUUU.

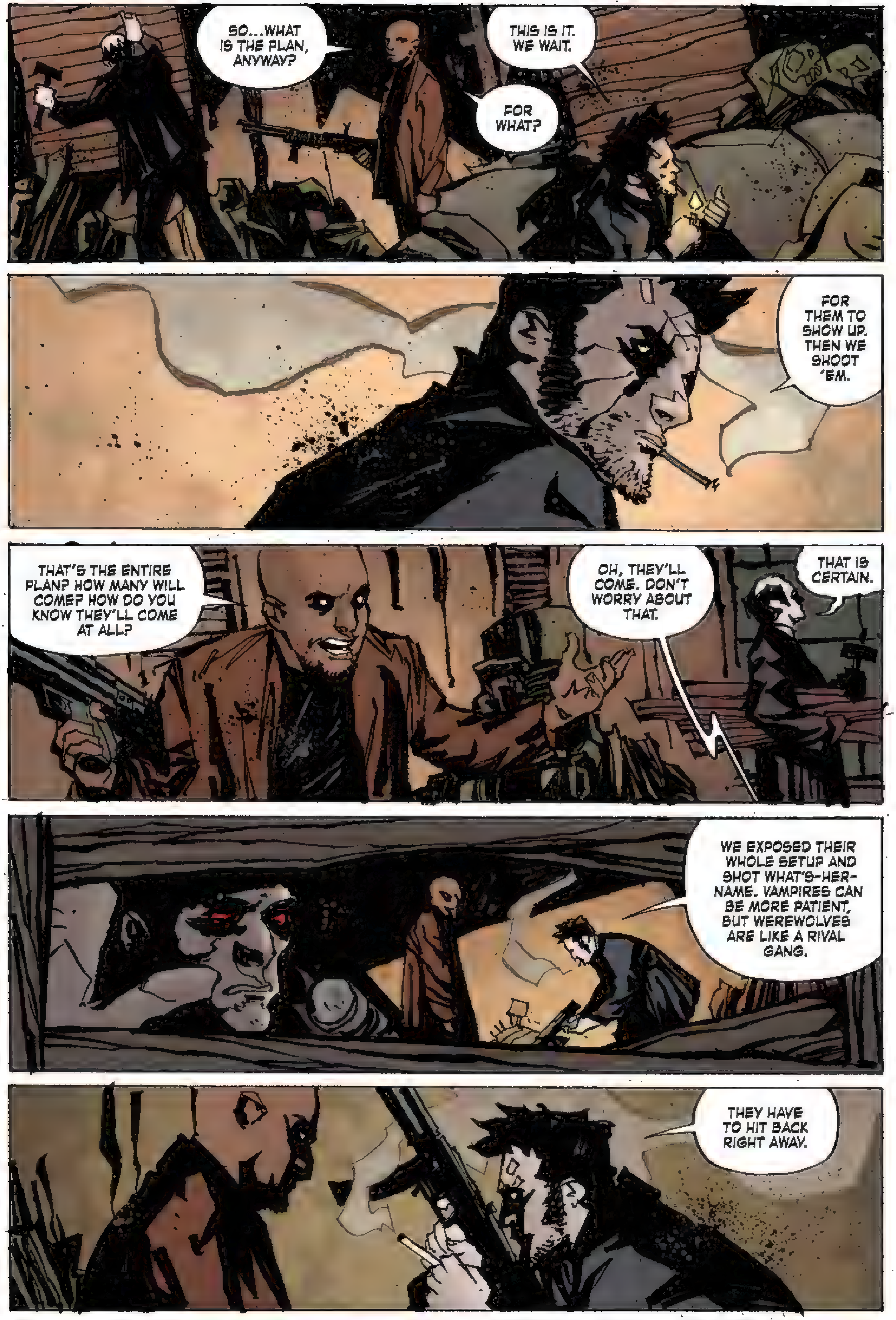
PLEASE, SIT.
SO WHAT MAKES YOU THINK COUNCILMAN NELSON IS IN DANGER?
COUNCILMAN-TO-BE.
OF COURSE. I SUPPOSE WE HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE MAYOR'S REVIEW.
LOOK, LADY. CUT THE SHIT. YOU KILLED NELSON'S OPPONENT. WE HAVE IT ON TAPE.
OH, PLEASE!
HA HA HAA!
YOU DONE?
YES, I'M SORRY, BUT THAT IS THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER HEARD. CAN I GET YOU A DRINK? I THINK I NEED ONE.
HOW ABOUT SOME MEAT WITH THAT DRINK?
FWAP

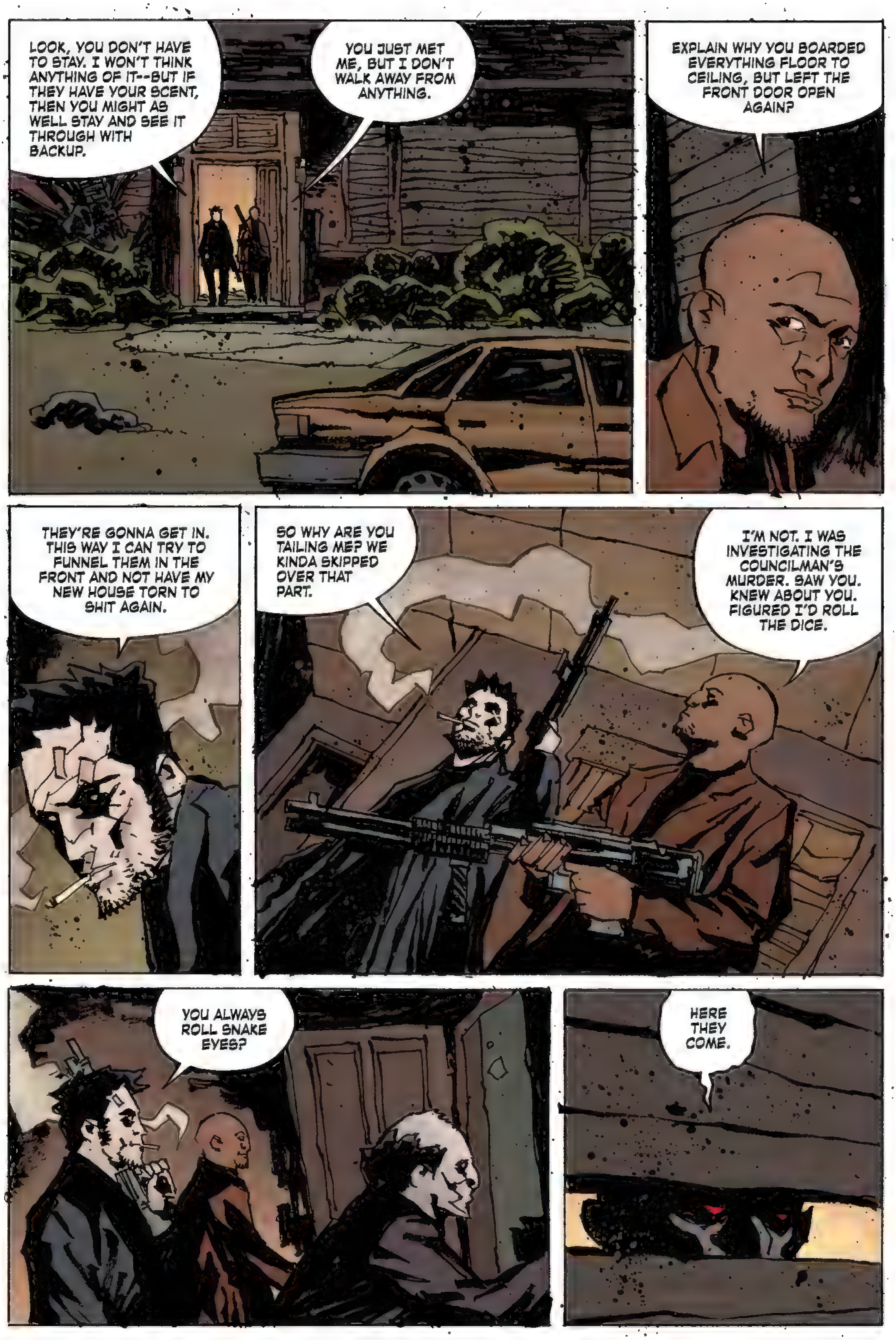
CRASH
DAMMIT!
SHOOT HER!

WHEATLEY! SNAP OUT OF--
OOF!

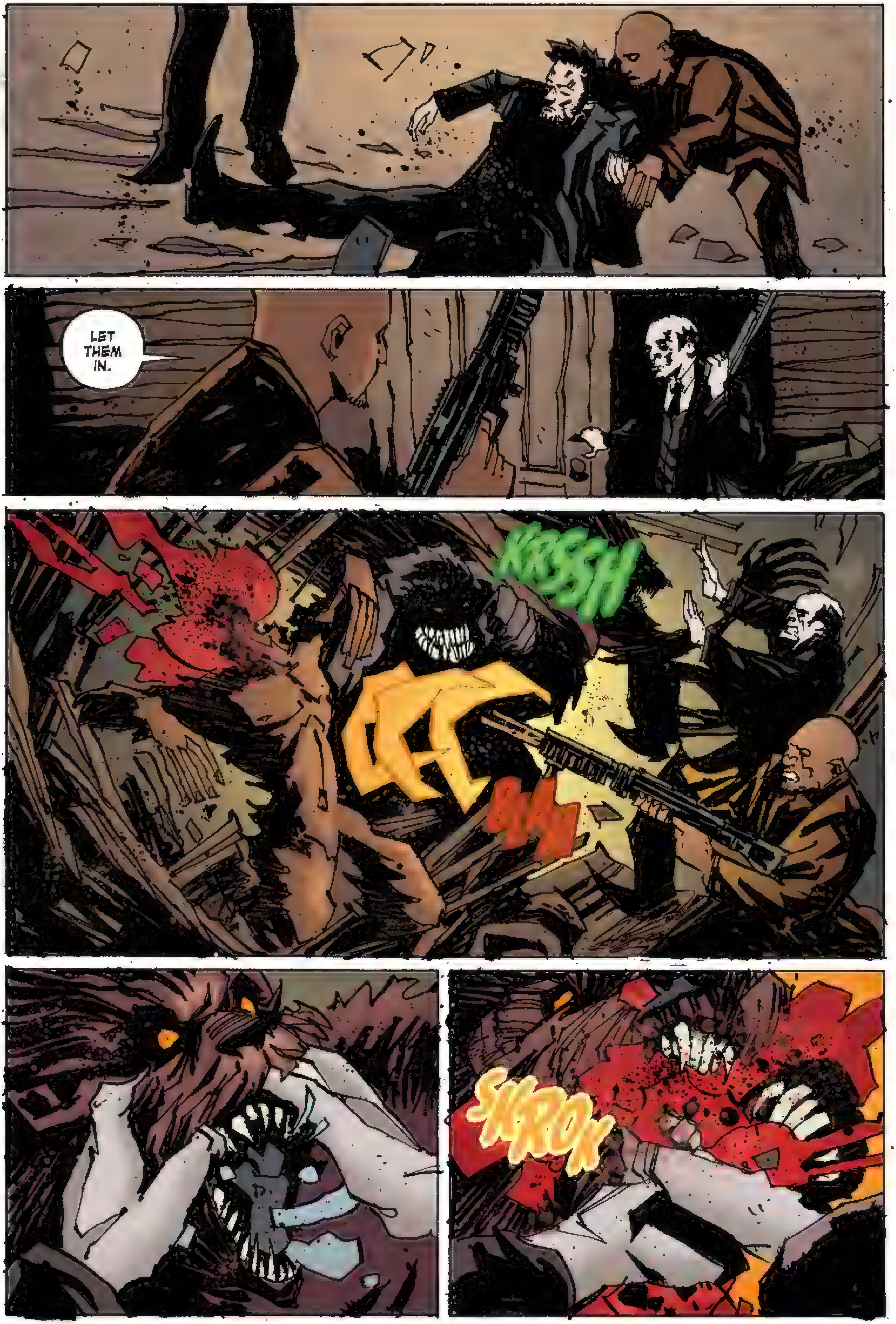

BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
BELIEVE ME NOW?


WHERE DID YOU FIND THESE?
YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT YOU CAN GET ONLINE.
I'M NOT SURE MUCH OF ANYTHING COULD SURPRISE ME NOW.
AND THESE WILL WORK?
SOME YOU CAN KILL WITH YOUR AVERAGE AMMO, BUT YOU SAW HOW MANY SLUGS MISS HAIRBALL TOOK. I THINK SHE'S AN OLD ONE. WITH THOSE YOU GENERALLY NEED THE SILVER.
YOU KNOW WHY?
NOPE. AND I DON'T CARE AS LONG AS THEIR HEAD EXPLODES AND THEY STOP BITING.
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.

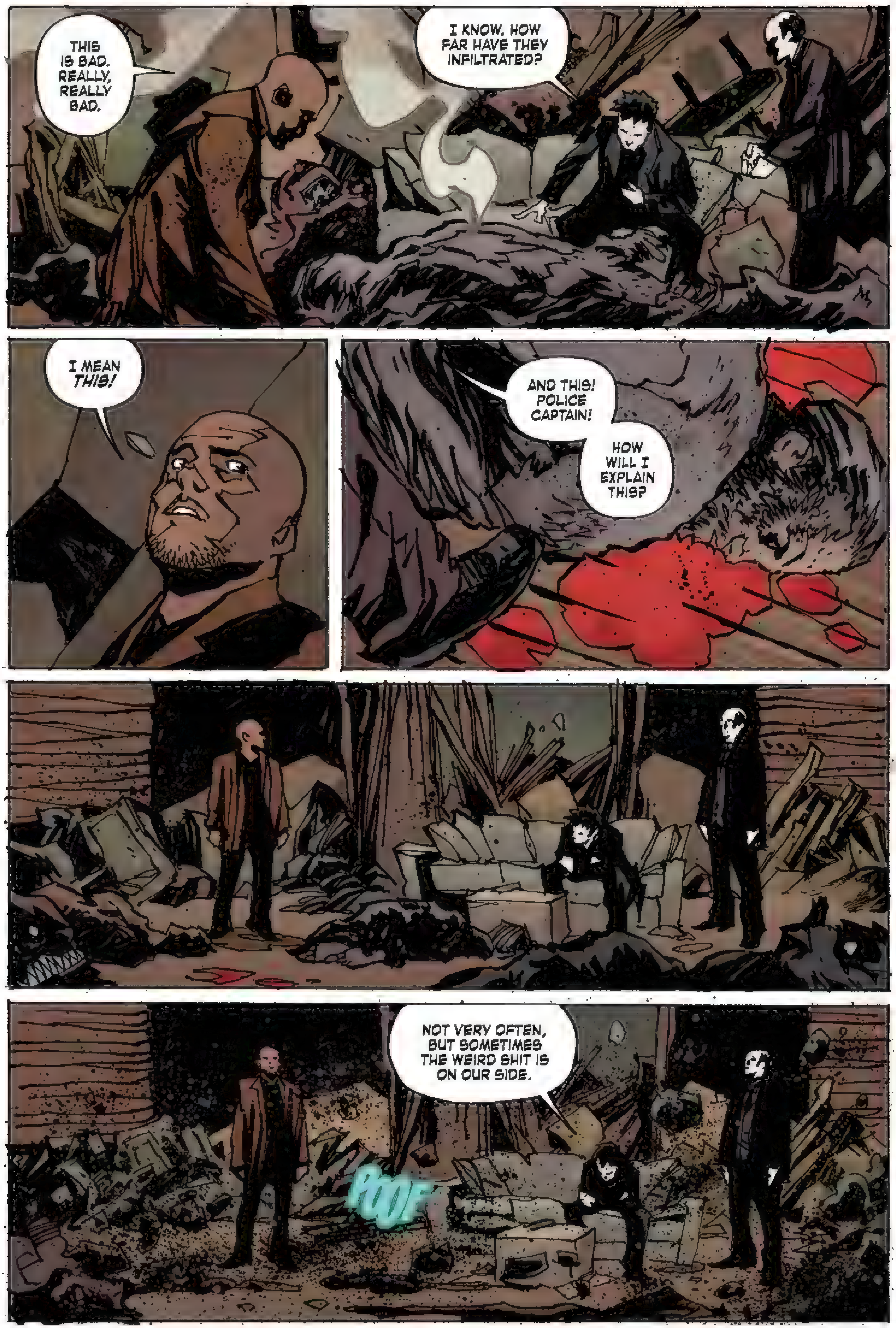

SO...WHAT IS THE PLAN, ANYWAY?
THIS IS IT. WE WAIT.
FOR WHAT?
FOR THEM TO SHOW UP. THEN WE SHOOT 'EM.
THAT'S THE ENTIRE PLAN? HOW MANY WILL COME? HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY'LL COME AT ALL?
OH, THEY'LL COME. DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.
THAT IS CERTAIN.
WE EXPOSED THEIR WHOLE SETUP AND SHOT WHAT'S-HER-NAME. VAMPIRES CAN BE MORE PATIENT, BUT WEREWOLVES ARE LIKE A RIVAL GANG.
THEY HAVE TO HIT BACK RIGHT AWAY.

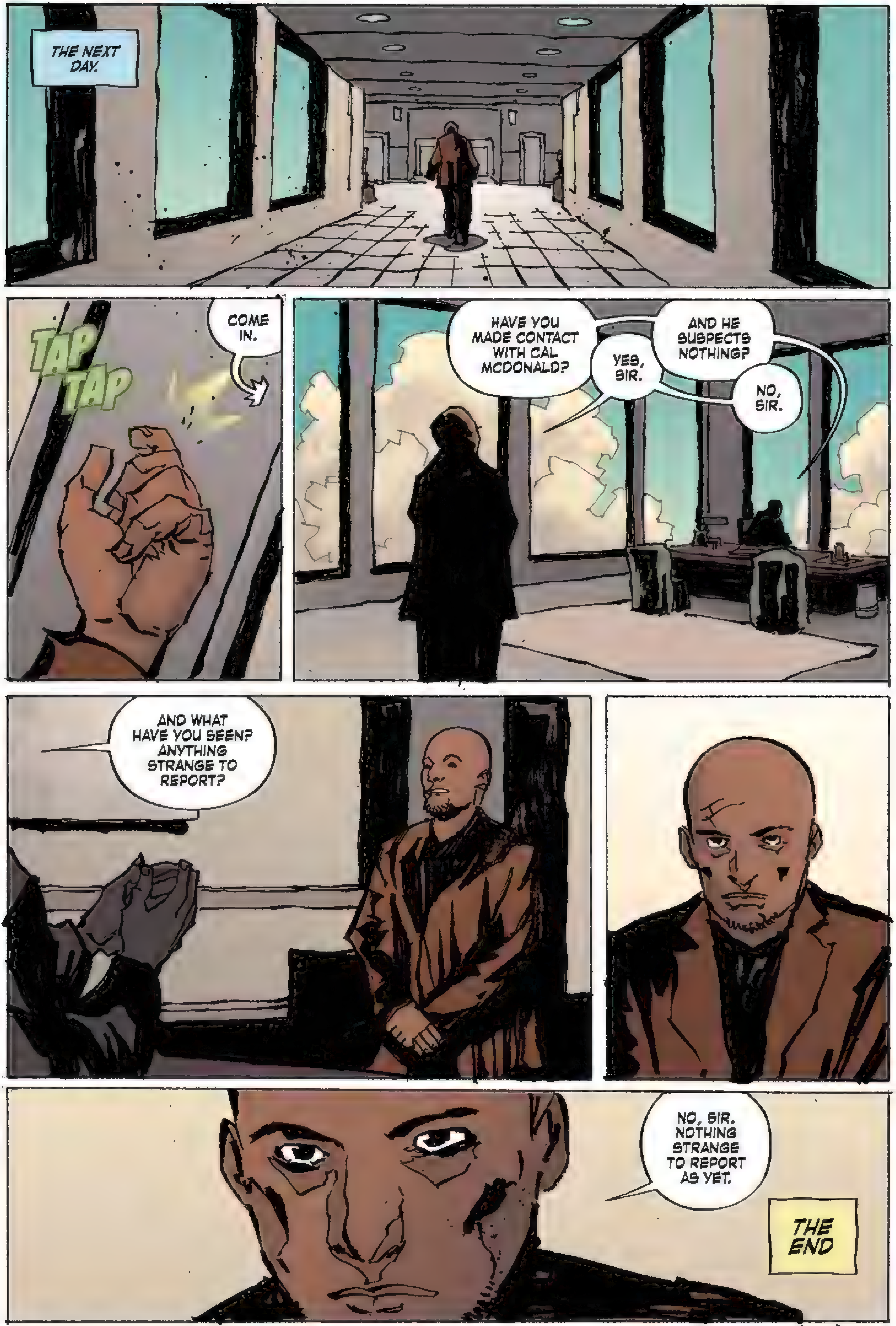

LOOK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAY. I WON'T THINK ANYTHING OF IT--BUT IF THEY HAVE YOUR SCENT, THEN YOU MIGHT AS WELL STAY AND SEE IT THROUGH WITH BACKUP.
YOU JUST MET ME, BUT I DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ANYTHING.
EXPLAIN WHY YOU BOARDED EVERYTHING FLOOR TO CEILING, BUT LEFT THE FRONT DOOR OPEN AGAIN?
THEY'RE GONNA GET IN. THIS WAY I CAN TRY TO FUNNEL THEM IN THE FRONT AND NOT HAVE MY NEW HOUSE TORN TO SHIT AGAIN.
SO WHY ARE YOU TAILING ME? WE KINDA SKIPPED OVER THAT PART.
I'M NOT. I WAS INVESTIGATING THE COUNCILMAN'S MURDER. SAW YOU. KNEW ABOUT YOU. FIGURED I'D ROLL THE DICE.
YOU ALWAYS ROLL SNAKE EYES?
HERE THEY COME.

START SHOOTING AS SOON AS THEY HIT THE PO--
CAL!
BLARGGH!
DOOR!
BAM
BAM
BAM
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?!
I DON'T KNOW. I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS!
BLAM


LET THEM IN.
KRSSH

SKRASH
GRRR!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
IS THAT THE COUNCILMAN?
NO. HE'S ON THE PORCH. THIS...THIS IS *CAPTAIN* ARMANDA OF THE NINTH PRECINCT.


THIS IS BAD. REALLY, REALLY BAD.
I KNOW. HOW FAR HAVE THEY INFILTRATED?
I MEAN *THIS!*
AND THIS! POLICE CAPTAIN!
HOW WILL I EXPLAIN THIS?
NOT VERY OFTEN, BUT SOMETIMES THE WEIRD SHIT IS ON OUR SIDE.
POOF


THE NEXT DAY.
TAP TAP
COME IN.
HAVE YOU MADE CONTACT WITH CAL MCDONALD?
YES, SIR.
AND HE SUSPECTS NOTHING?
NO, SIR.
AND WHAT HAVE YOU SEEN? ANYTHING STRANGE TO REPORT?
NO, SIR. NOTHING STRANGE TO REPORT AS YET.
THE END

FINAL NIGHT
THE 30 DAYS OF NIGHT
CROSSOVER

story
STEVE NILES AND ERIC POWELL

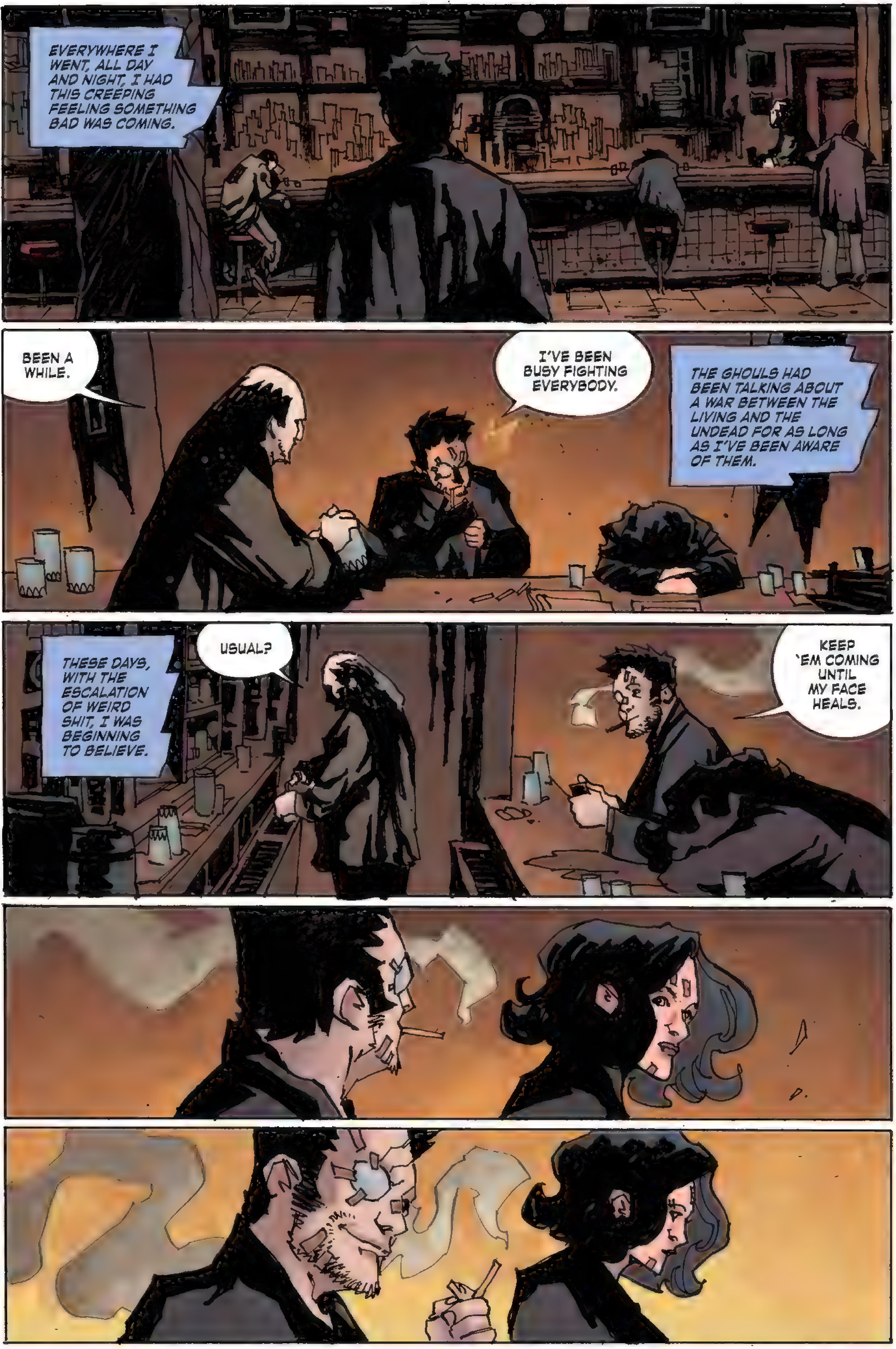
art
CHRISTOPHER MITTEN

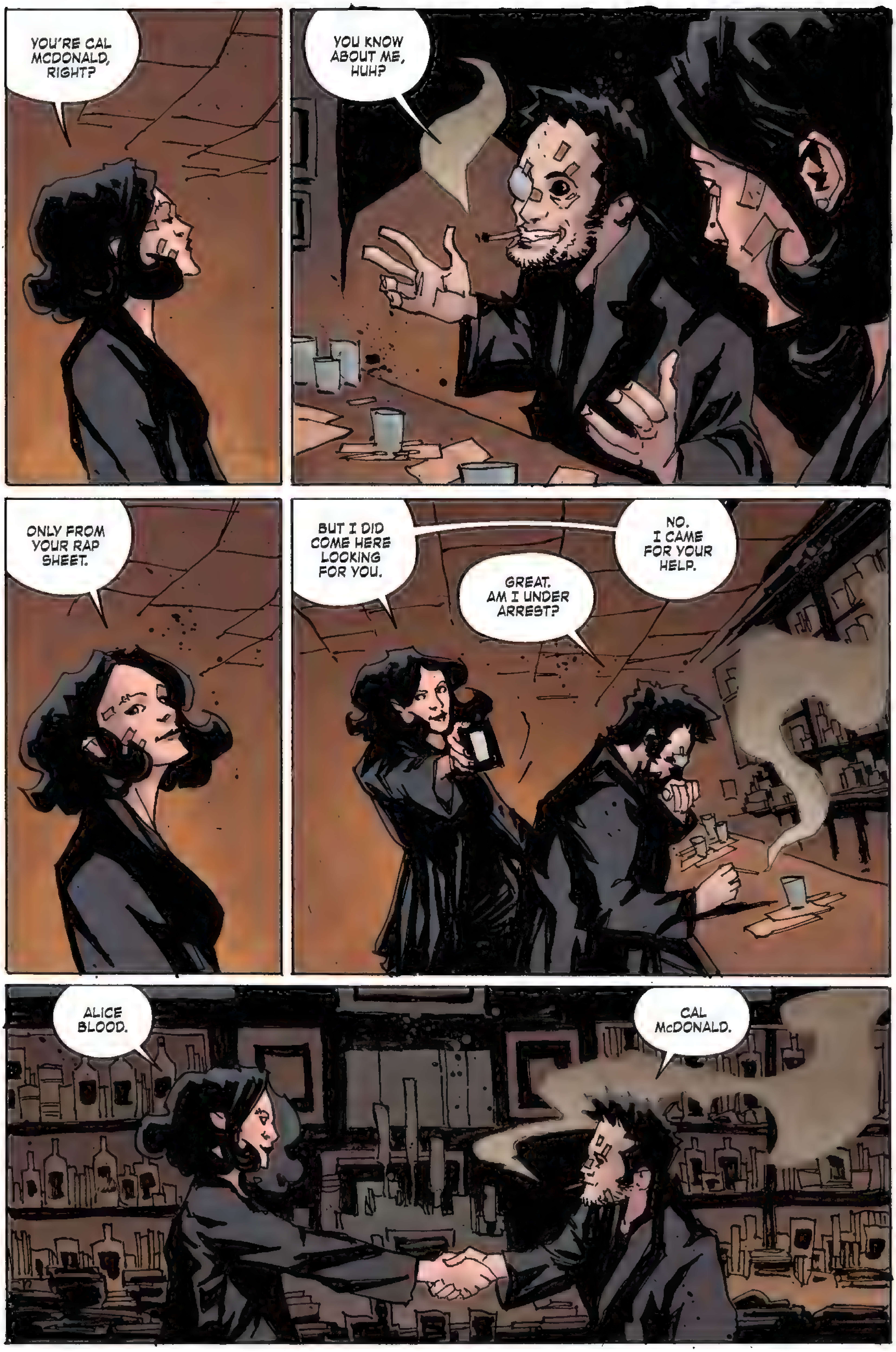
colors
MICHELLE MADSEN

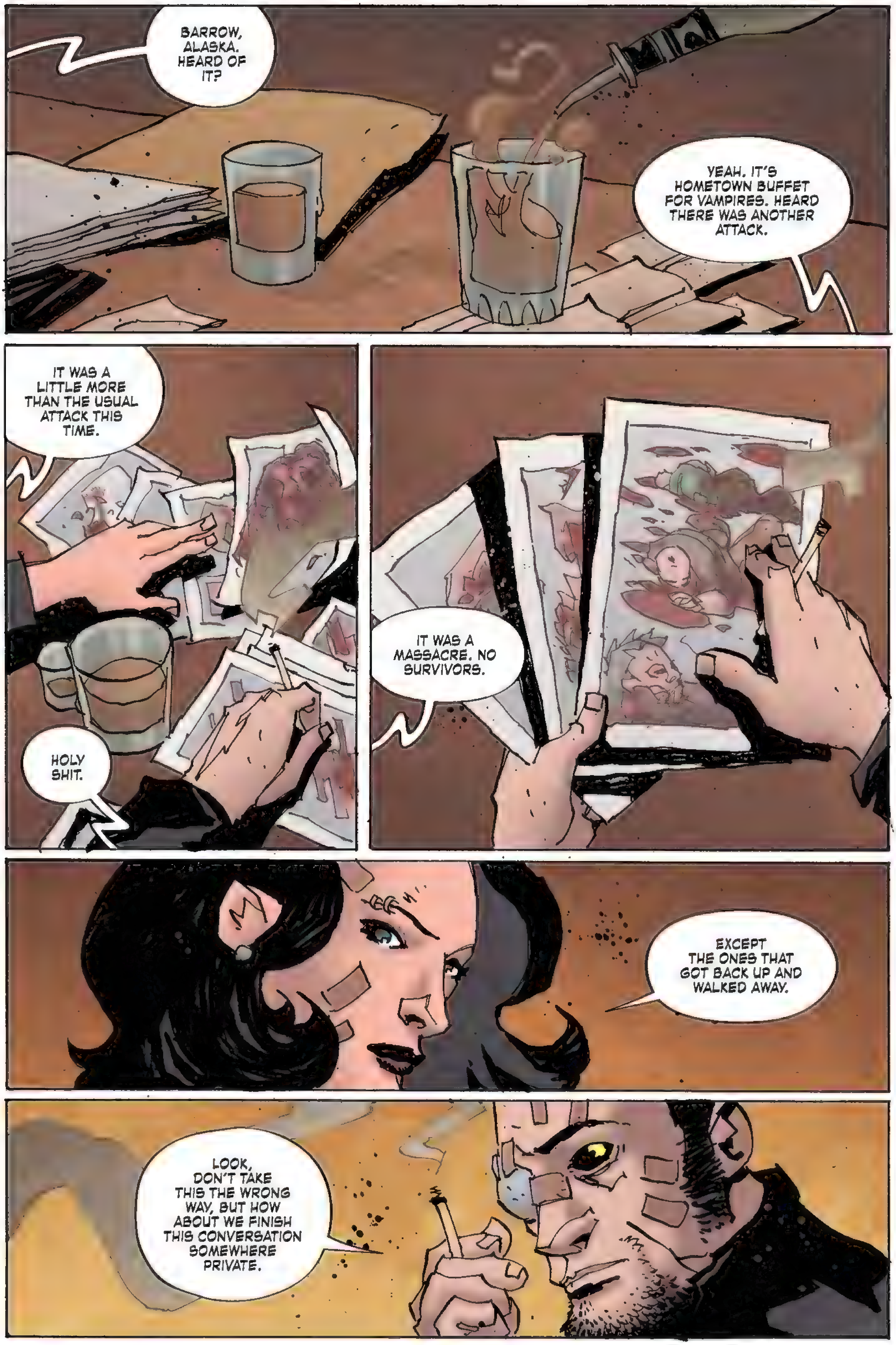
letters
NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

title art
JUSTIN ERICKSON

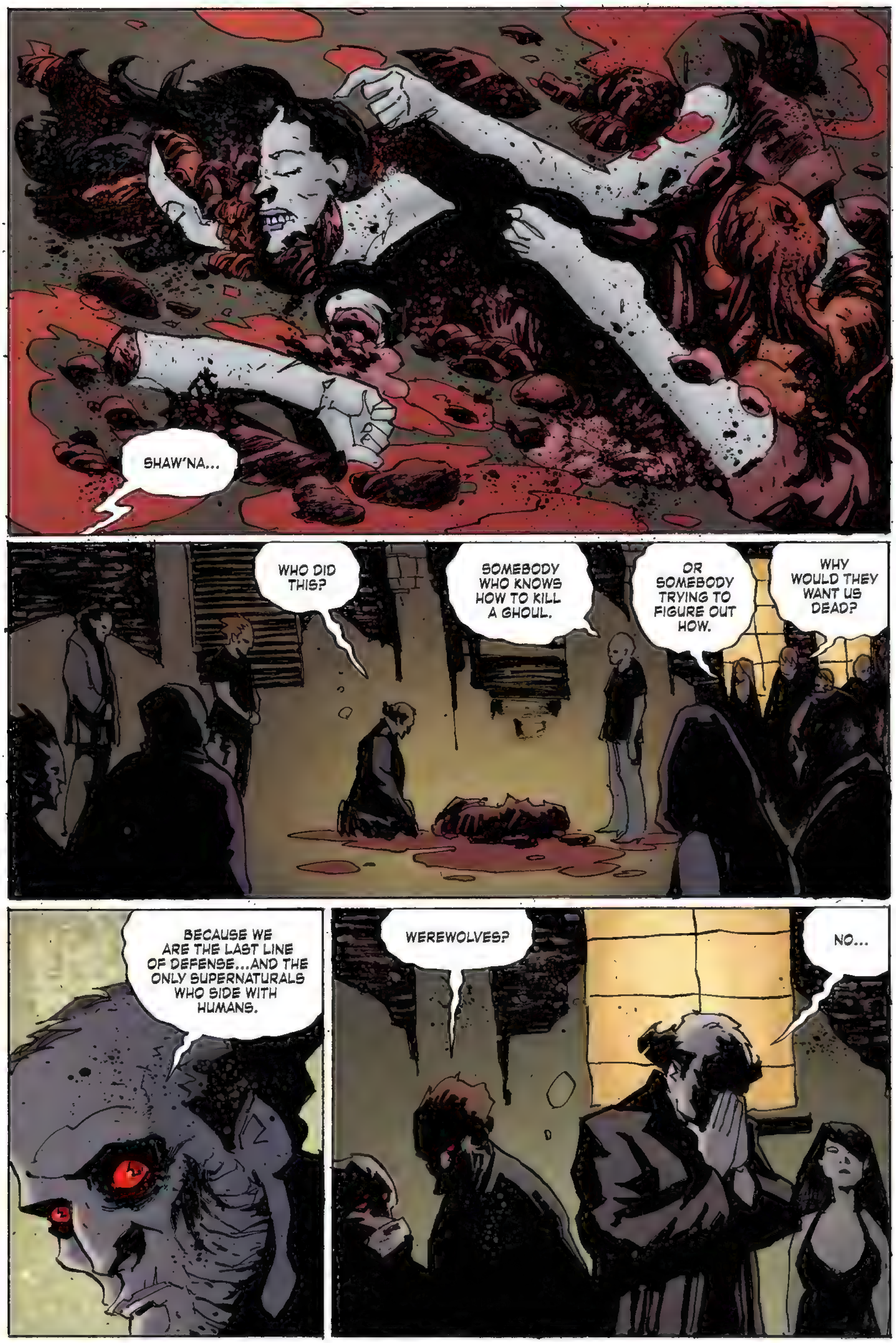
LOS ANGELES IS KNOWN FOR A LOT OF THINGS, MOSTLY FOR ITS ABUNDANCE OF SELF-IMPORTANT ASSHOLES AND BLISTERING HEAT.
USUALLY WE GET A BREAK WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN, BUT LATELY THE BREEZES HAVE BEEN STILL AND THE HEAT CARRIES WELL INTO THE NIGHT.
BLAARG!
BL
CA
MAYBE I WAS JUST MORE SENSITIVE TO IT SINCE I DIED AND CAME BACK. SMELLS ARE ESPECIALLY BAD IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT.
BLARGH!
AND BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT STINK IS UNTIL YOU'VE CAUGHT THE WHIFF OF A VAMPIRE IN AUGUST. LIKE OLD PEOPLE CROSSED WITH A SLAUGHTERHOUSE, AND A DOG-SHIT CHASER.
YIKES. ROUGH DAY, CAL?
ROUGH YEAR.
HAVE A NICE NIGHT.
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN.
MOSTLY THOUGH--AND I'D NEVER SAY IT OUT LOUD AND GIVE MO'LOCK THE SATISFACTION--I SENSED TROUBLE.

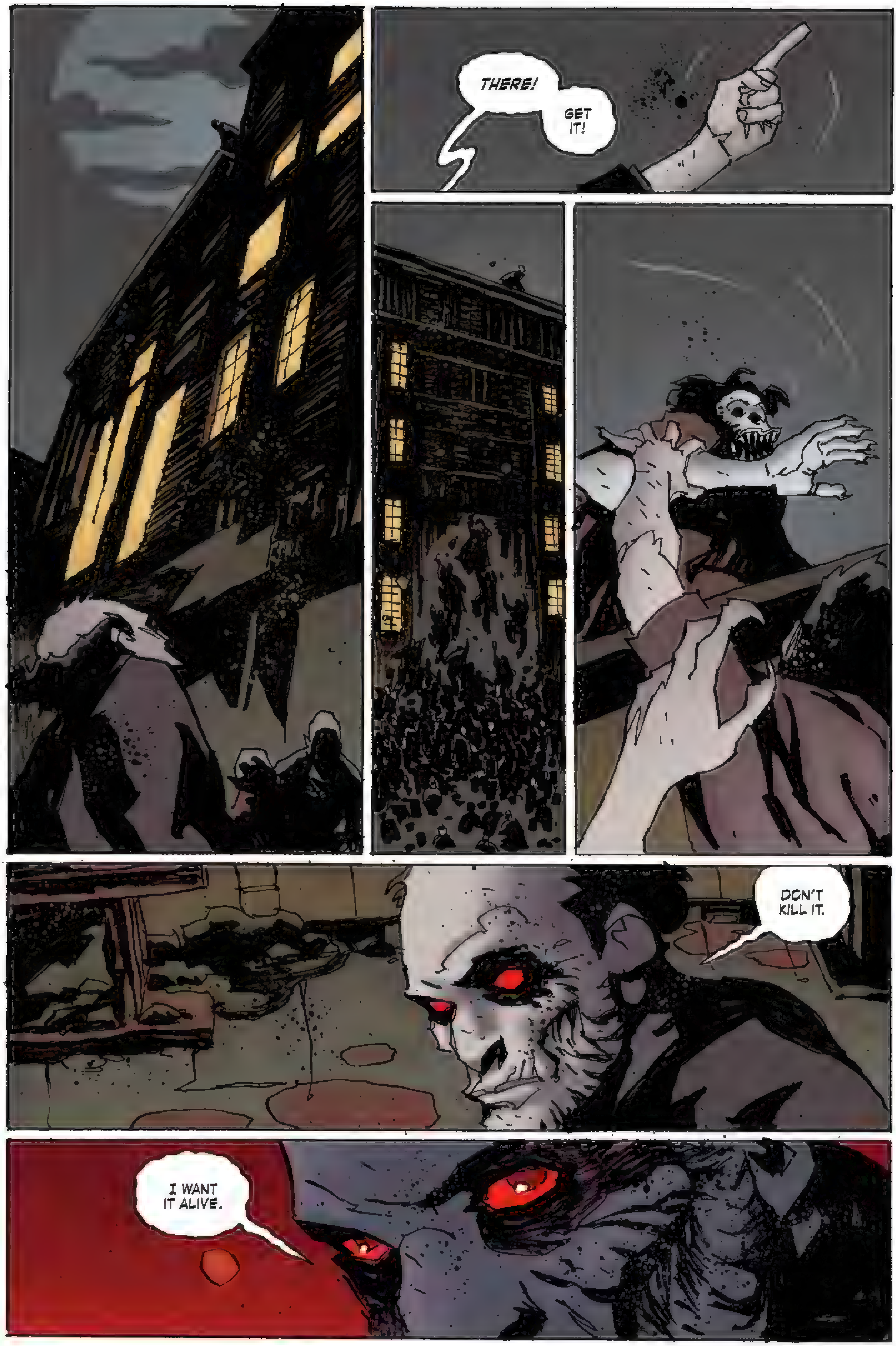

EVERYWHERE I WENT, ALL DAY AND NIGHT, I HAD THIS CREEPING FEELING SOMETHING BAD WAS COMING.
BEEN A WHILE.
I'VE BEEN BUSY FIGHTING EVERYBODY.
THE GHOULS HAD BEEN TALKING ABOUT A WAR BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE UNDEAD FOR AS LONG AS I'VE BEEN AWARE OF THEM.
THESE DAYS, WITH THE ESCALATION OF WEIRD SHIT, I WAS BEGINNING TO BELIEVE.
USUAL?
KEEP 'EM COMING UNTIL MY FACE HEALS.

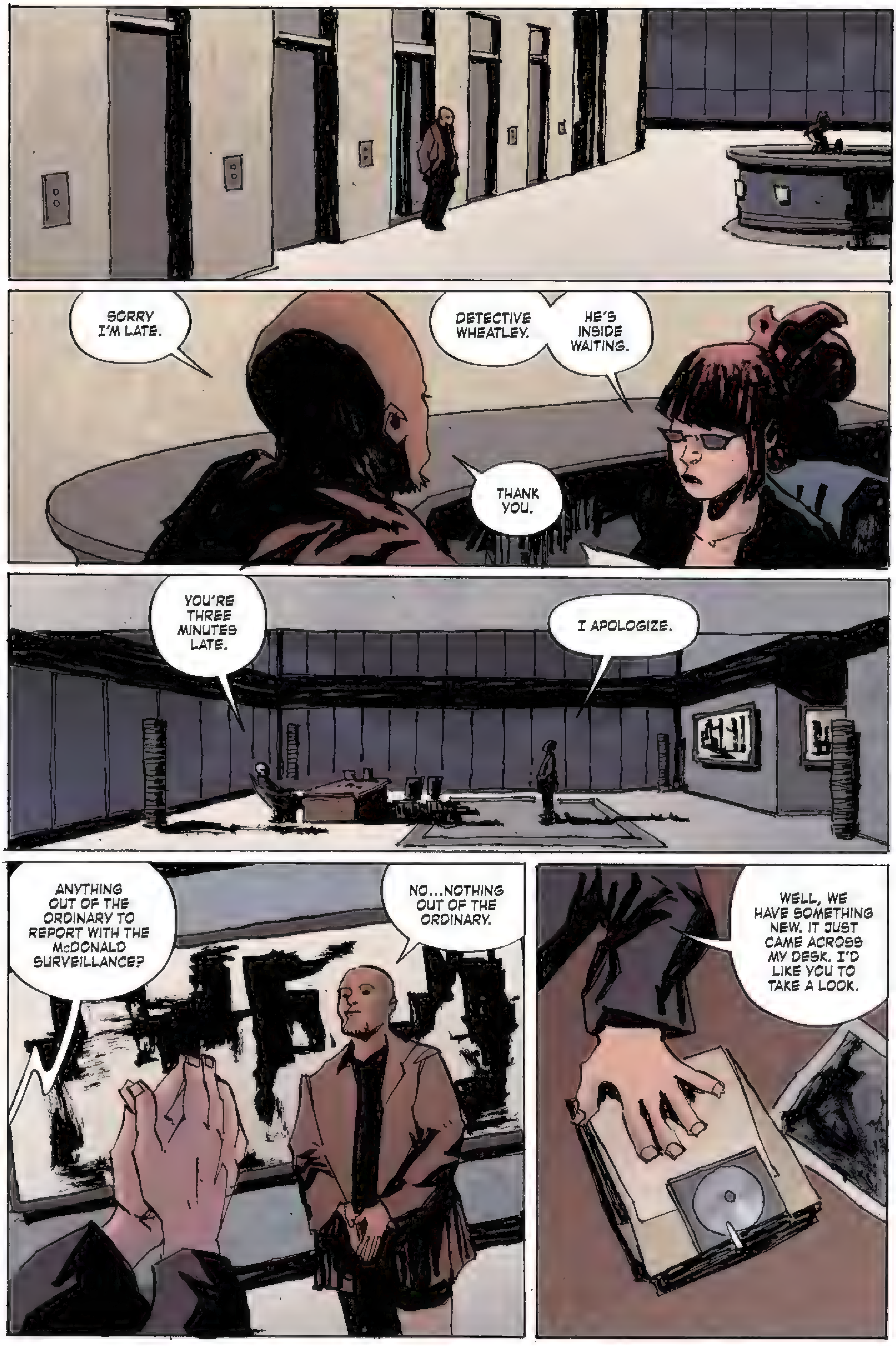

YOU'RE CAL MCDONALD, RIGHT?
YOU KNOW ABOUT ME, HUH?
ONLY FROM YOUR RAP SHEET.
BUT I DID COME HERE LOOKING FOR YOU.
GREAT. AM I UNDER ARREST?
NO. I CAME FOR YOUR HELP.
ALICE BLOOD.
CAL McDONALD.

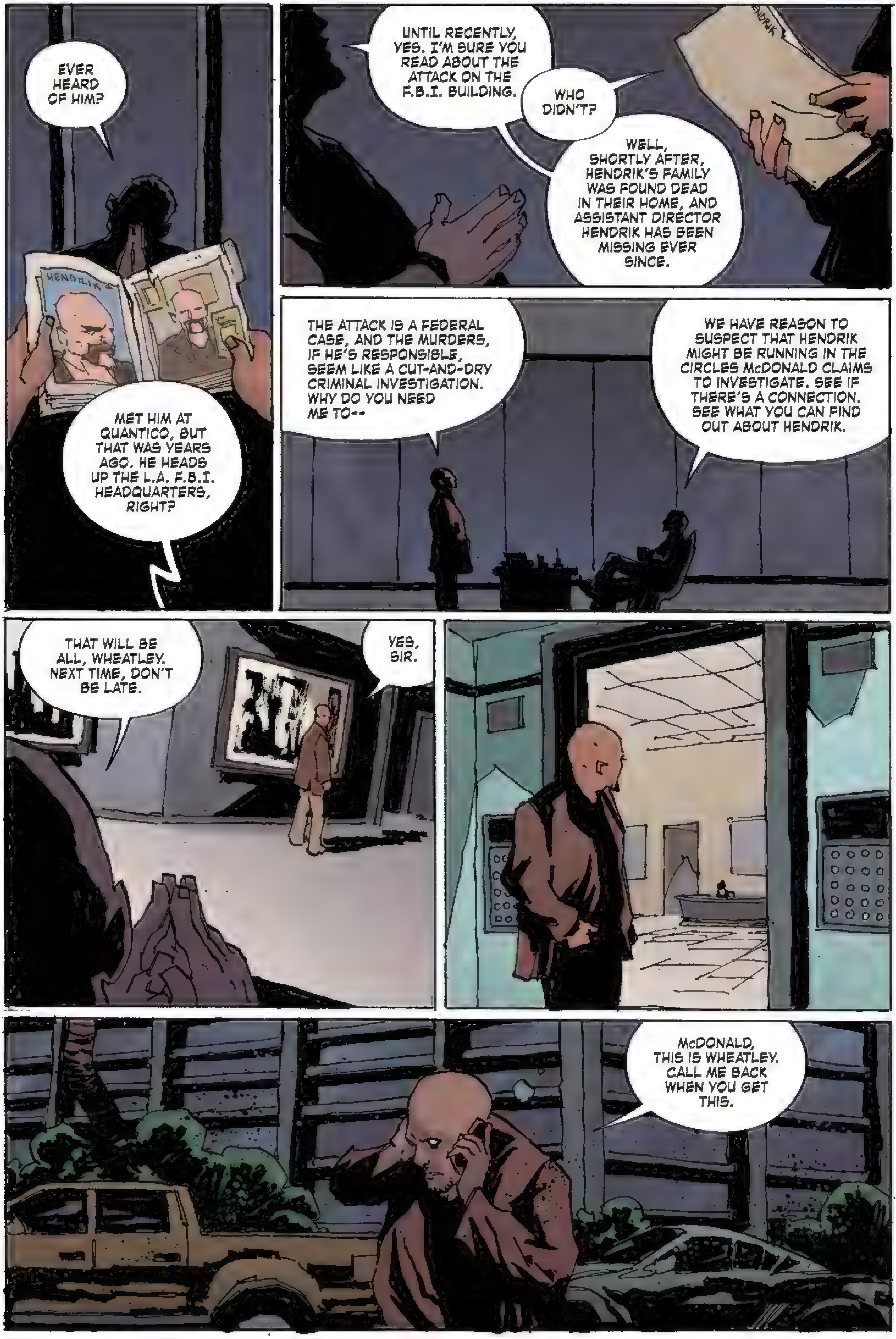

BARROW, ALASKA. HEARD OF IT?
YEAH. IT'S HOMETOWN BUFFET FOR VAMPIRES. HEARD THERE WAS ANOTHER ATTACK.
IT WAS A LITTLE MORE THAN THE USUAL ATTACK THIS TIME.
HOLY SHIT.
IT WAS A MASSACRE. NO SURVIVORS.
EXCEPT THE ONES THAT GOT BACK UP AND WALKED AWAY.
LOOK, DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, BUT HOW ABOUT WE FINISH THIS CONVERSATION SOMEWHERE PRIVATE.

STUDIO CITY.
MO'LOCK! WE SENT FOR CAL McDONALD.
I CALLED FOR HIM. HE DID NOT COME, SO I AM HERE.
YOU SHOULD NOT SEE THIS. YOU--
I AM SORRY, MO'LOCK.

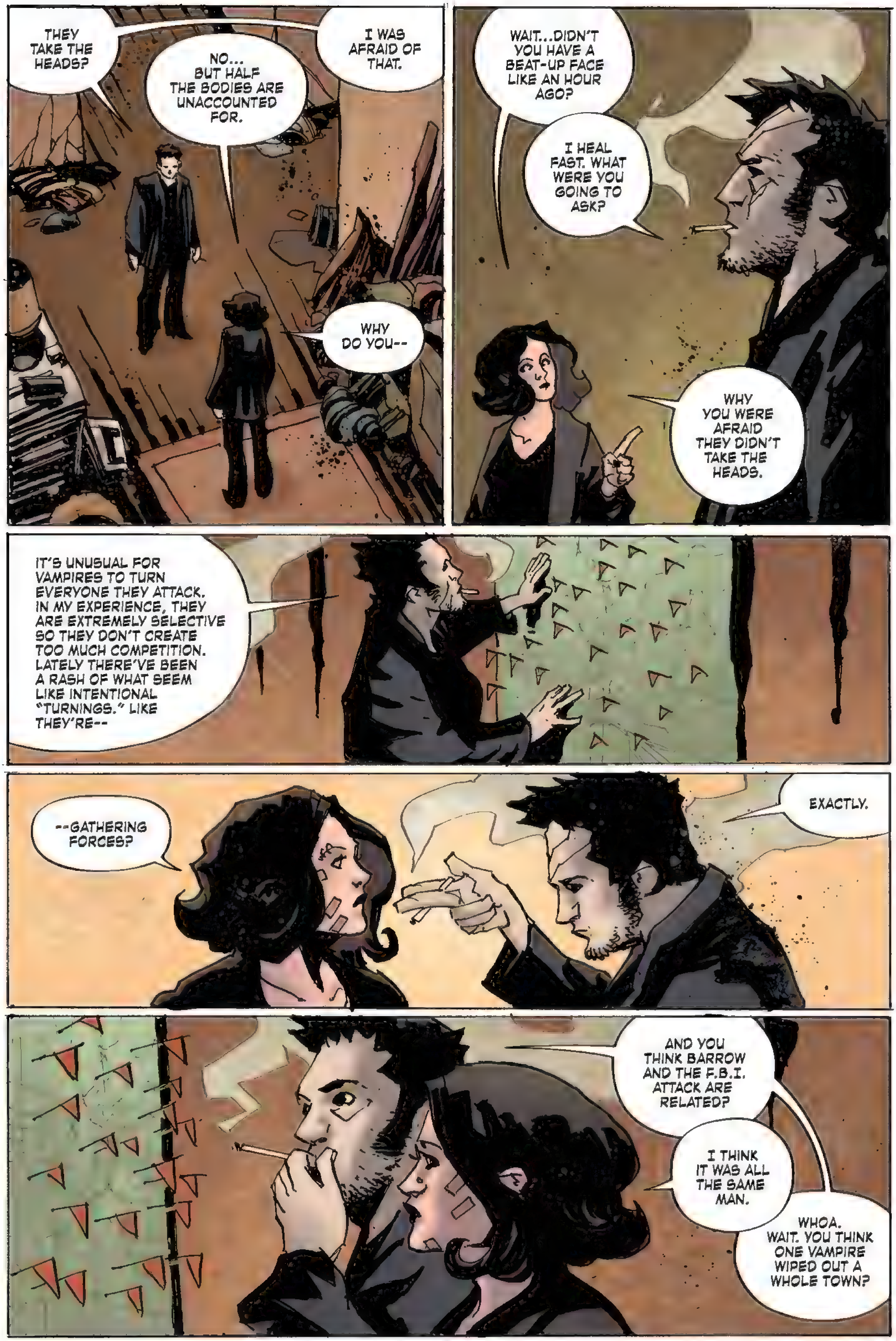

SHAW'NA...
WHO DID THIS?
SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS HOW TO KILL A GHOUL.
OR SOMEBODY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW.
WHY WOULD THEY WANT US DEAD?
BECAUSE WE ARE THE LAST LINE OF DEFENSE...AND THE ONLY SUPERNATURALS WHO SIDE WITH HUMANS.
WEREWOLVES?
NO...

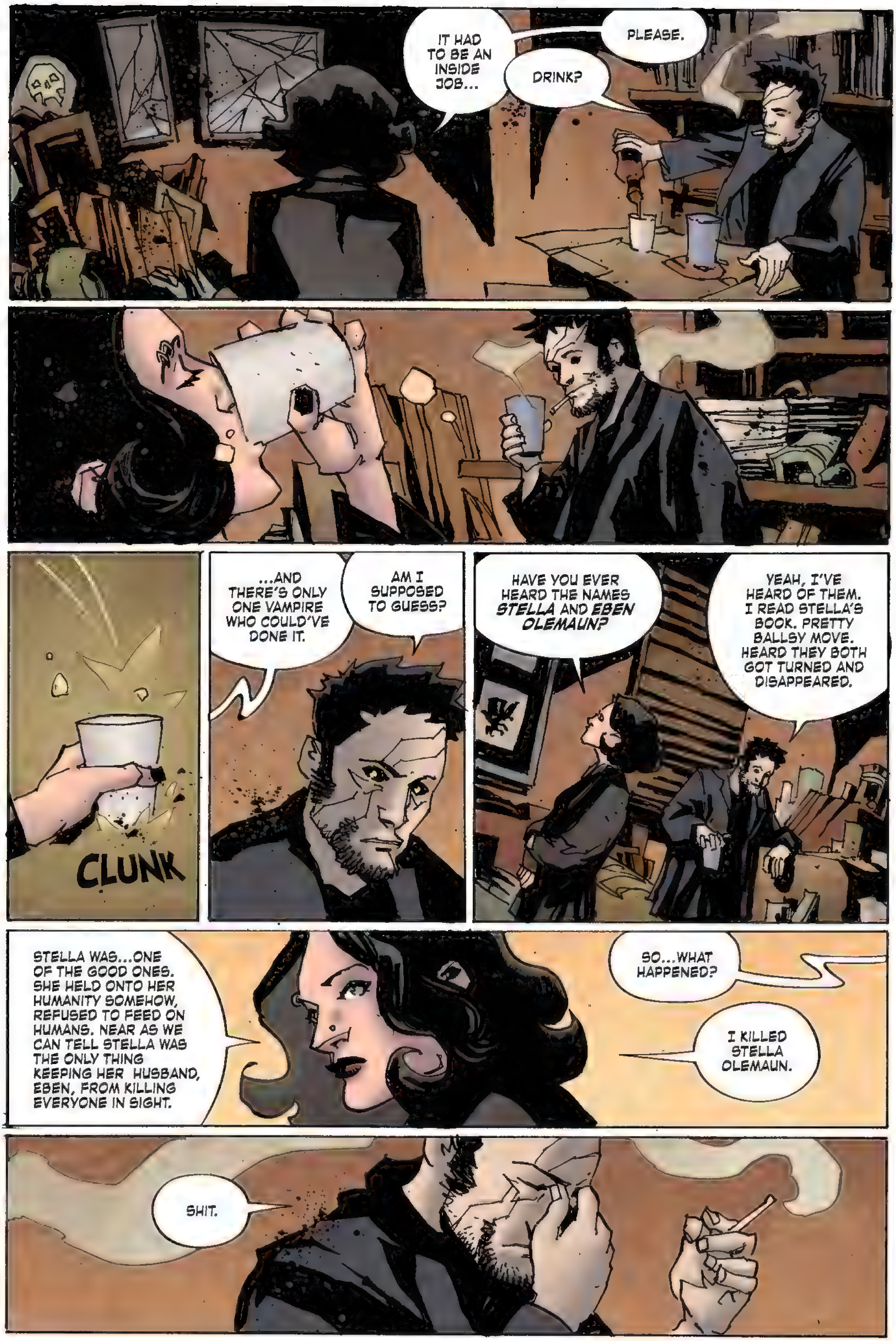

THERE!
GET IT!
DON'T KILL IT.
I WANT IT ALIVE.

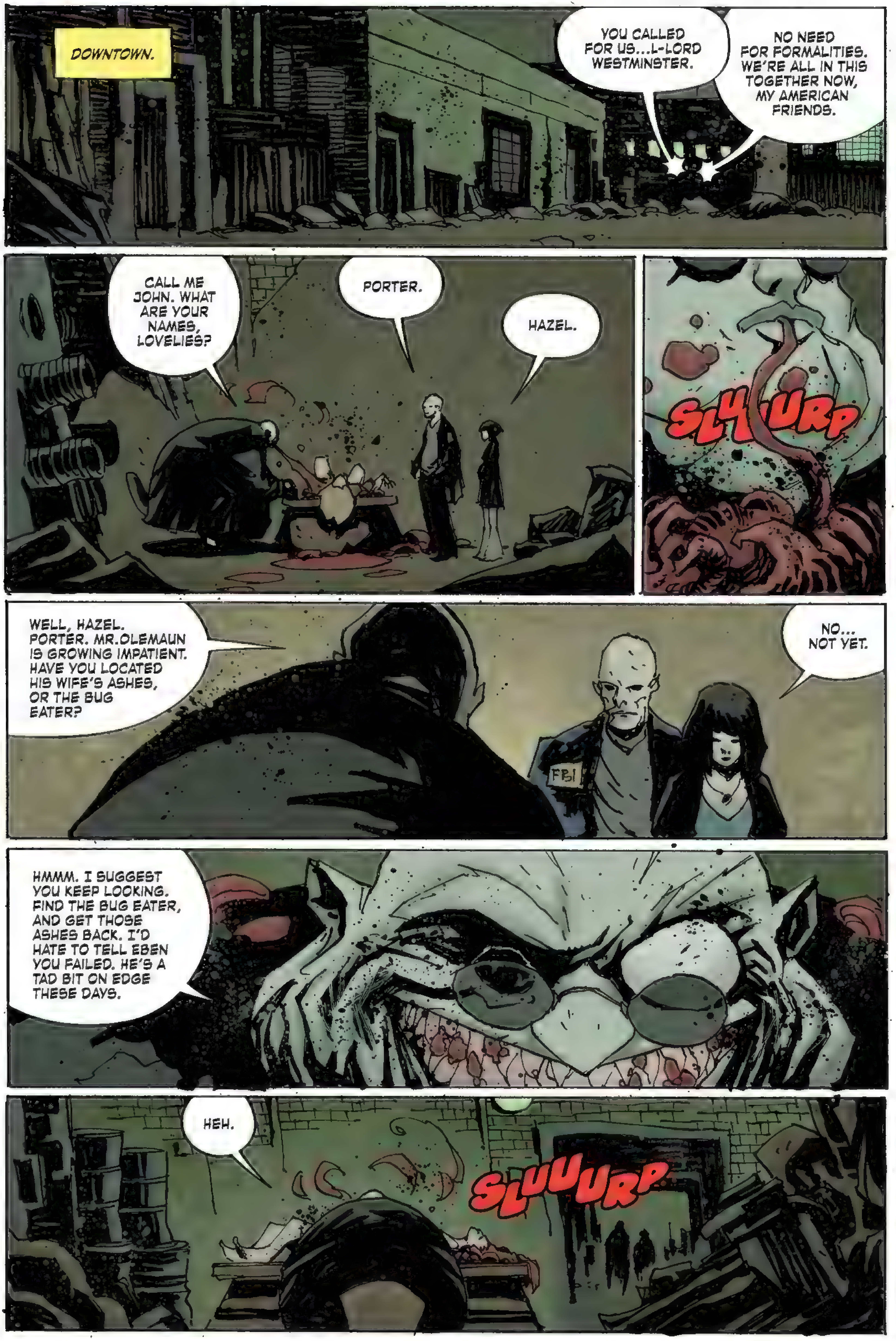

SORRY I'M LATE.
DETECTIVE WHEATLEY.
HE'S INSIDE WAITING.
THANK YOU.
YOU'RE THREE MINUTES LATE.
I APOLOGIZE.
ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY TO REPORT WITH THE McDONALD SURVEILLANCE?
NO...NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.
WELL, WE HAVE SOMETHING NEW. IT JUST CAME ACROSS MY DESK. I'D LIKE YOU TO TAKE A LOOK.

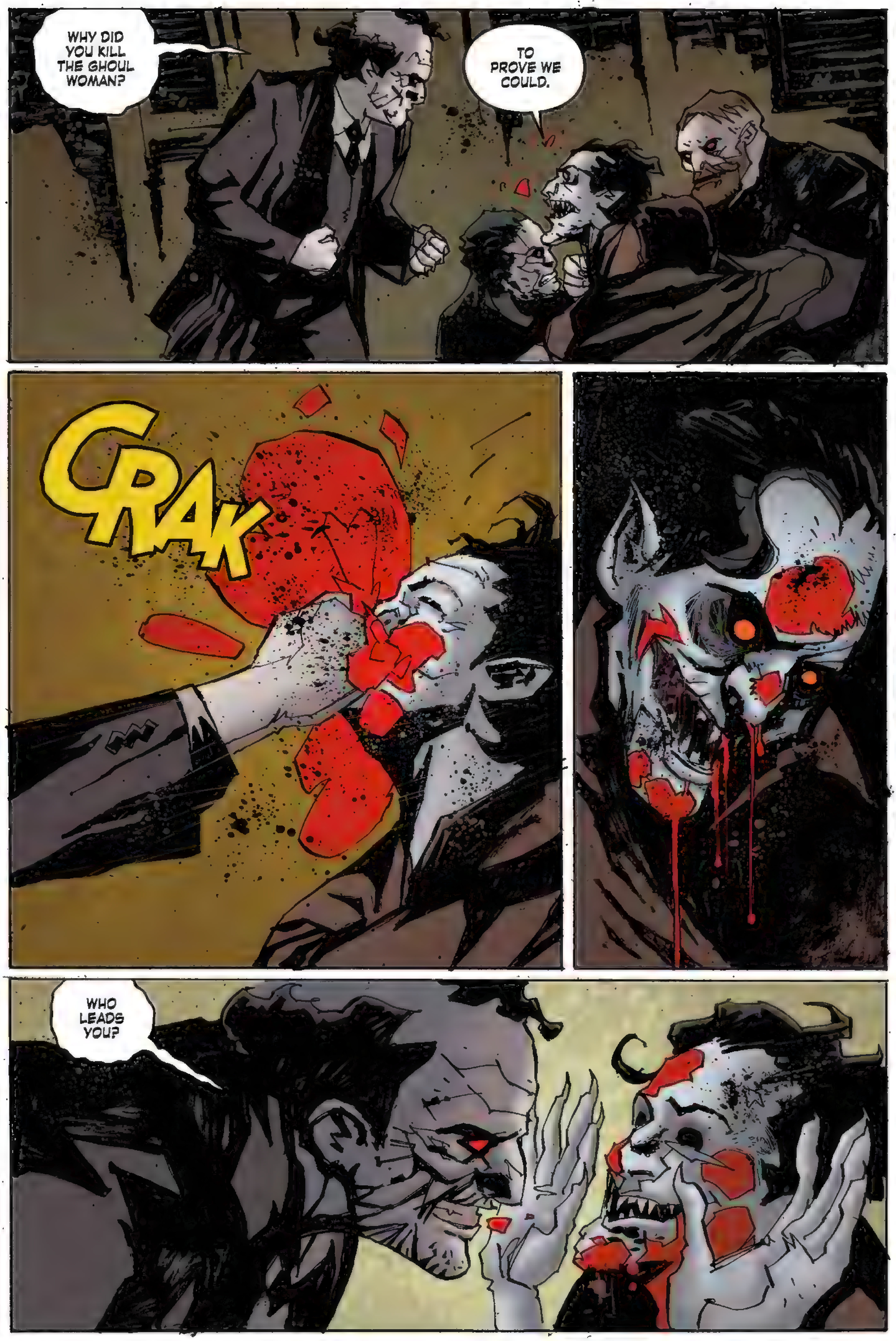

EVER HEARD OF HIM?
HENDRIK
MET HIM AT QUANTICO, BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO. HE HEADS UP THE L.A. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, RIGHT?
UNTIL RECENTLY, YES. I'M SURE YOU READ ABOUT THE ATTACK ON THE F.B.I. BUILDING.
WHO DIDN'T?
WELL, SHORTLY AFTER, HENDRIK'S FAMILY WAS FOUND DEAD IN THEIR HOME, AND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR HENDRIK HAS BEEN MISSING EVER SINCE.
HENDRIK
THE ATTACK IS A FEDERAL CASE, AND THE MURDERS, IF HE'S RESPONSIBLE, SEEM LIKE A CUT-AND-DRY CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION. WHY DO YOU NEED ME TO--
WE HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT THAT HENDRIK MIGHT BE RUNNING IN THE CIRCLES McDONALD CLAIMS TO INVESTIGATE. SEE IF THERE'S A CONNECTION. SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND OUT ABOUT HENDRIK.
THAT WILL BE ALL, WHEATLEY. NEXT TIME, DON'T BE LATE.
YES, SIR.
McDONALD, THIS IS WHEATLEY. CALL ME BACK WHEN YOU GET THIS.

YOU HEARD ABOUT THE ATTACK ON THE F.B.I. BUILDING?
L.A. TIMES SAID IT WAS DOMESTIC TERRORISM. DIDN'T THEY NAB THE GUY--SOME UNABOMBER WANNABE?
THAT WAS THE STORY RELEASED TO THE PUBLIC.
SO WHO DID IT?
VAMPIRES?
BINGO.
NOT THAT I DON'T BELIEVE YOU, BUT I'VE BEEN DUPED BY FEDS BEFORE. YOU GOT ANY PROOF?
YEAH, I WAS THERE. I SURVIVED IT.
IT WAS A WELL-ORGANIZED, ORCHESTRATED ATTACK. THEY TOOK OUT OUR POWER, OUR SECURITY SYSTEMS, AND SLAUGHTERED ALMOST TWO HUNDRED HIGHLY TRAINED F.B.I. AGENTS.

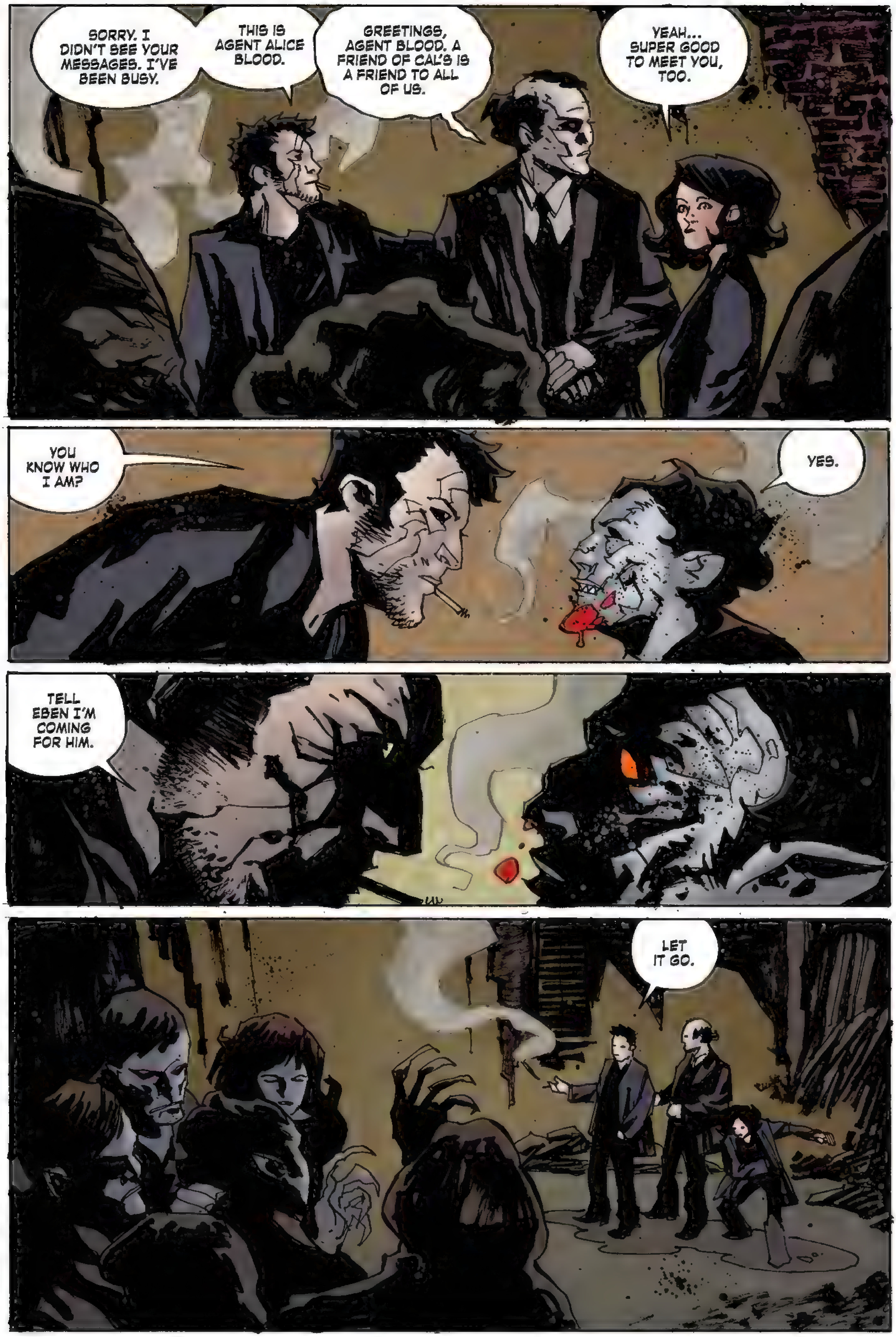

THEY TAKE THE HEADS?
NO... BUT HALF THE BODIES ARE UNACCOUNTED FOR.
I WAS AFRAID OF THAT.
WHY DO YOU--
WAIT...DIDN'T YOU HAVE A BEAT-UP FACE LIKE AN HOUR AGO?
I HEAL FAST. WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO ASK?
WHY YOU WERE AFRAID THEY DIDN'T TAKE THE HEADS.
IT'S UNUSUAL FOR VAMPIRES TO TURN EVERYONE THEY ATTACK. IN MY EXPERIENCE, THEY ARE EXTREMELY SELECTIVE SO THEY DON'T CREATE TOO MUCH COMPETITION. LATELY THERE'VE BEEN A RASH OF WHAT SEEM LIKE INTENTIONAL "TURNINGS." LIKE THEY'RE--
--GATHERING FORCES?
EXACTLY.
AND YOU THINK BARROW AND THE F.B.I. ATTACK ARE RELATED?
I THINK IT WAS ALL THE SAME MAN.
WHOA. WAIT. YOU THINK ONE VAMPIRE WIPED OUT A WHOLE TOWN?

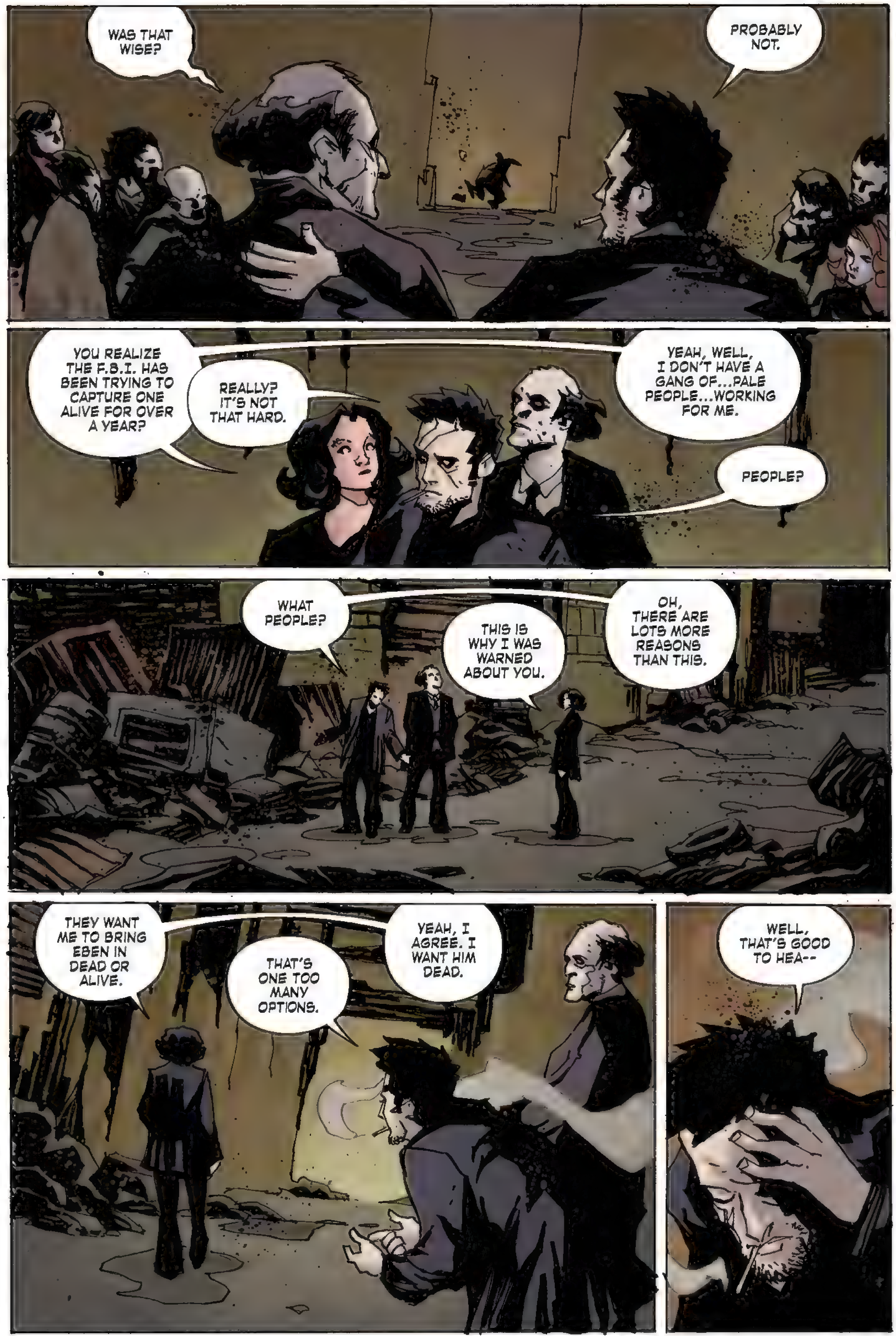

IT HAD TO BE AN INSIDE JOB...
DRINK?
PLEASE.
CLUNK
...AND THERE'S ONLY ONE VAMPIRE WHO COULD'VE DONE IT.
AM I SUPPOSED TO GUESS?
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE NAMES *STELLA* AND *EBEN OLEMAUN?*
YEAH, I'VE HEARD OF THEM. I READ STELLA'S BOOK. PRETTY BALLSY MOVE. HEARD THEY BOTH GOT TURNED AND DISAPPEARED.
STELLA WAS...ONE OF THE GOOD ONES. SHE HELD ONTO HER HUMANITY SOMEHOW, REFUSED TO FEED ON HUMANS. NEAR AS WE CAN TELL STELLA WAS THE ONLY THING KEEPING HER HUSBAND, EBEN, FROM KILLING EVERYONE IN SIGHT.
SO...WHAT HAPPENED?
I KILLED STELLA OLEMAUN.
SHIT.


DOWNTOWN.
YOU CALLED FOR US...L-LORD WESTMINSTER.
NO NEED FOR FORMALITIES. WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER NOW, MY AMERICAN FRIENDS.
CALL ME JOHN. WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES, LOVELIES?
PORTER.
HAZEL.
SLLLURP
WELL, HAZEL. PORTER. MR.OLEMAUN IS GROWING IMPATIENT. HAVE YOU LOCATED HIS WIFE'S ASHES, OR THE BUG EATER?
NO... NOT YET.
FBI
HMMM. I SUGGEST YOU KEEP LOOKING. FIND THE BUG EATER, AND GET THOSE ASHES BACK. I'D HATE TO TELL EBEN YOU FAILED. HE'S A TAD BIT ON EDGE THESE DAYS.
HEH.
SLUUURP

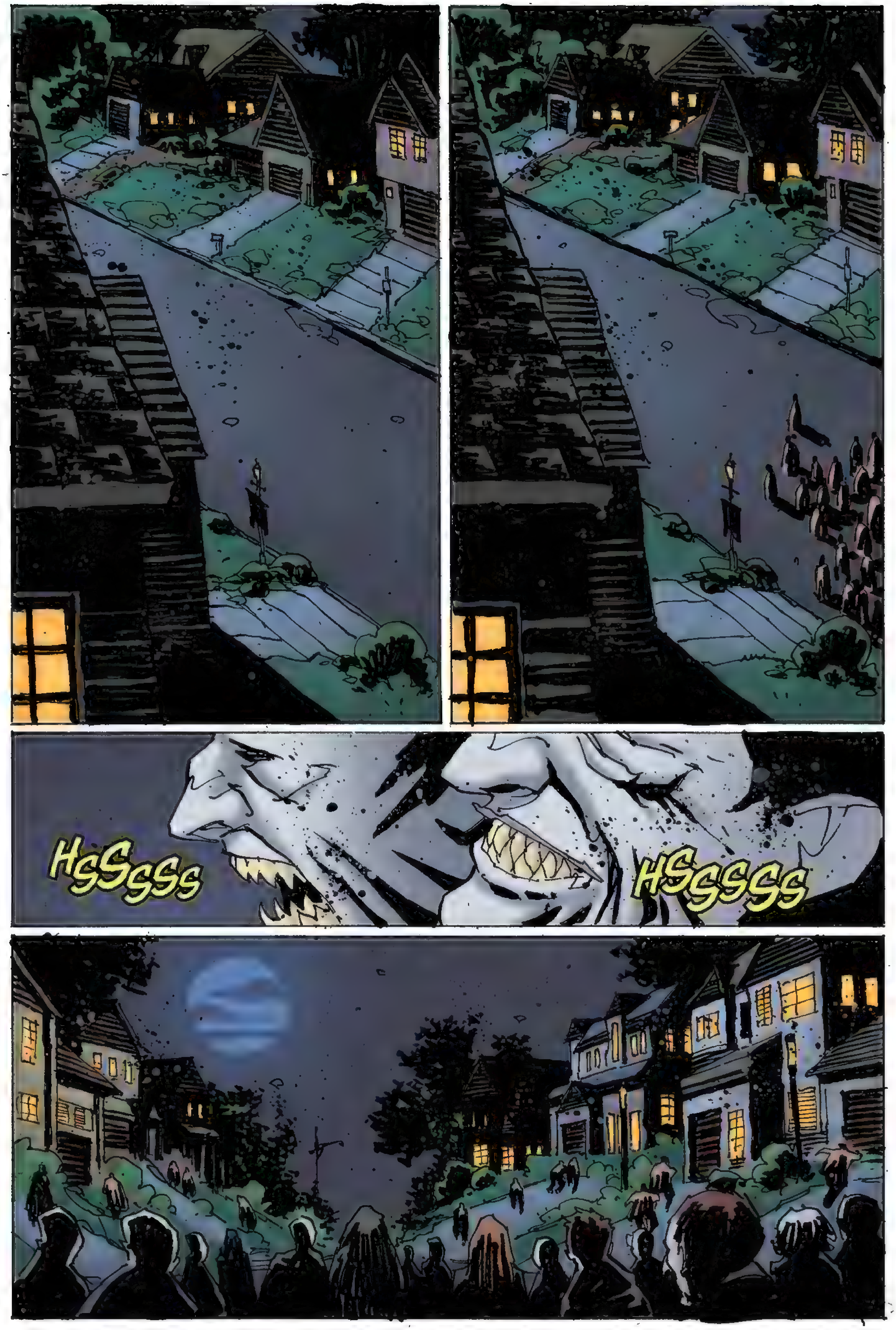

WHY DID YOU KILL THE GHOUL WOMAN?
TO PROVE WE COULD.
CRAK
WHO LEADS YOU?

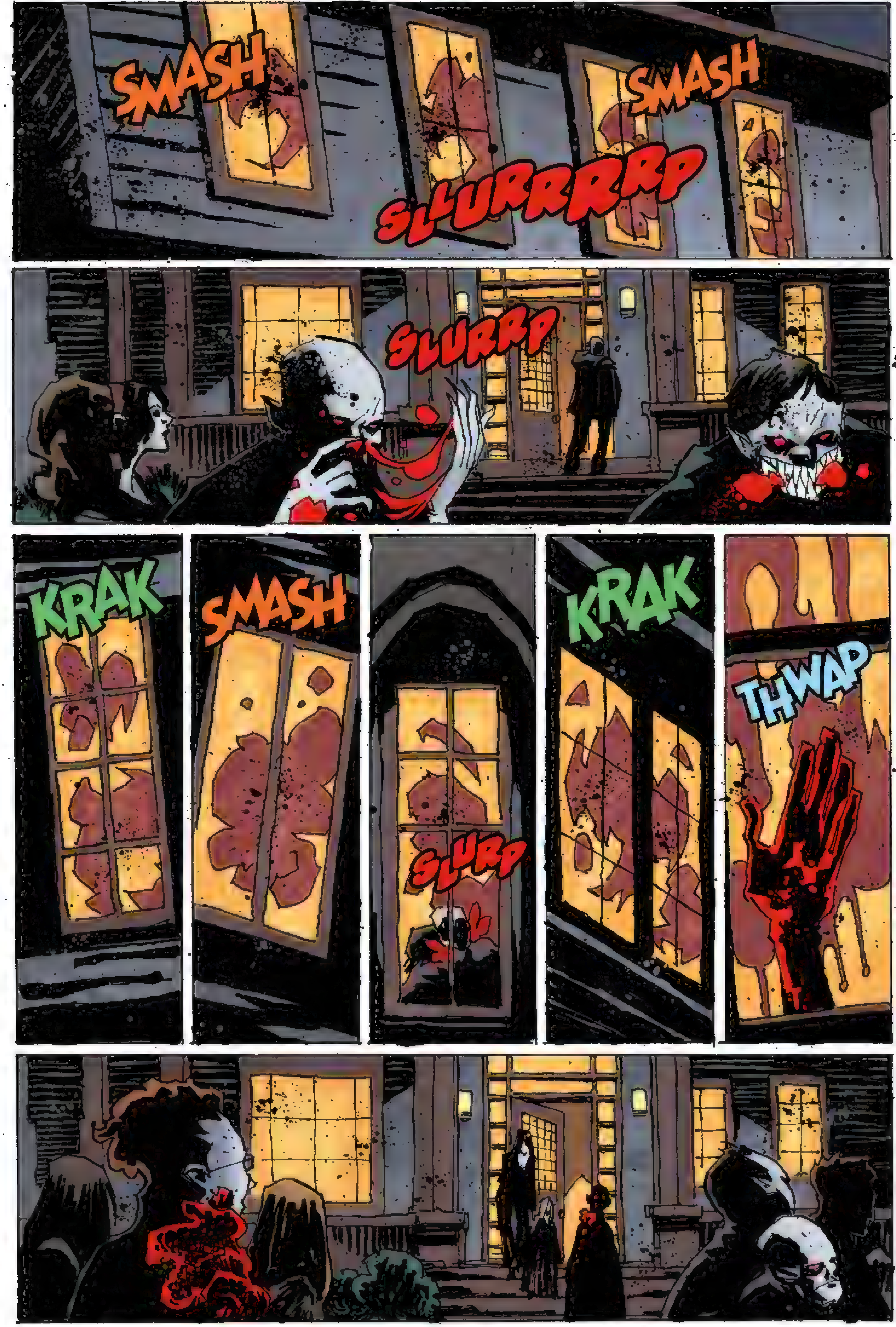
WHO SENT YOU?!
WHAM
IT'S OKAY, BUDDY...
WE DON'T NEED THIS RAT TO TALK.


SORRY. I DIDN'T SEE YOUR MESSAGES. I'VE BEEN BUSY.
THIS IS AGENT ALICE BLOOD.
GREETINGS, AGENT BLOOD. A FRIEND OF CAL'S IS A FRIEND TO ALL OF US.
YEAH... SUPER GOOD TO MEET YOU, TOO.
YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
YES.
TELL EBEN I'M COMING FOR HIM.
LET IT GO.


WAS THAT WISE?
PROBABLY NOT.
YOU REALIZE THE F.B.I. HAS BEEN TRYING TO CAPTURE ONE ALIVE FOR OVER A YEAR?
REALLY? IT'S NOT THAT HARD.
YEAH, WELL, I DON'T HAVE A GANG OF...PALE PEOPLE...WORKING FOR ME.
PEOPLE?
WHAT PEOPLE?
THIS IS WHY I WAS WARNED ABOUT YOU.
OH, THERE ARE LOTS MORE REASONS THAN THIS.
THEY WANT ME TO BRING EBEN IN DEAD OR ALIVE.
THAT'S ONE TOO MANY OPTIONS.
YEAH, I AGREE. I WANT HIM DEAD.
WELL, THAT'S GOOD TO HEA--

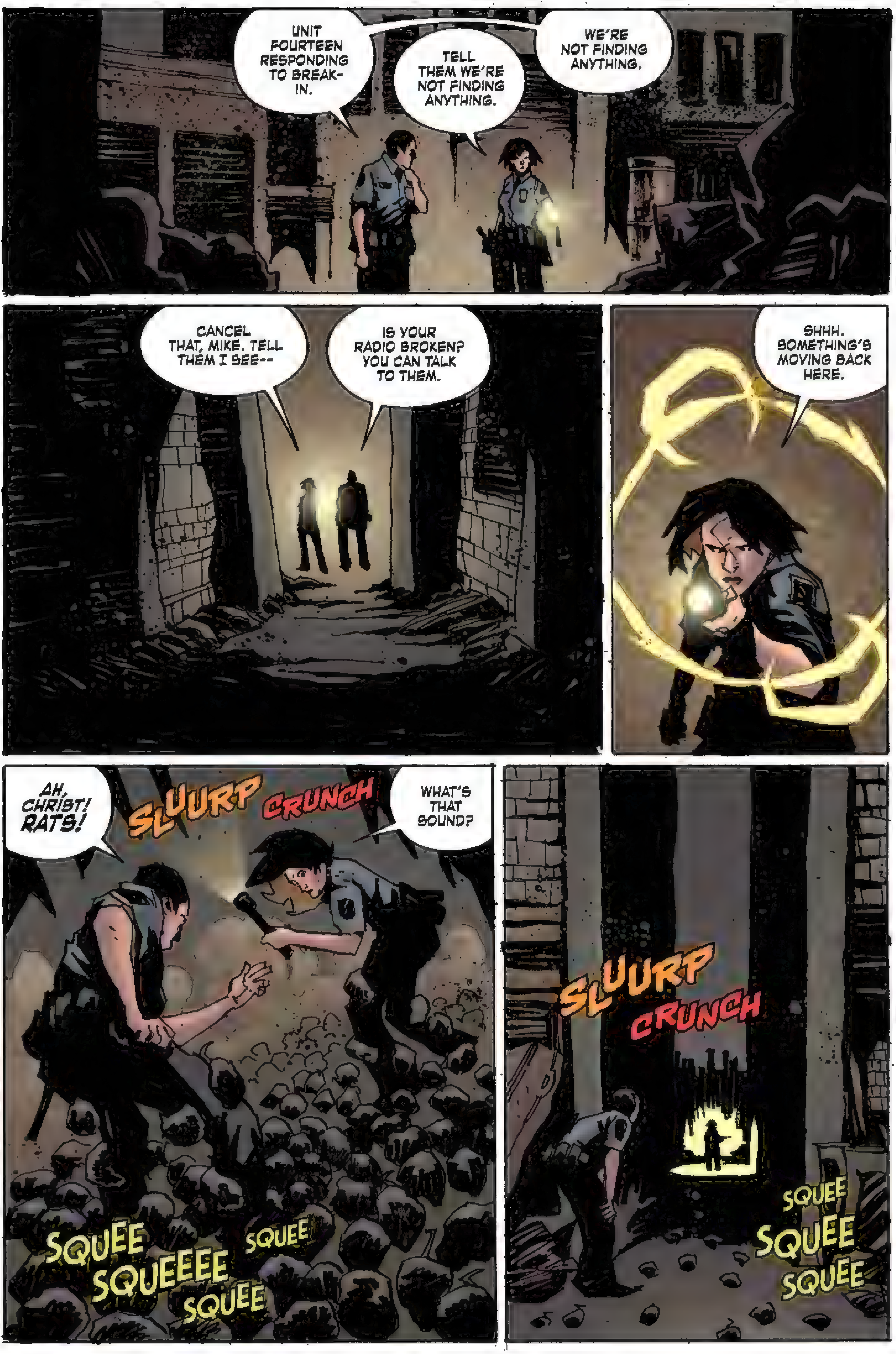
BLARGG!
OH GOD! WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
I DON'T KNOW. IT HAS BEEN HAPPENING SINCE HE ROSE FROM THE--
IXNAY ON THE--
BLARRGH!
PLEASE, HELP ME GET HIM HOME.


HSSSSS
HSSSSS

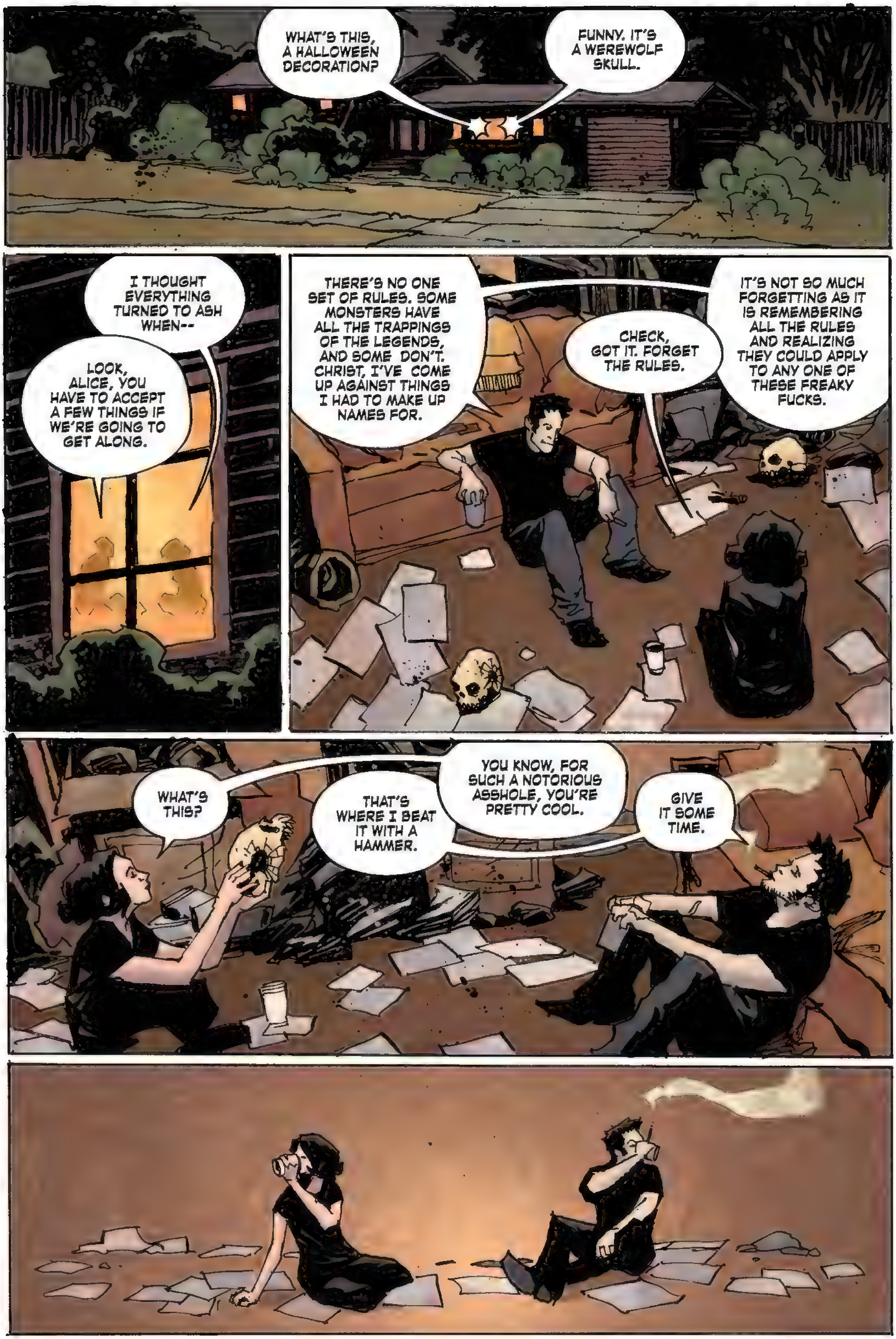

SMASH
SMASH
SLLURRRRRP
SLURRP
KRAK
SMASH
SLURP
KRAK
THWAP

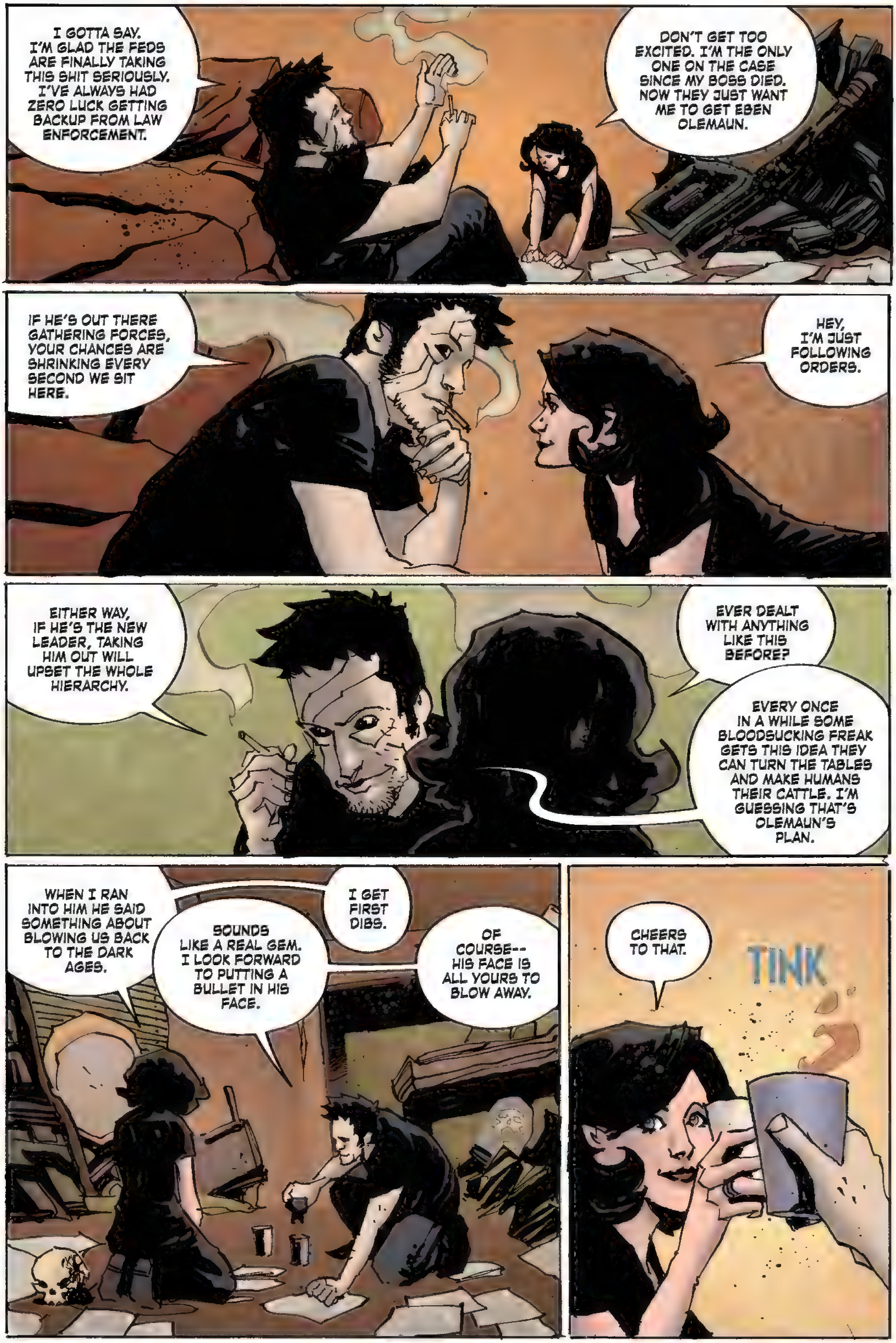
EBEN.
MASTER.
IT IS DONE.

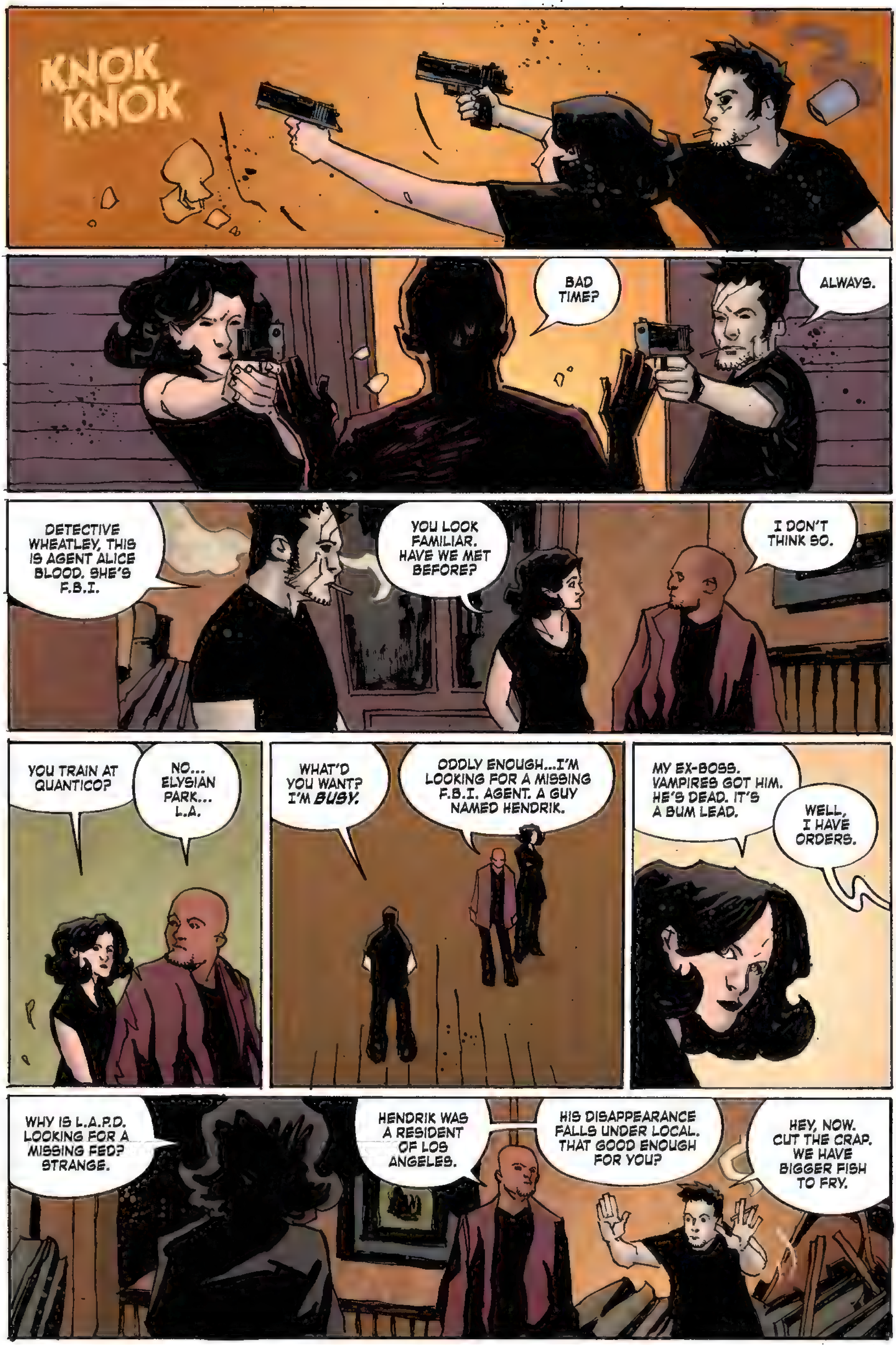
BPD
BPD
VERY GOOD.
THE FALL OF LOS ANGELES BEGINS.


UNIT FOURTEEN RESPONDING TO BREAK-IN.
TELL THEM WE'RE NOT FINDING ANYTHING.
WE'RE NOT FINDING ANYTHING.
CANCEL THAT, MIKE. TELL THEM I SEE--
IS YOUR RADIO BROKEN? YOU CAN TALK TO THEM.
SHHH. SOMETHING'S MOVING BACK HERE.
AH, CHRIST! RATS!
SLUURP
CRUNCH
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
SQUEE
SQUEEEE
SQUEE
SQUEE
SLUURP
CRUNCH
SQUEE
SQUEE
SQUEE

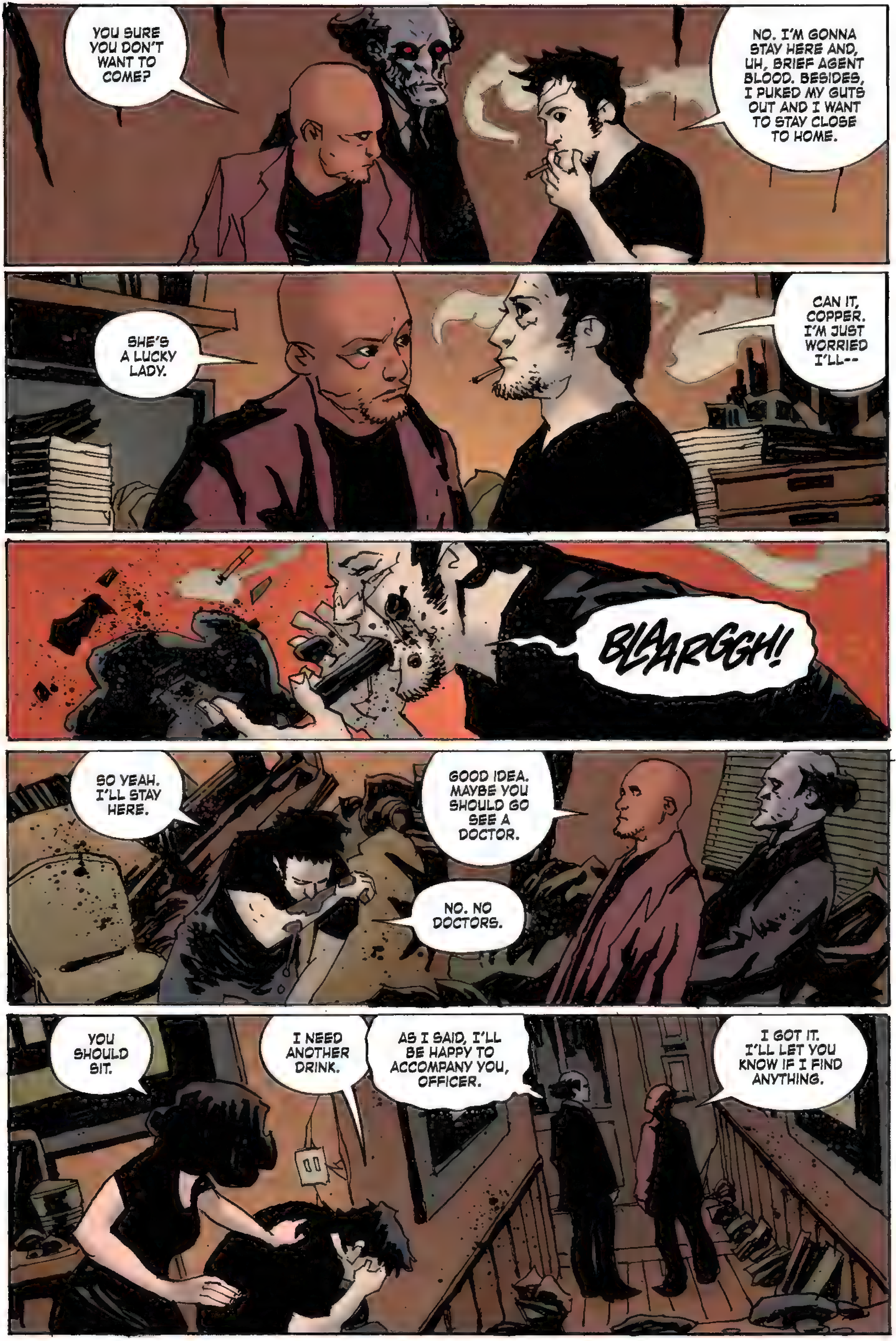
BLAMM
BLAM
CRUNCH
FBI
FBI

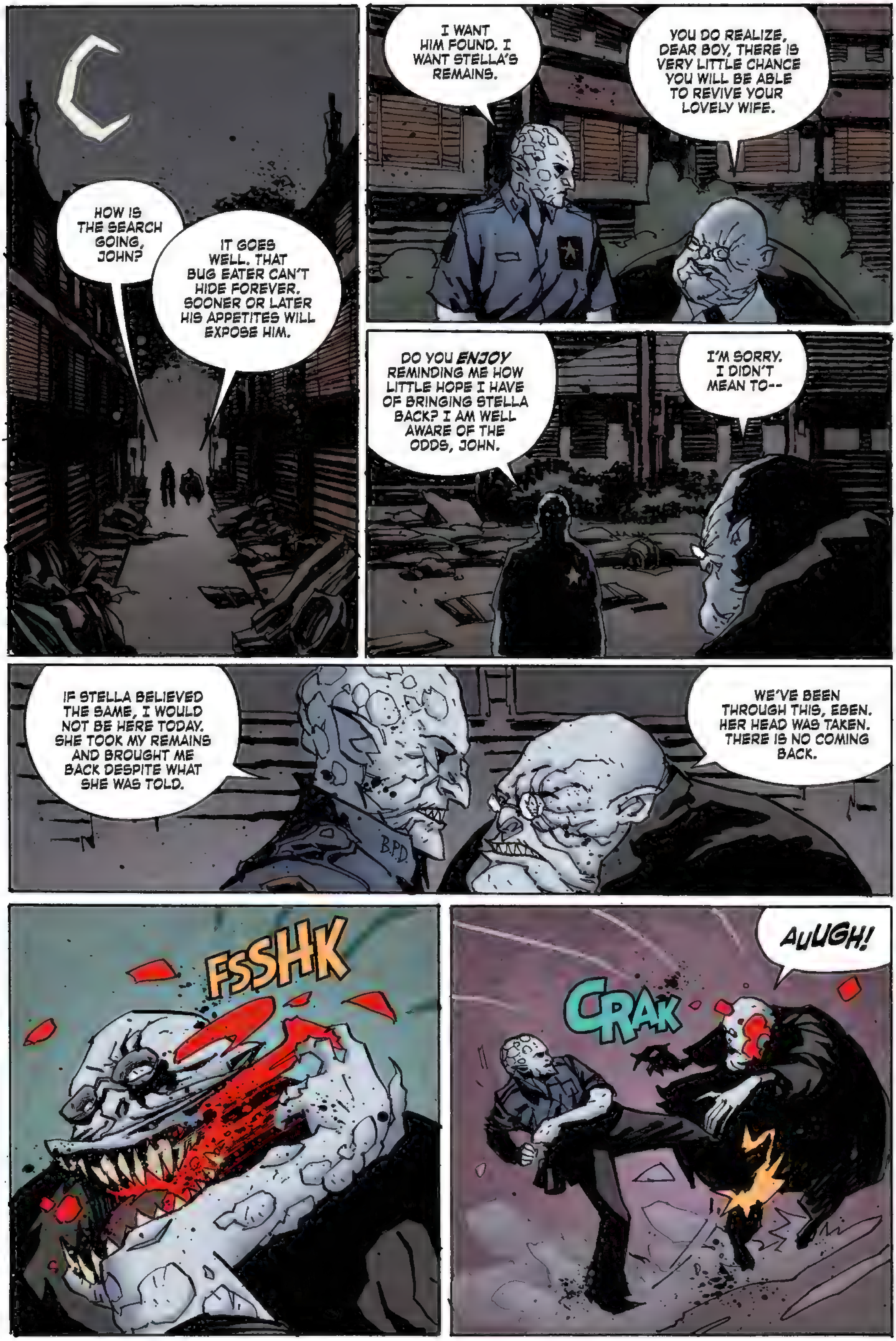

WHAT'S THIS, A HALLOWEEN DECORATION?
FUNNY. IT'S A WEREWOLF SKULL.
I THOUGHT EVERYTHING TURNED TO ASH WHEN--
LOOK, ALICE, YOU HAVE TO ACCEPT A FEW THINGS IF WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG.
THERE'S NO ONE SET OF RULES. SOME MONSTERS HAVE ALL THE TRAPPINGS OF THE LEGENDS, AND SOME DON'T. CHRIST, I'VE COME UP AGAINST THINGS I HAD TO MAKE UP NAMES FOR.
CHECK, GOT IT. FORGET THE RULES.
IT'S NOT SO MUCH FORGETTING AS IT IS REMEMBERING ALL THE RULES AND REALIZING THEY COULD APPLY TO ANY ONE OF THESE FREAKY FUCKS.
WHAT'S THIS?
THAT'S WHERE I BEAT IT WITH A HAMMER.
YOU KNOW, FOR SUCH A NOTORIOUS ASSHOLE, YOU'RE PRETTY COOL.
GIVE IT SOME TIME.

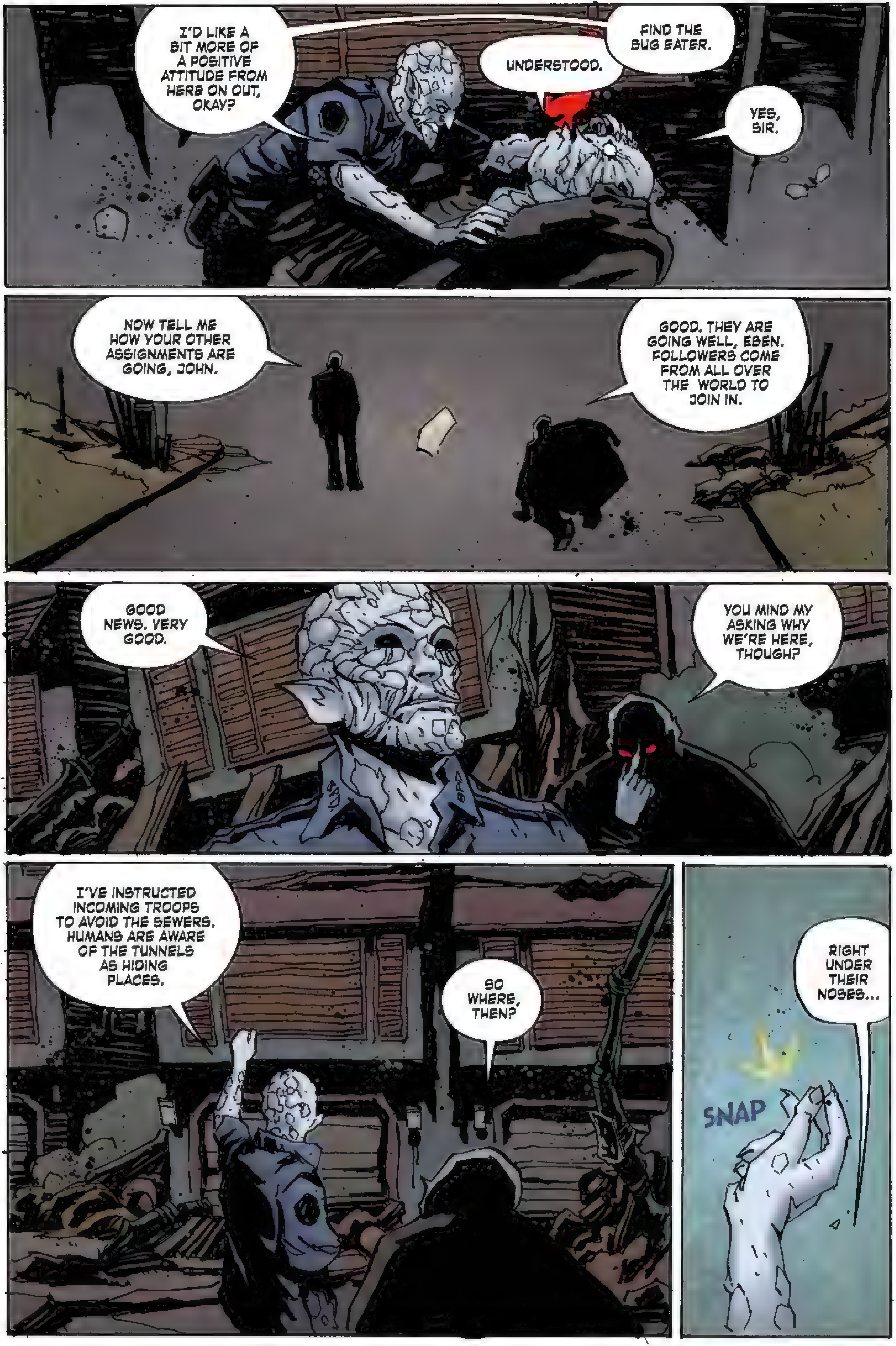

I GOTTA SAY. I'M GLAD THE FEDS ARE FINALLY TAKING THIS SHIT SERIOUSLY. I'VE ALWAYS HAD ZERO LUCK GETTING BACKUP FROM LAW ENFORCEMENT.
DON'T GET TOO EXCITED. I'M THE ONLY ONE ON THE CASE SINCE MY BOSS DIED. NOW THEY JUST WANT ME TO GET EBEN OLEMAUN.
IF HE'S OUT THERE GATHERING FORCES, YOUR CHANCES ARE SHRINKING EVERY SECOND WE SIT HERE.
HEY, I'M JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS.
EITHER WAY, IF HE'S THE NEW LEADER, TAKING HIM OUT WILL UPSET THE WHOLE HIERARCHY.
EVER DEALT WITH ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE?
EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE SOME BLOODSUCKING FREAK GETS THIS IDEA THEY CAN TURN THE TABLES AND MAKE HUMANS THEIR CATTLE. I'M GUESSING THAT'S OLEMAUN'S PLAN.
WHEN I RAN INTO HIM HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT BLOWING US BACK TO THE DARK AGES.
I GET FIRST DIBS.
SOUNDS LIKE A REAL GEM. I LOOK FORWARD TO PUTTING A BULLET IN HIS FACE.
OF COURSE-- HIS FACE IS ALL YOURS TO BLOW AWAY.
CHEERS TO THAT.
TINK


KNOK KNOK
BAD TIME?
ALWAYS.
DETECTIVE WHEATLEY, THIS IS AGENT ALICE BLOOD. SHE'S F.B.I.
YOU LOOK FAMILIAR. HAVE WE MET BEFORE?
I DON'T THINK SO.
YOU TRAIN AT QUANTICO?
NO... ELYSIAN PARK... L.A.
WHAT'D YOU WANT? I'M *BUSY.*
ODDLY ENOUGH...I'M LOOKING FOR A MISSING F.B.I. AGENT. A GUY NAMED HENDRIK.
MY EX-BOSS. VAMPIRES GOT HIM. HE'S DEAD. IT'S A BUM LEAD.
WELL, I HAVE ORDERS.
WHY IS L.A.P.D. LOOKING FOR A MISSING FED? STRANGE.
HENDRIK WAS A RESIDENT OF LOS ANGELES.
HIS DISAPPEARANCE FALLS UNDER LOCAL. THAT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?
HEY, NOW. CUT THE CRAP. WE HAVE BIGGER FISH TO FRY.

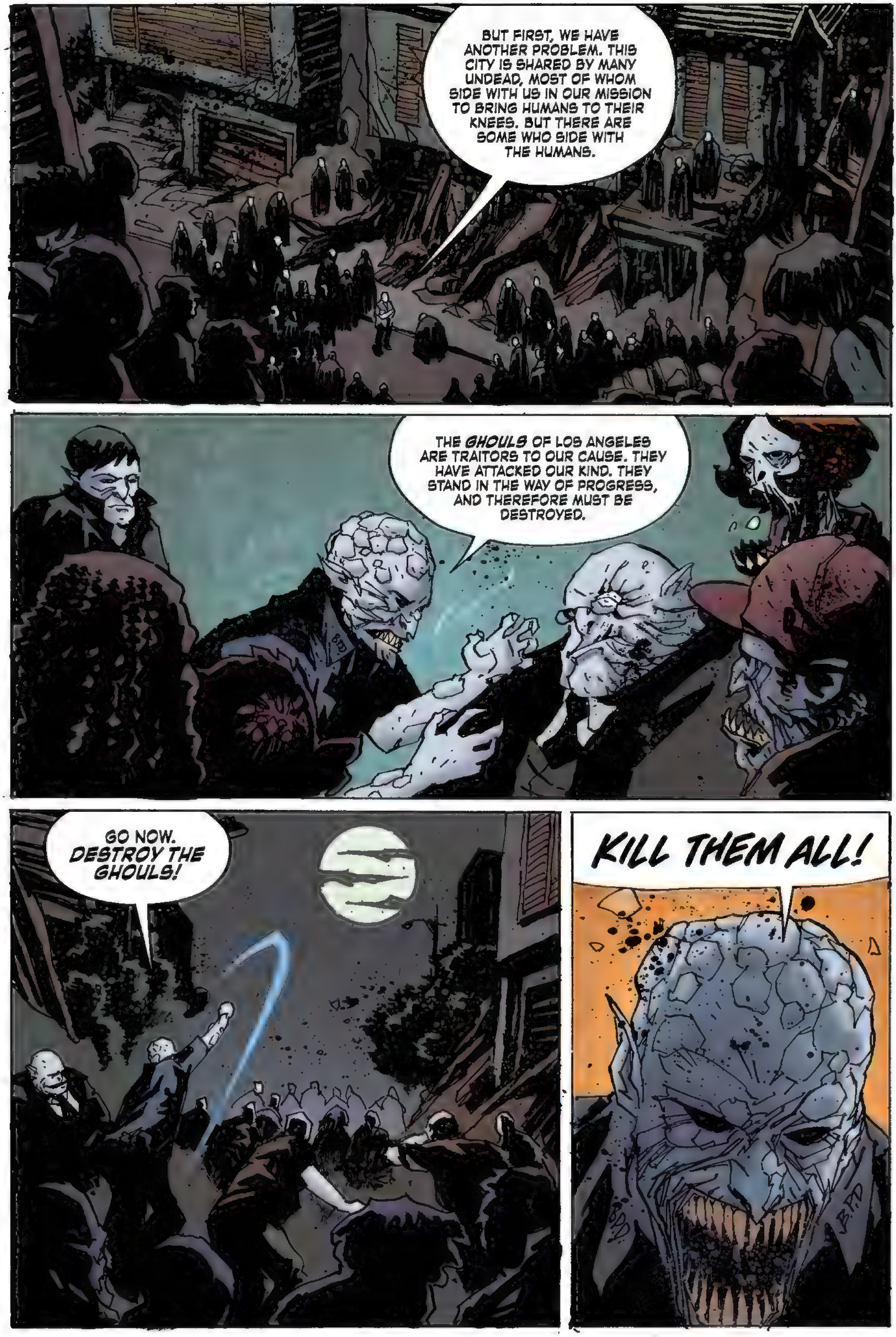
I THINK I MIGHT BE OF ASSISTANCE, OFFICER WHEATLEY.
GAH!
AN ASSOCIATE OF MINE SPOTTED A BUG EATER THIS MORNING AND FOLLOWED HIM TO A MOTEL. THIS BUG EATER WAS WEARING AN F.B.I. WINDBREAKER.
WHAT MOTEL?
A RUNDOWN ESTABLISHMENT OFF VENTURA CALLED THE HOLLYWOOD MOTEL. I'D BE HAPPY TO ACCOMPANY YOU.
I'M GOING TO CHECK IT OUT. YOU WANT TO COME, CAL? AGENT BLOOD?
YOU WANT TO CHECK IT OUT IN CASE IT'S YOUR EX-BOSS?
NO. HE WENT DOWN FIGHTING. NO WAY HENDRIK WOULD GO RENFIELD.

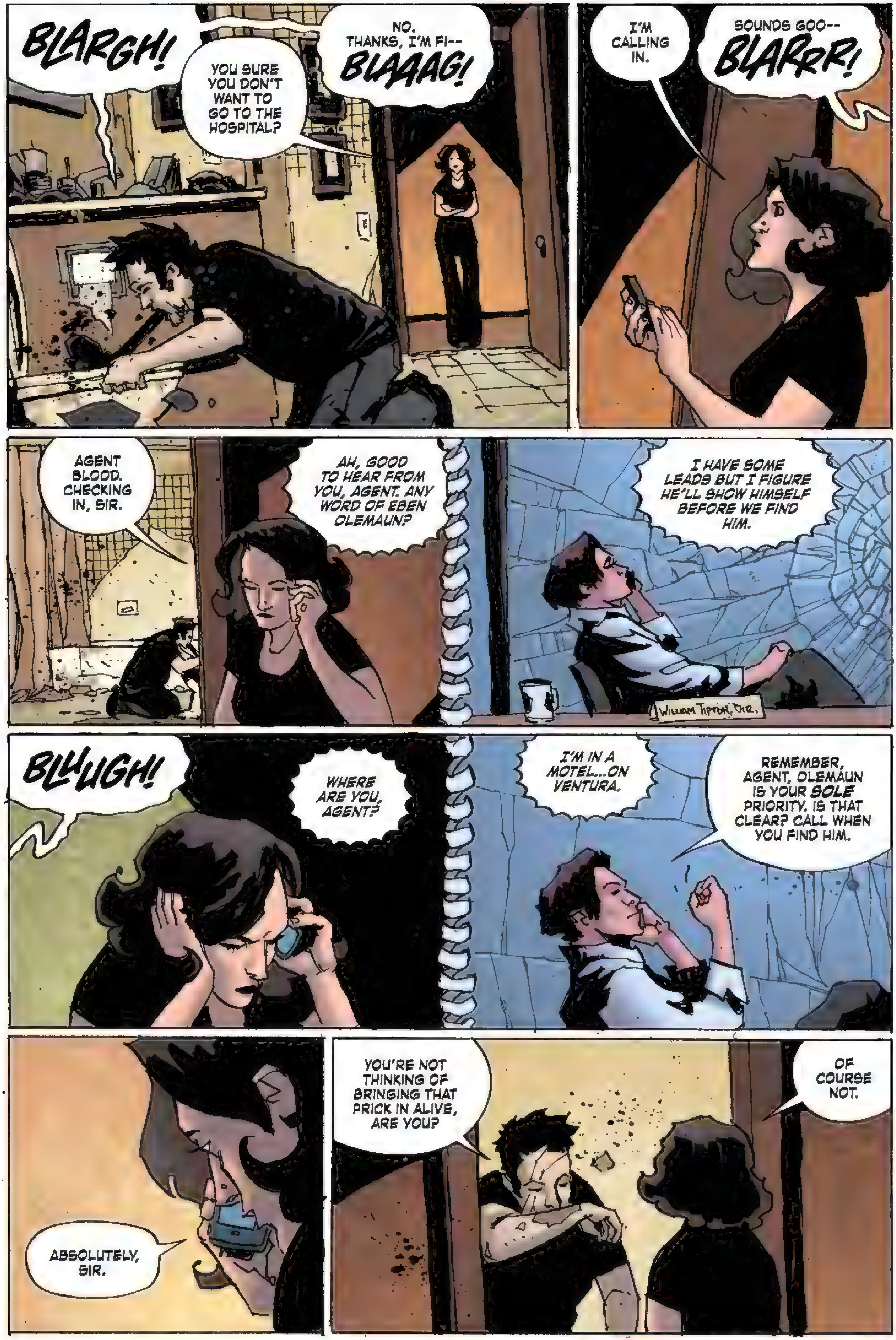

YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO COME?
NO. I'M GONNA STAY HERE AND, UH, BRIEF AGENT BLOOD. BESIDES, I PUKED MY GUTS OUT AND I WANT TO STAY CLOSE TO HOME.
SHE'S A LUCKY LADY.
CAN IT, COPPER. I'M JUST WORRIED I'LL--
BLAARGGH!
SO YEAH. I'LL STAY HERE.
GOOD IDEA. MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO SEE A DOCTOR.
NO. NO DOCTORS.
YOU SHOULD SIT.
I NEED ANOTHER DRINK.
AS I SAID, I'LL BE HAPPY TO ACCOMPANY YOU, OFFICER.
I GOT IT. I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF I FIND ANYTHING.

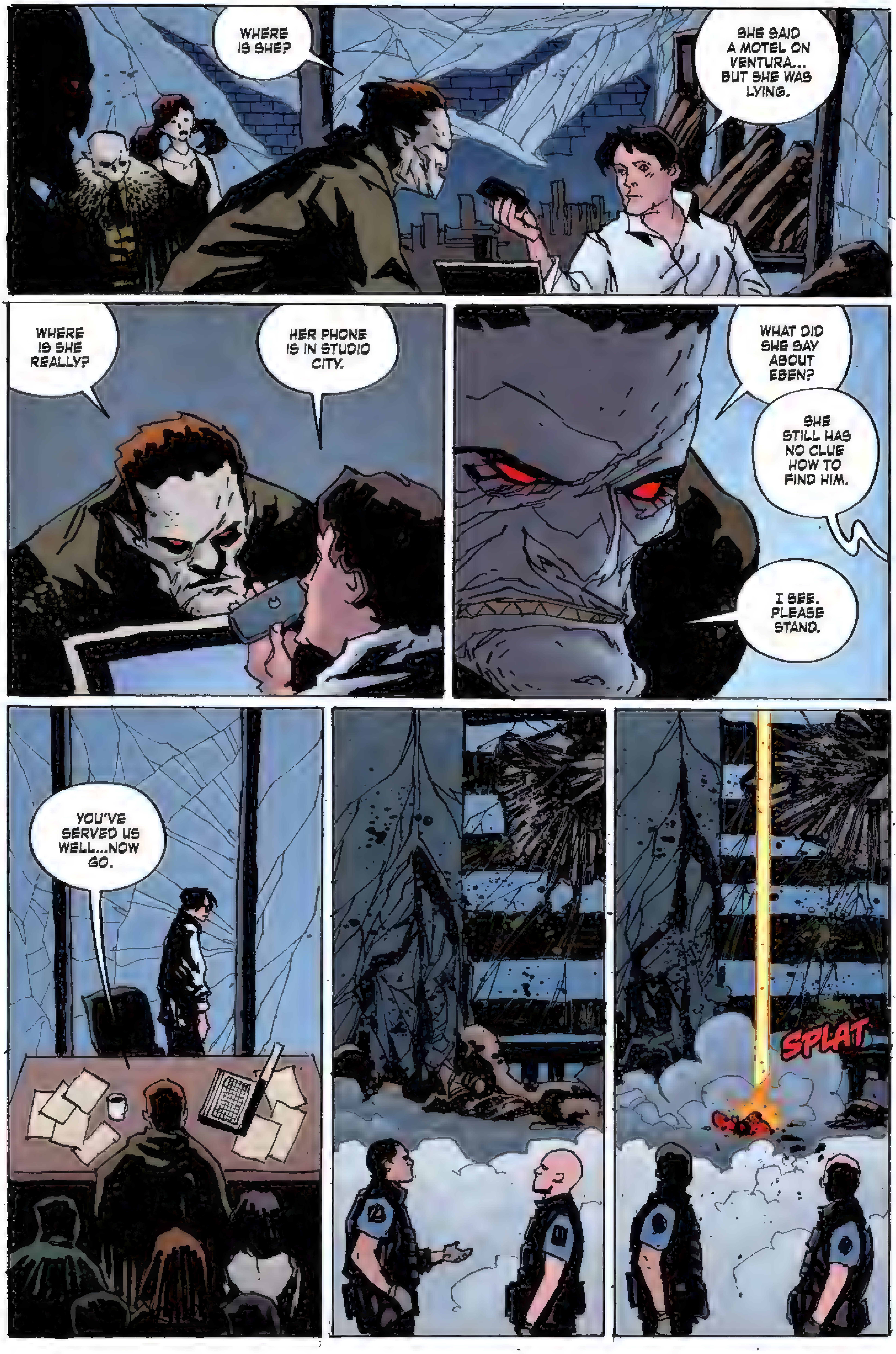

HOW IS THE SEARCH GOING, JOHN?
IT GOES WELL. THAT BUG EATER CAN'T HIDE FOREVER. SOONER OR LATER HIS APPETITES WILL EXPOSE HIM.
I WANT HIM FOUND. I WANT STELLA'S REMAINS.
YOU DO REALIZE, DEAR BOY, THERE IS VERY LITTLE CHANCE YOU WILL BE ABLE TO REVIVE YOUR LOVELY WIFE.
DO YOU *ENJOY* REMINDING ME HOW LITTLE HOPE I HAVE OF BRINGING STELLA BACK? I AM WELL AWARE OF THE ODDS, JOHN.
I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO--
IF STELLA BELIEVED THE SAME, I WOULD NOT BE HERE TODAY. SHE TOOK MY REMAINS AND BROUGHT ME BACK DESPITE WHAT SHE WAS TOLD.
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS, EBEN. HER HEAD WAS TAKEN. THERE IS NO COMING BACK.
B.P.D.
FSSHK
CRAK
AUUGH!

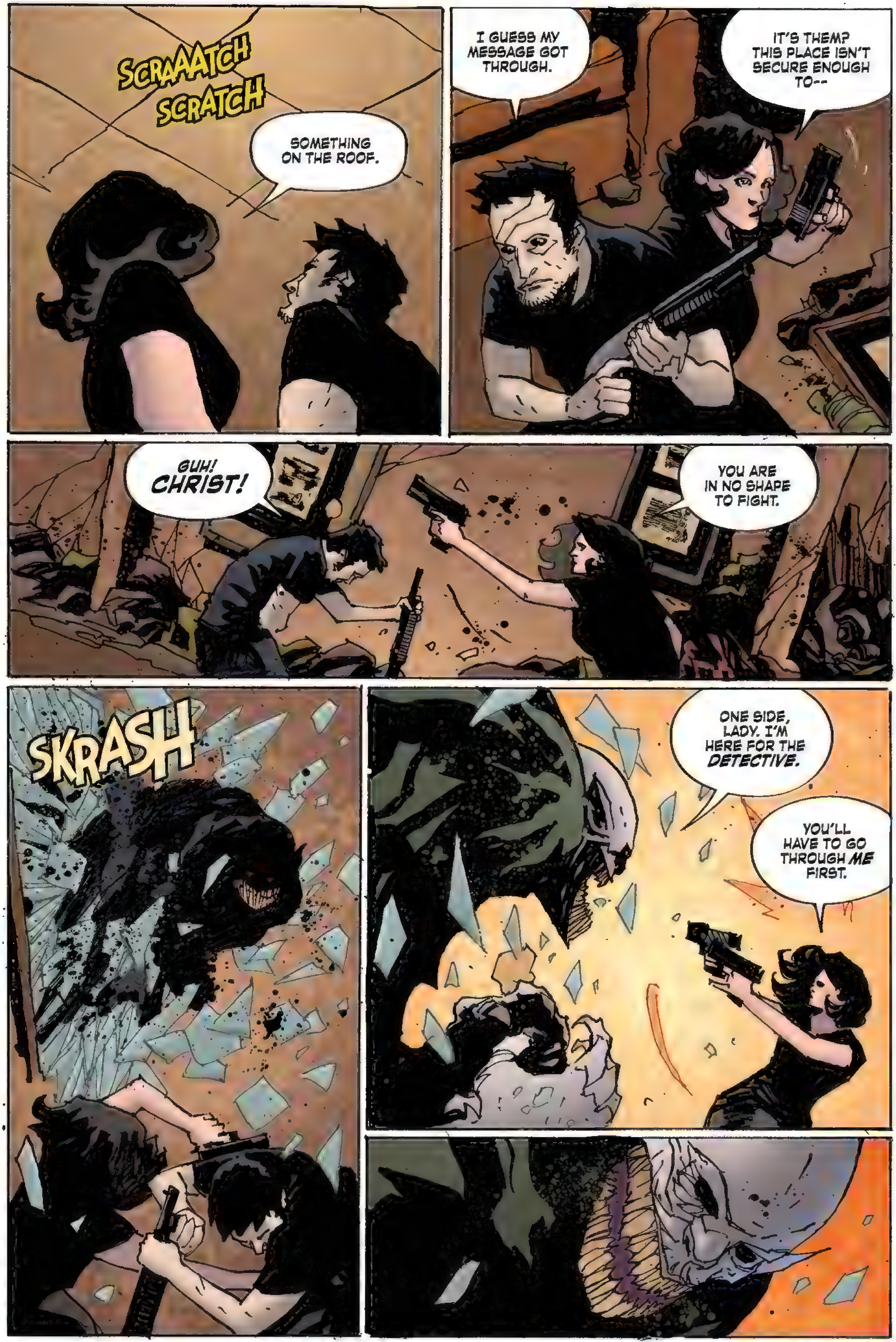

I'D LIKE A BIT MORE OF A POSITIVE ATTITUDE FROM HERE ON OUT, OKAY?
FIND THE BUG EATER.
UNDERSTOOD.
YES, SIR.
NOW TELL ME HOW YOUR OTHER ASSIGNMENTS ARE GOING, JOHN.
GOOD. THEY ARE GOING WELL, EBEN. FOLLOWERS COME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO JOIN IN.
GOOD NEWS. VERY GOOD.
YOU MIND MY ASKING WHY WE'RE HERE, THOUGH?
I'VE INSTRUCTED INCOMING TROOPS TO AVOID THE SEWERS. HUMANS ARE AWARE OF THE TUNNELS AS HIDING PLACES.
SO WHERE, THEN?
RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES...
SNAP

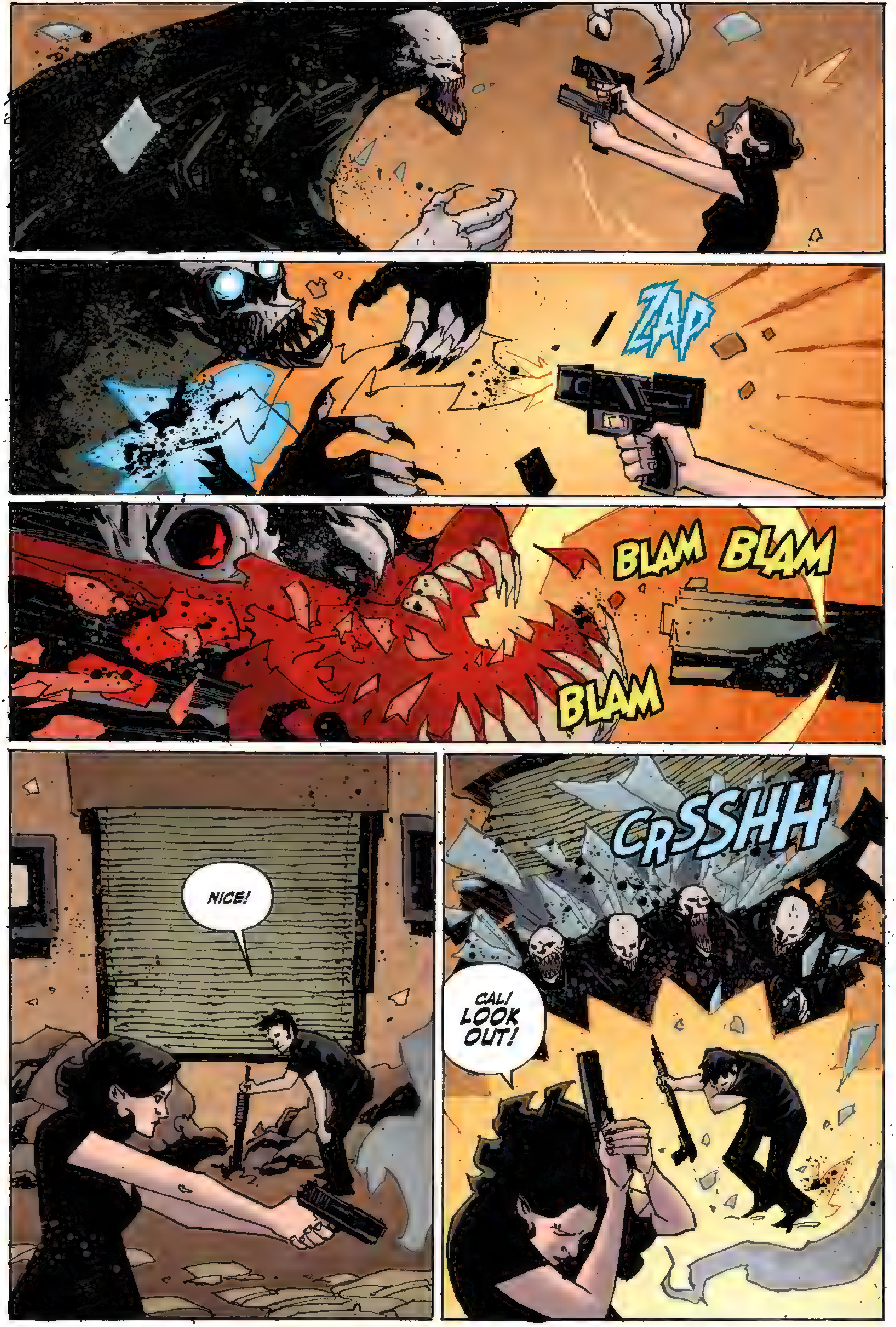
THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF ABANDONED AND UNUSED HOUSING PROJECTS THROUGHOUT THE LOS ANGELES AREA. TELL ALL NEW RECRUITS TO OCCUPY THESE BUILDINGS UNTIL I GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR ATTACK.

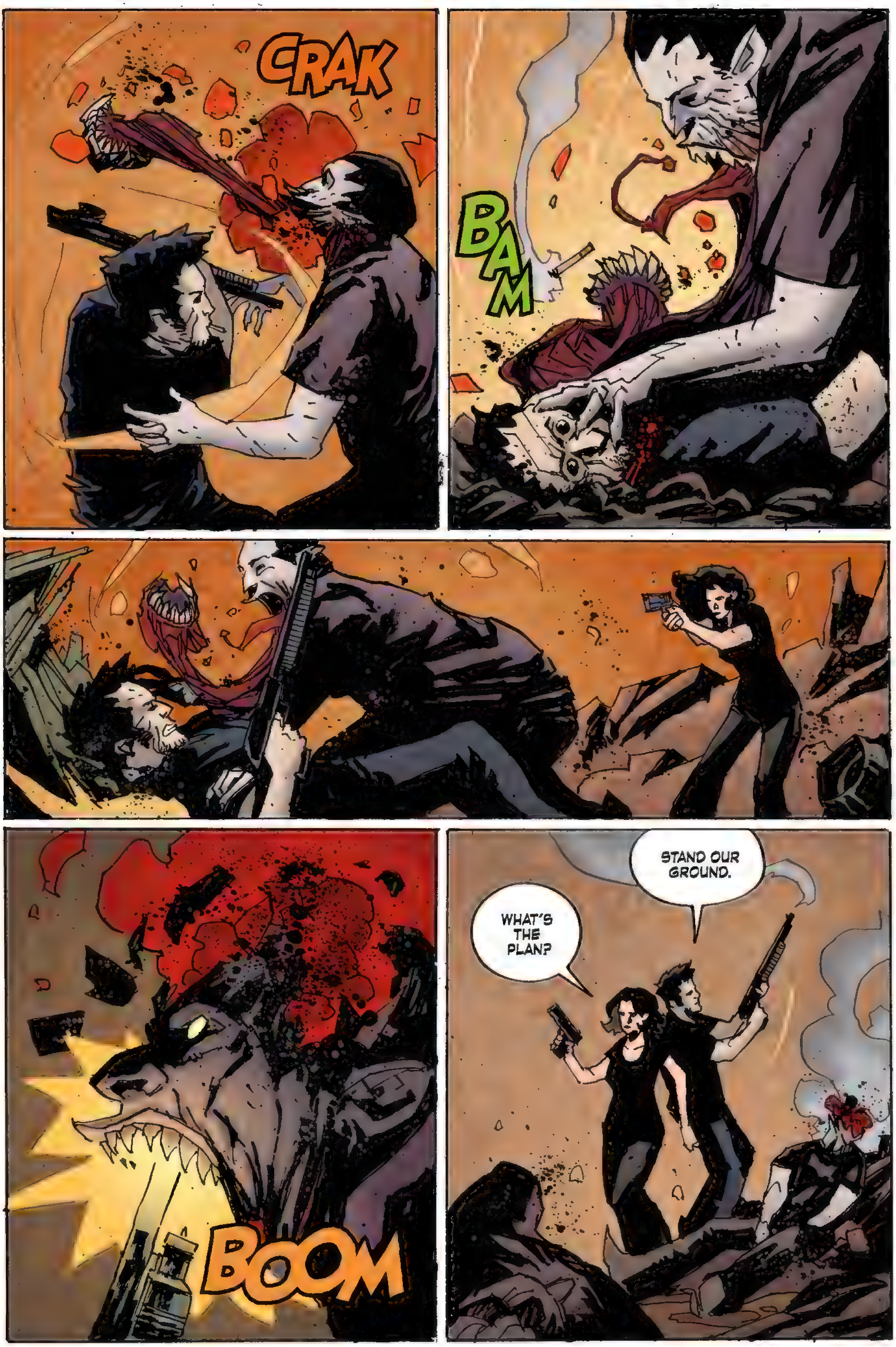

BUT FIRST, WE HAVE ANOTHER PROBLEM. THIS CITY IS SHARED BY MANY UNDEAD, MOST OF WHOM SIDE WITH US IN OUR MISSION TO BRING HUMANS TO THEIR KNEES. BUT THERE ARE SOME WHO SIDE WITH THE HUMANS.
THE *GHOULS* OF LOS ANGELES ARE TRAITORS TO OUR CAUSE. THEY HAVE ATTACKED OUR KIND. THEY STAND IN THE WAY OF PROGRESS, AND THEREFORE MUST BE DESTROYED.
GO NOW. *DESTROY THE GHOULS!*
KILL THEM ALL!


BLARGH!
YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL?
NO. THANKS, I'M FI-- BLAAAG!
I'M CALLING IN.
SOUNDS GOO-- BLARRR!
AGENT BLOOD. CHECKING IN, SIR.
AH, GOOD TO HEAR FROM YOU, AGENT. ANY WORD OF EBEN OLEMAUN?
I HAVE SOME LEADS BUT I FIGURE HE'LL SHOW HIMSELF BEFORE WE FIND HIM.
WILLIAM TIPTON, DIR.
BLUUGH!
WHERE ARE YOU, AGENT?
I'M IN A MOTEL...ON VENTURA.
REMEMBER, AGENT, OLEMAUN IS YOUR SOLE PRIORITY. IS THAT CLEAR? CALL WHEN YOU FIND HIM.
ABSOLUTELY, SIR.
YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF BRINGING THAT PRICK IN ALIVE, ARE YOU?
OF COURSE NOT.

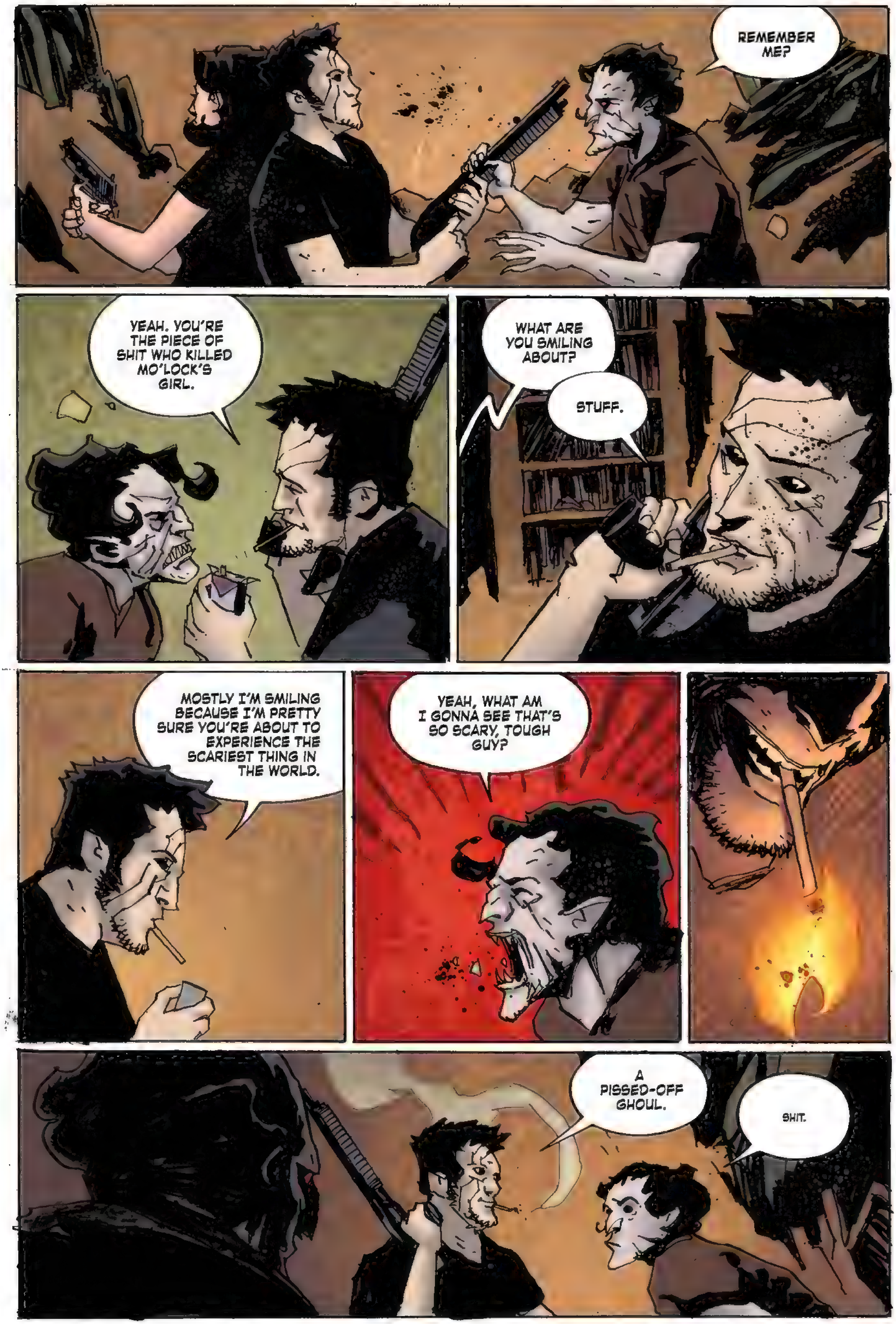

WHERE IS SHE?
SHE SAID A MOTEL ON VENTURA... BUT SHE WAS LYING.
WHERE IS SHE REALLY?
HER PHONE IS IN STUDIO CITY.
WHAT DID SHE SAY ABOUT EBEN?
SHE STILL HAS NO CLUE HOW TO FIND HIM.
I SEE. PLEASE STAND.
YOU'VE SERVED US WELL...NOW GO.
SPLAT


SCRAAATCH
SCRATCH
SOMETHING ON THE ROOF.
I GUESS MY MESSAGE GOT THROUGH.
IT'S THEM? THIS PLACE ISN'T SECURE ENOUGH TO--
GUH! CHRIST!
YOU ARE IN NO SHAPE TO FIGHT.
SKRASH
ONE SIDE, LADY. I'M HERE FOR THE *DETECTIVE.*
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH *ME* FIRST.

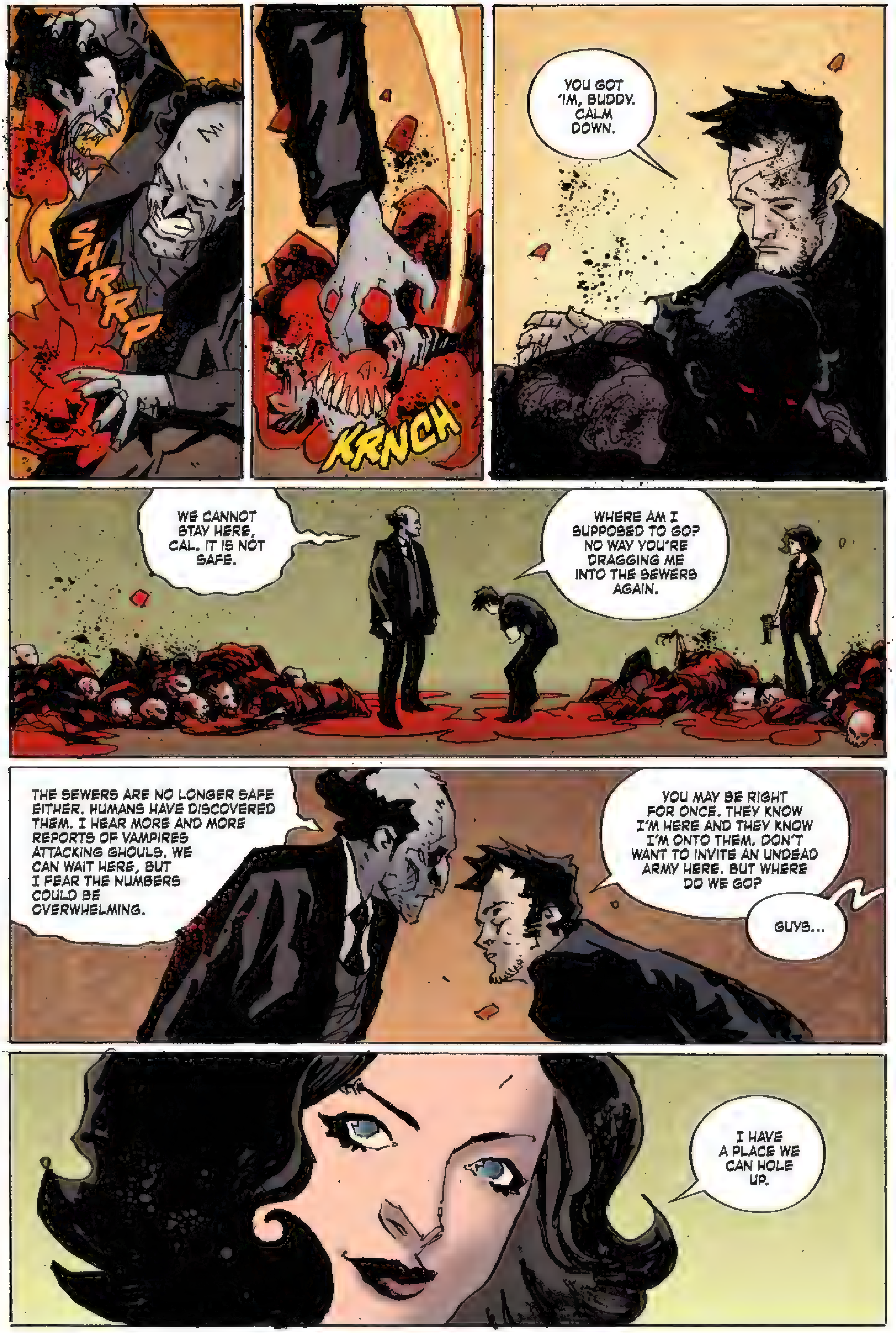

ZAP
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
NICE!
CRSSHH
CAL! LOOK OUT!


CRAK
BAM
BOOM
WHAT'S THE PLAN?
STAND OUR GROUND.

CRASH
CRIIISH
CRASH
WHERE IS THAT GODDAMN GHOUL WHEN I NEED HIM?

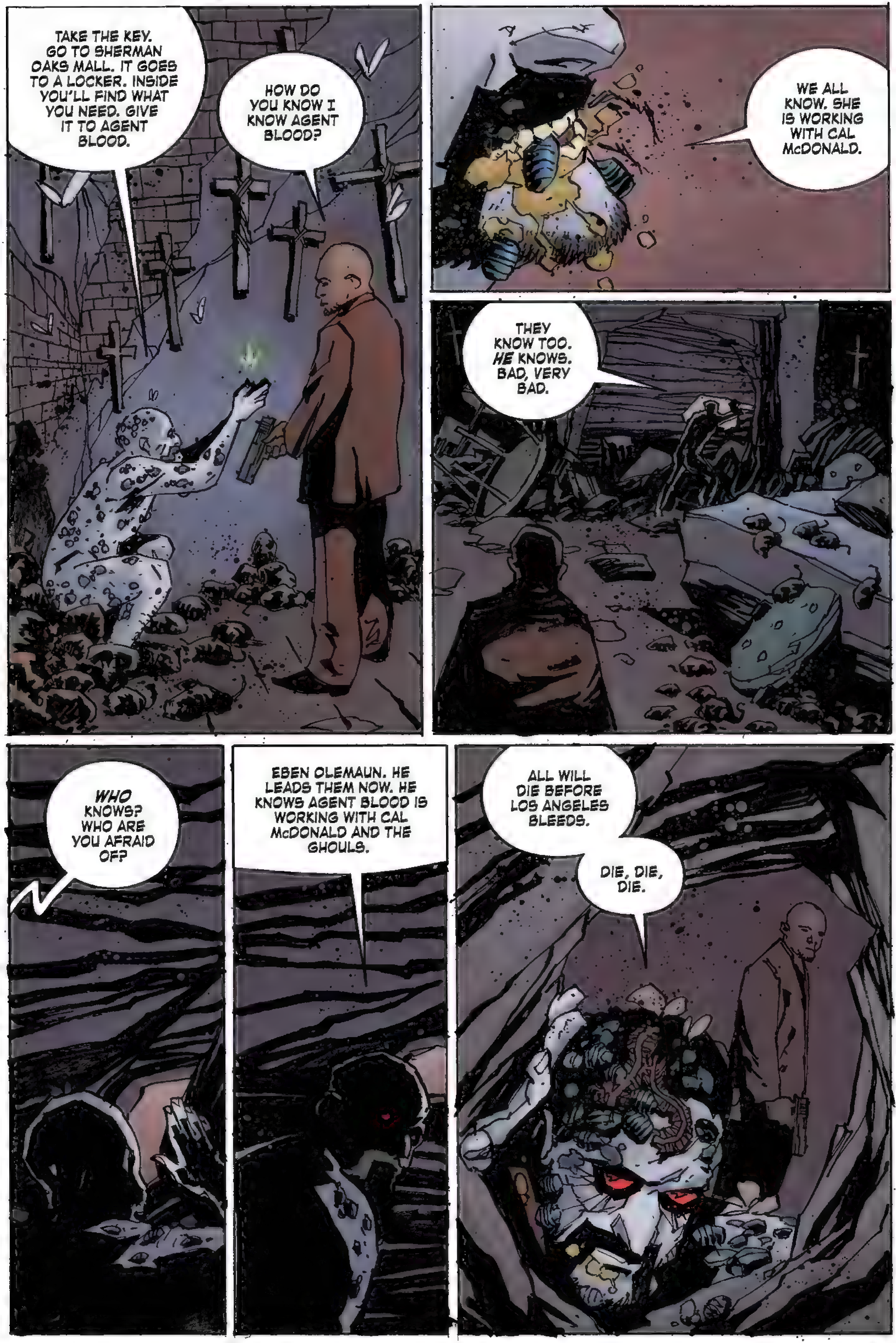

REMEMBER ME?
YEAH. YOU'RE THE PIECE OF SHIT WHO KILLED MO'LOCK'S GIRL.
WHAT ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT?
STUFF.
MOSTLY I'M SMILING BECAUSE I'M PRETTY SURE YOU'RE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE THE SCARIEST THING IN THE WORLD.
YEAH, WHAT AM I GONNA SEE THAT'S SO SCARY, TOUGH GUY?
A PISSED-OFF GHOUL.
SHIT.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
SHRED
WAK

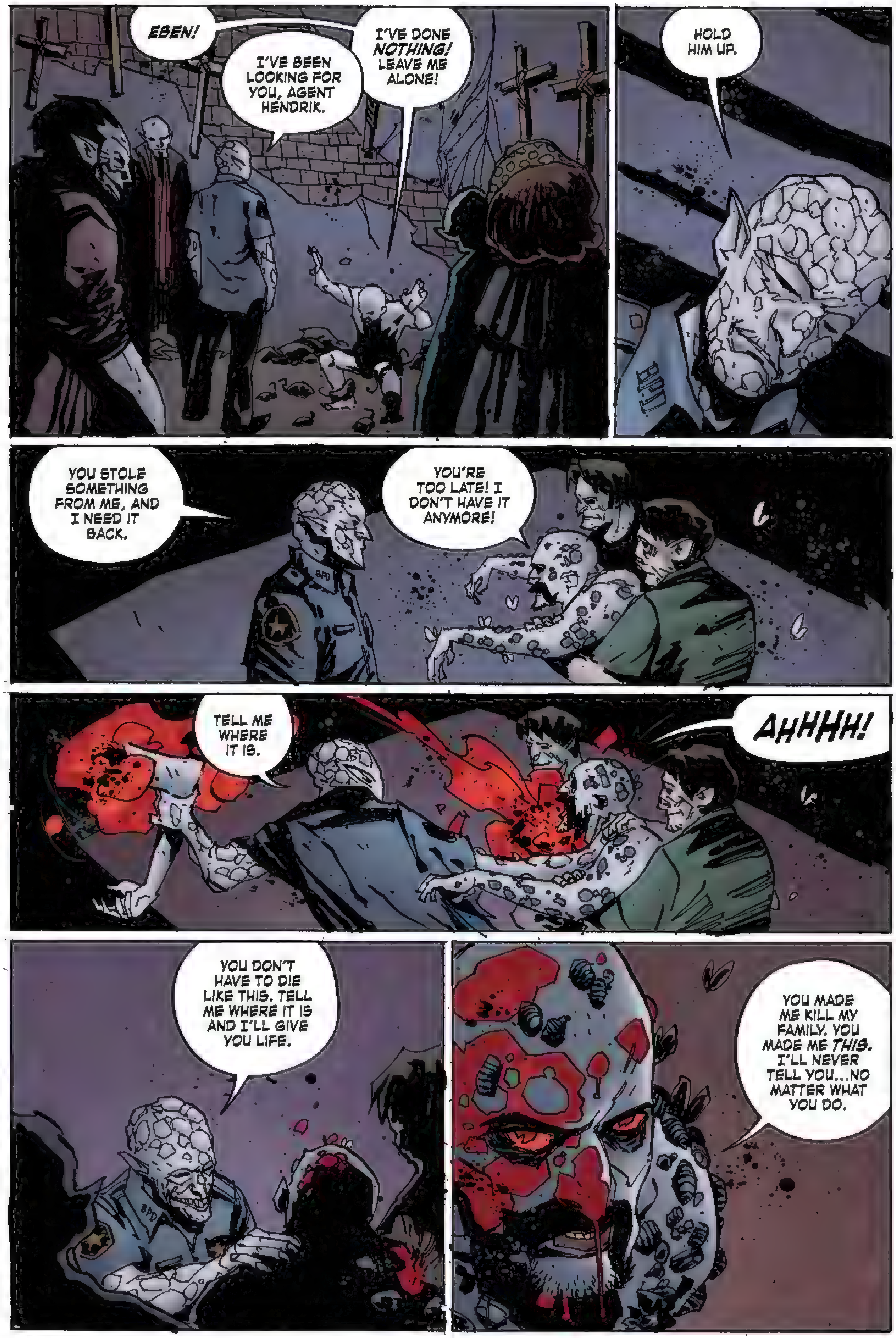

SHRRP
KRNCH
YOU GOT 'IM, BUDDY. CALM DOWN.
WE CANNOT STAY HERE, CAL. IT IS NOT SAFE.
WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TO GO? NO WAY YOU'RE DRAGGING ME INTO THE SEWERS AGAIN.
THE SEWERS ARE NO LONGER SAFE EITHER. HUMANS HAVE DISCOVERED THEM. I HEAR MORE AND MORE REPORTS OF VAMPIRES ATTACKING GHOULS. WE CAN WAIT HERE, BUT I FEAR THE NUMBERS COULD BE OVERWHELMING.
YOU MAY BE RIGHT FOR ONCE. THEY KNOW I'M HERE AND THEY KNOW I'M ONTO THEM. DON'T WANT TO INVITE AN UNDEAD ARMY HERE. BUT WHERE DO WE GO?
GUYS...
I HAVE A PLACE WE CAN HOLE UP.

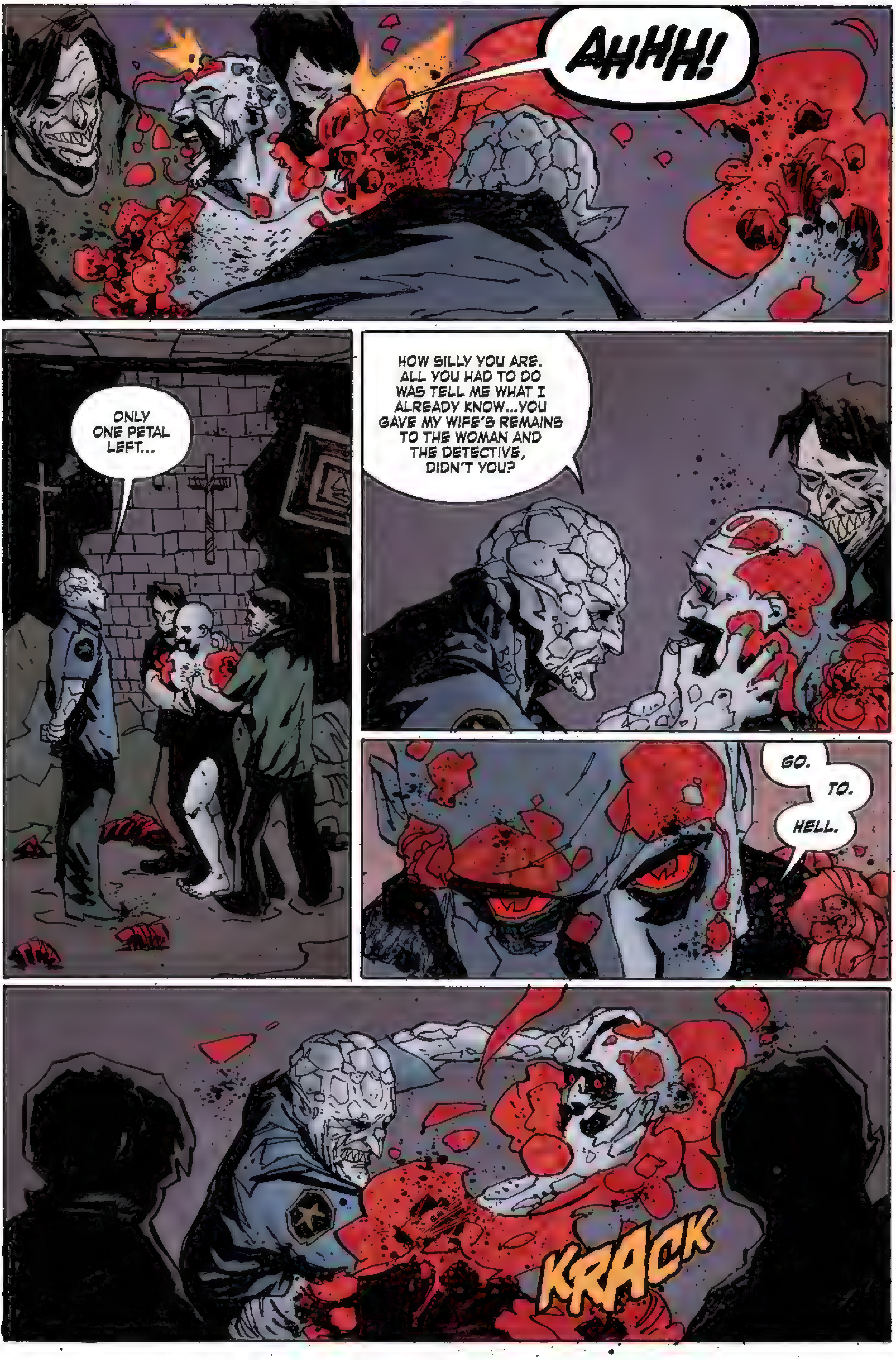
12
13
BAM

13
SQUEE
SQUEEE
SQUEEEE
TAKE IT. TAKE IT. GIVE WHAT YOU FIND TO AGENT BLOOD.
TAKE IT! BEFORE THEY COME.
SQUEEE
SQUEEEE
SQUEEE
FBI
SQUEEE
SQUEE

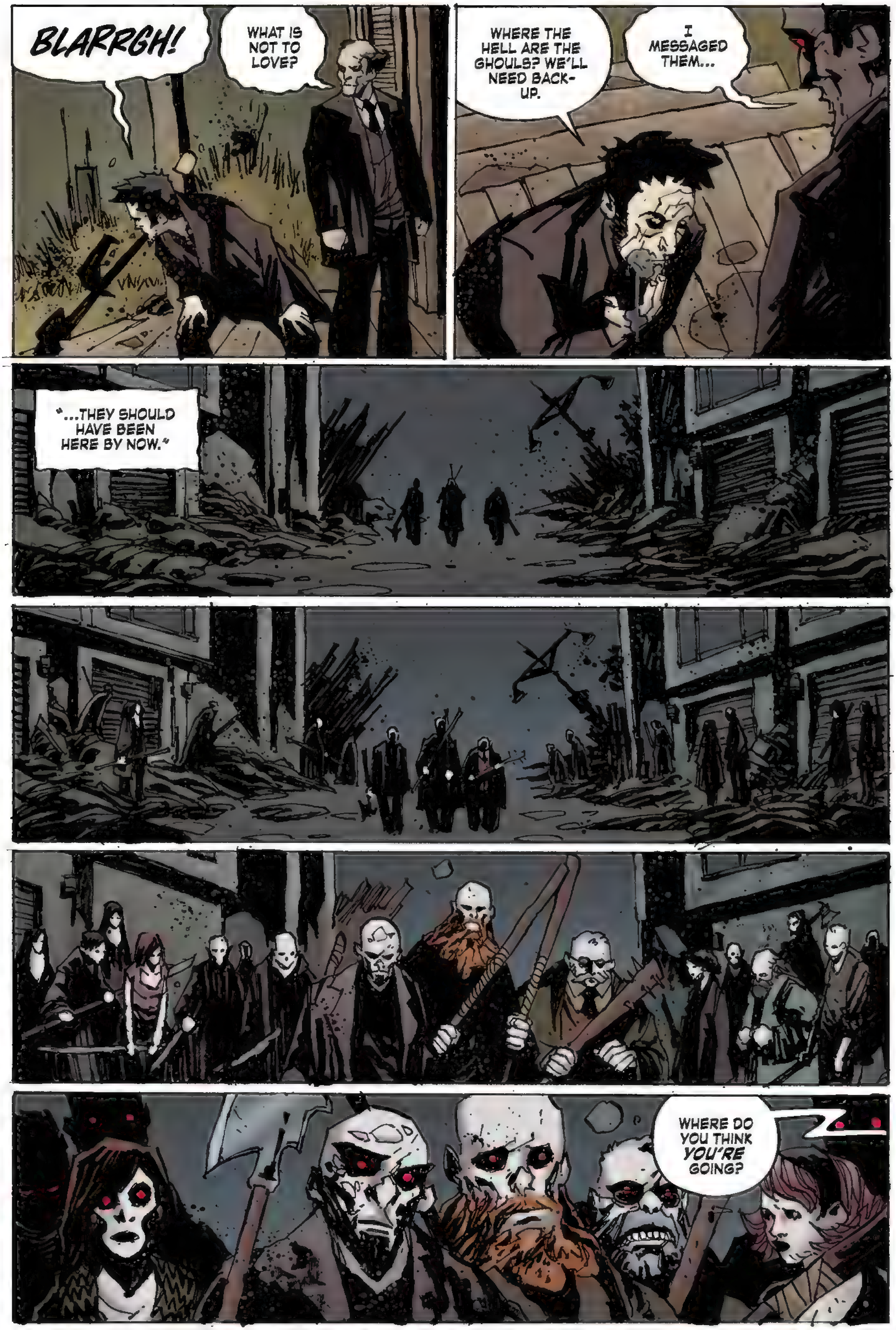

TAKE THE KEY. GO TO SHERMAN OAKS MALL. IT GOES TO A LOCKER. INSIDE YOU'LL FIND WHAT YOU NEED. GIVE IT TO AGENT BLOOD.
HOW DO YOU KNOW I KNOW AGENT BLOOD?
WE ALL KNOW. SHE IS WORKING WITH CAL McDONALD.
THEY KNOW TOO. *HE* KNOWS. BAD, VERY BAD.
WHO KNOWS? WHO ARE YOU AFRAID OF?
EBEN OLEMAUN. HE LEADS THEM NOW. HE KNOWS AGENT BLOOD IS WORKING WITH CAL McDONALD AND THE GHOULS.
ALL WILL DIE BEFORE LOS ANGELES BLEEDS.
DIE, DIE, DIE.

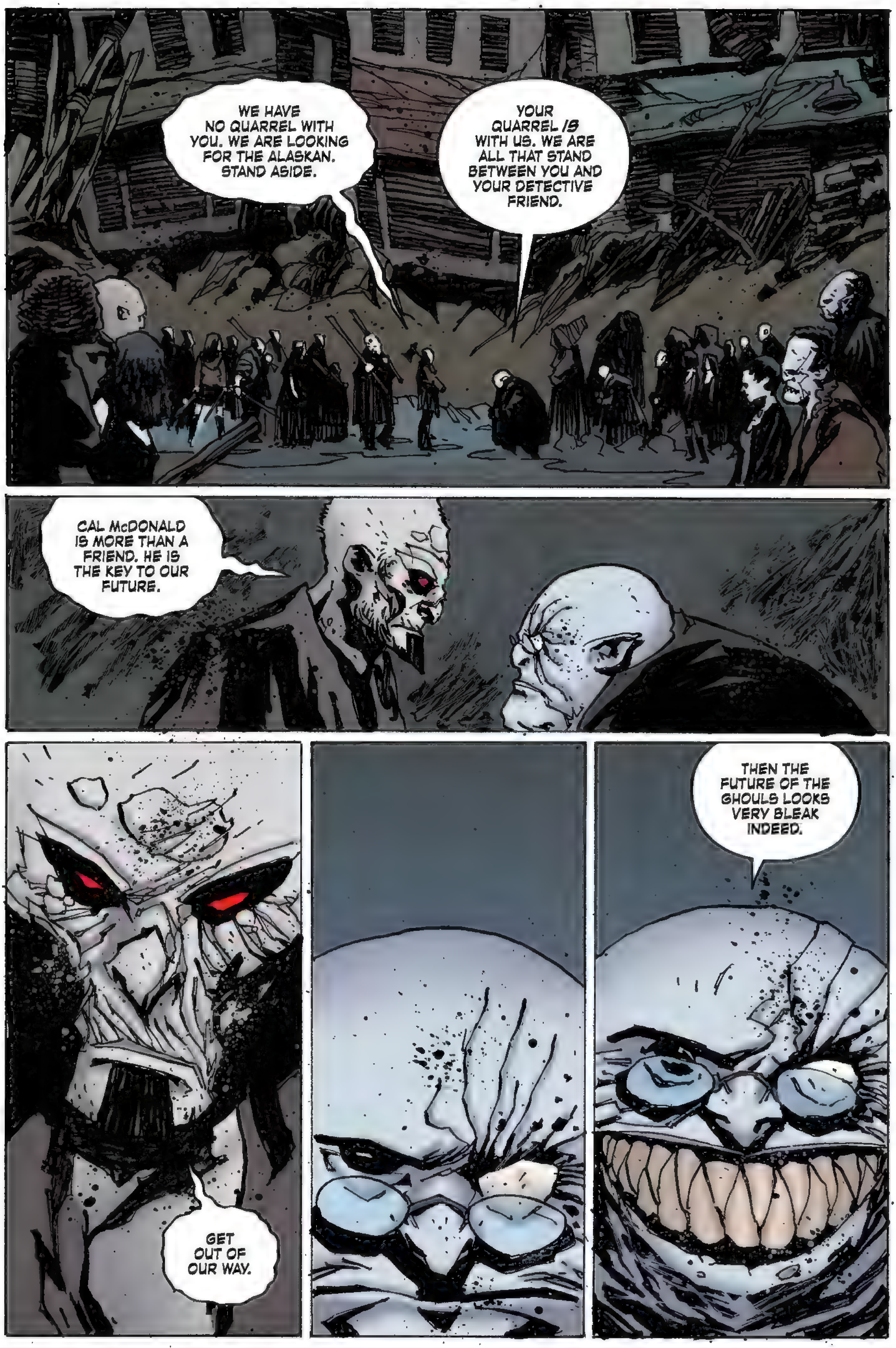
DIE, DIE, DIE.
SWEET CHRIST.

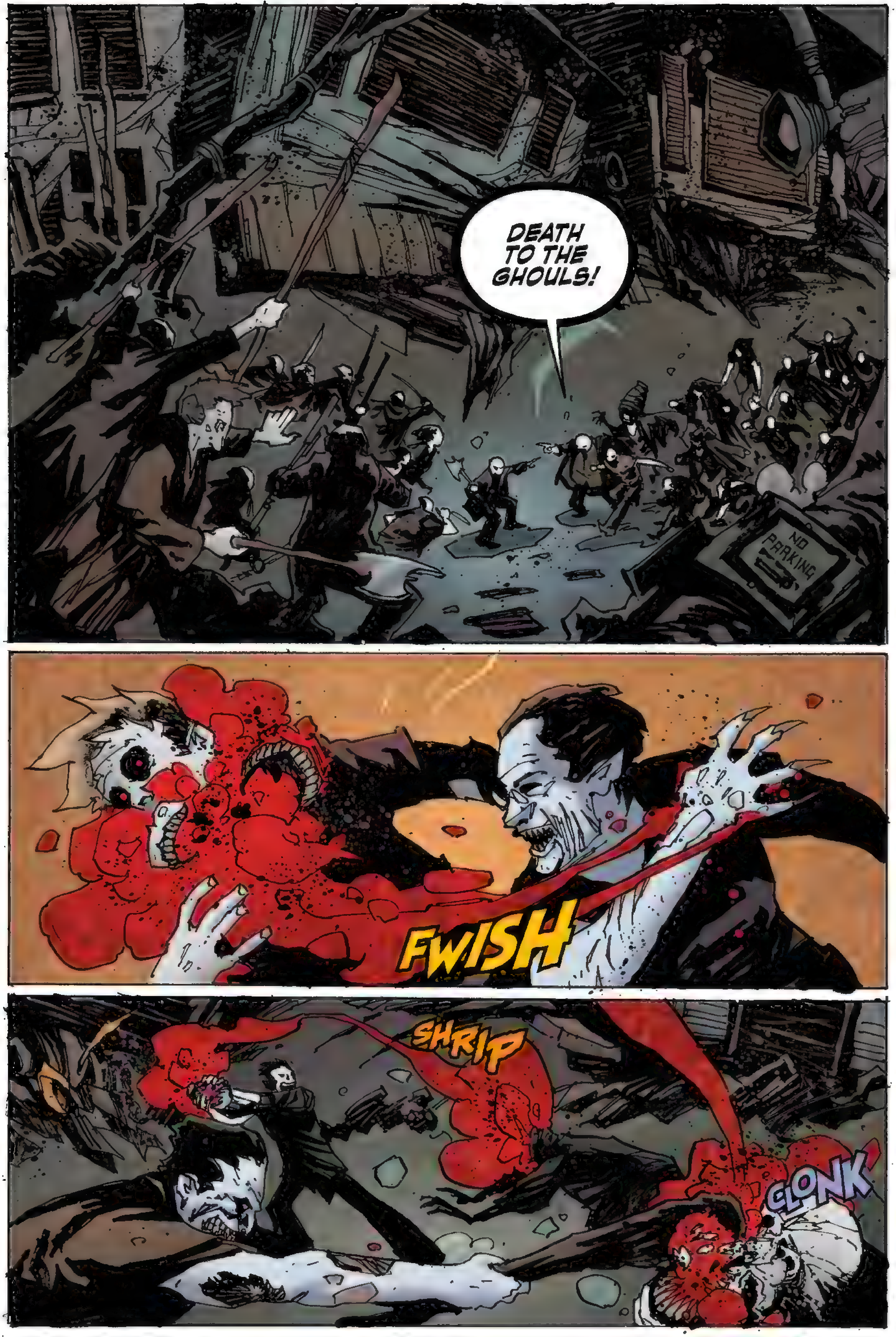

EBEN!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, AGENT HENDRIK.
I'VE DONE *NOTHING!* LEAVE ME ALONE!
HOLD HIM UP.
YOU STOLE SOMETHING FROM ME, AND I NEED IT BACK.
YOU'RE TOO LATE! I DON'T HAVE IT ANYMORE!
TELL ME WHERE IT IS.
AHHHH!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DIE LIKE THIS. TELL ME WHERE IT IS AND I'LL GIVE YOU LIFE.
YOU MADE ME KILL MY FAMILY. YOU MADE ME *THIS.* I'LL NEVER TELL YOU...NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO.

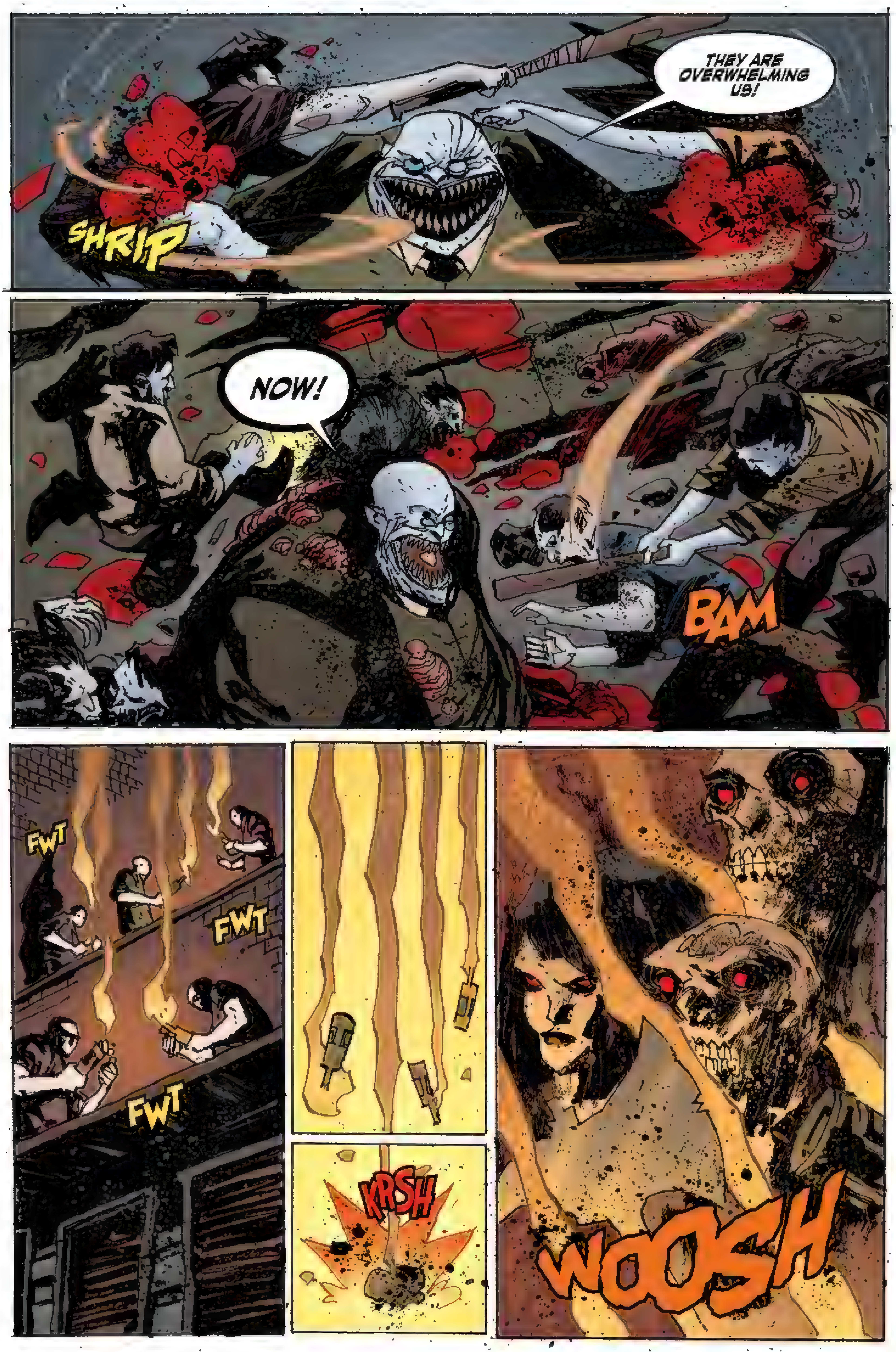

AHHH!
ONLY ONE PETAL LEFT...
HOW SILLY YOU ARE. ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS TELL ME WHAT I ALREADY KNOW...YOU GAVE MY WIFE'S REMAINS TO THE WOMAN AND THE DETECTIVE, DIDN'T YOU?
GO. TO. HELL.
KRACK

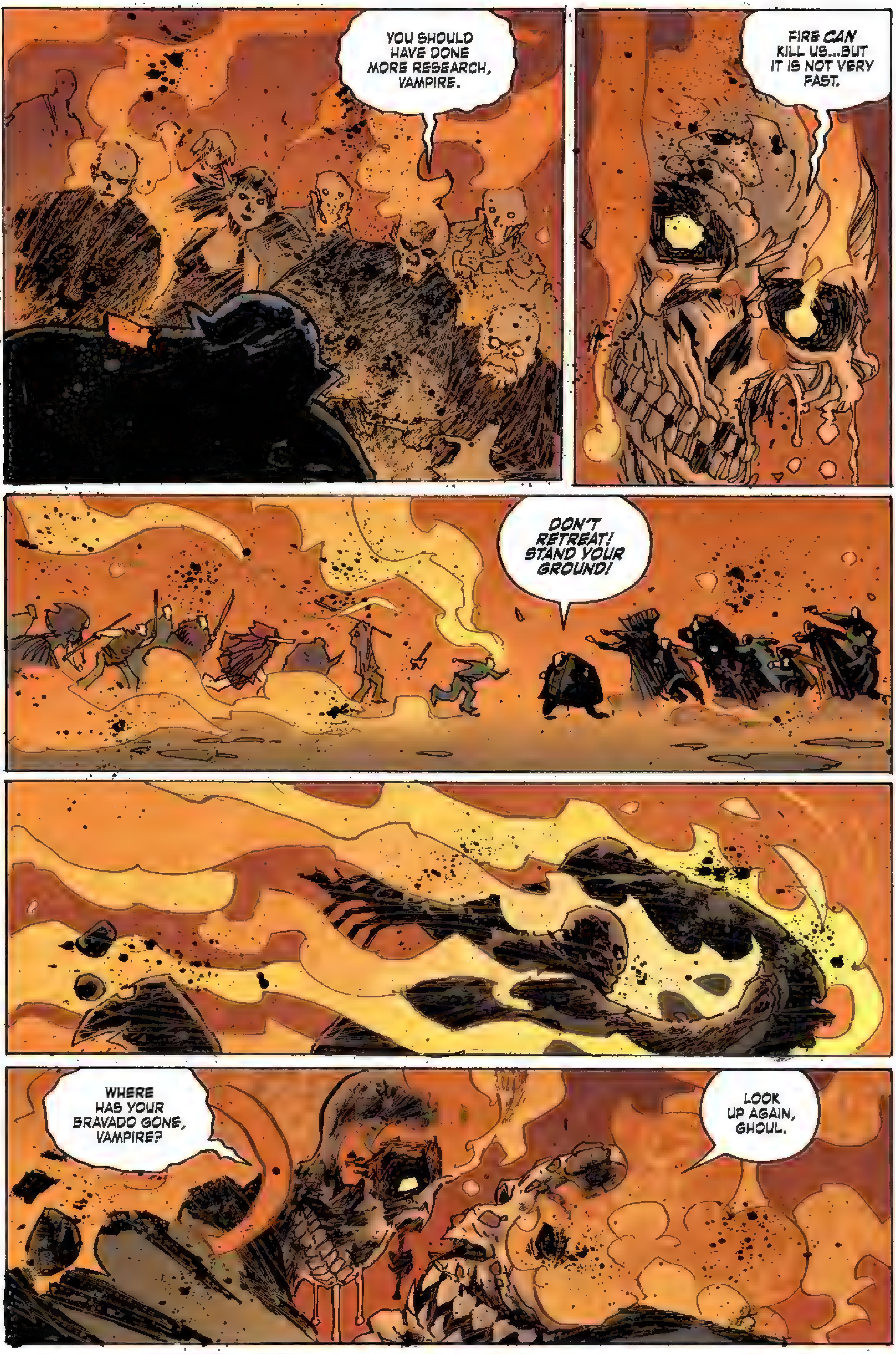
THIS IS WHERE WE'RE GOING TO MAKE OUR STAND?
IT MAY NOT LOOK LIKE MUCH, BUT IT'S THE LAST OF MY SAFE HOUSES.
YOU BUY IT FROM THE CLAMPETTS WHEN THEY MOVED TO BEVERLY HILLS?
HA. EVERYTHING WE'LL NEED IS INSIDE.
WHO ARE WE FIGHTING-- THE HATFIELDS OR THE McCOYS?
OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT.
SICK OF MY CHARM?
IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL IT?
SHE LOVES ME.


BLARRGH!
WHAT IS NOT TO LOVE?
WHERE THE HELL ARE THE GHOULS? WE'LL NEED BACK-UP.
I MESSAGED THEM...
"...THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE BY NOW."
WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING?

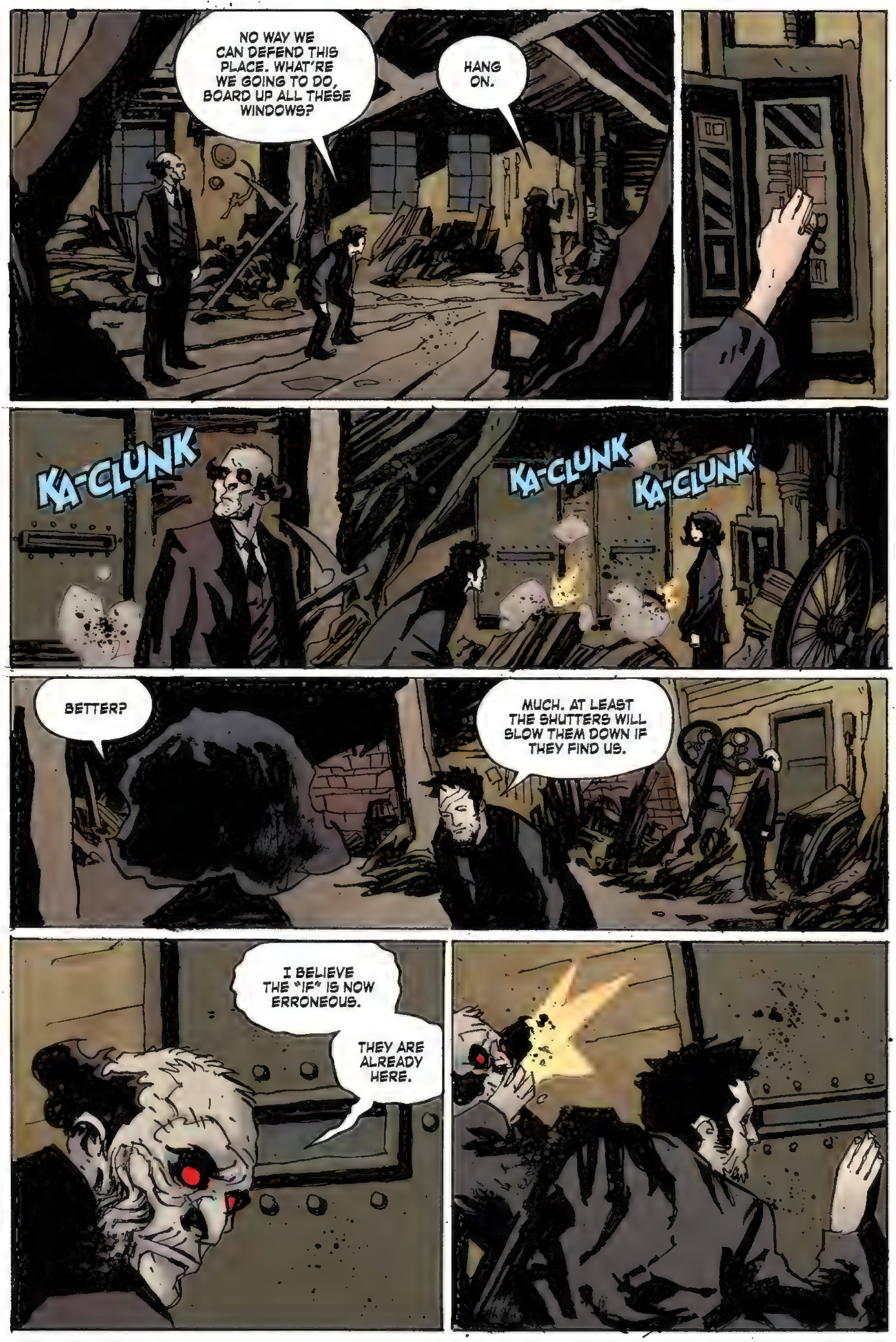

WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH YOU. WE ARE LOOKING FOR THE ALASKAN. STAND ASIDE.
YOUR QUARREL *IS* WITH US. WE ARE ALL THAT STAND BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR DETECTIVE FRIEND.
CAL McDONALD IS MORE THAN A FRIEND. HE IS THE KEY TO OUR FUTURE.
GET OUT OF OUR WAY.
THEN THE FUTURE OF THE GHOULS LOOKS VERY BLEAK INDEED.


DEATH TO THE GHOULS!
NO PARKING
FWISH
SHRIP
CLONK


THEY ARE OVERWHELMING US!
SHRIP
NOW!
BAM
FWT
FWT
FWT
KRSH
WOOSH

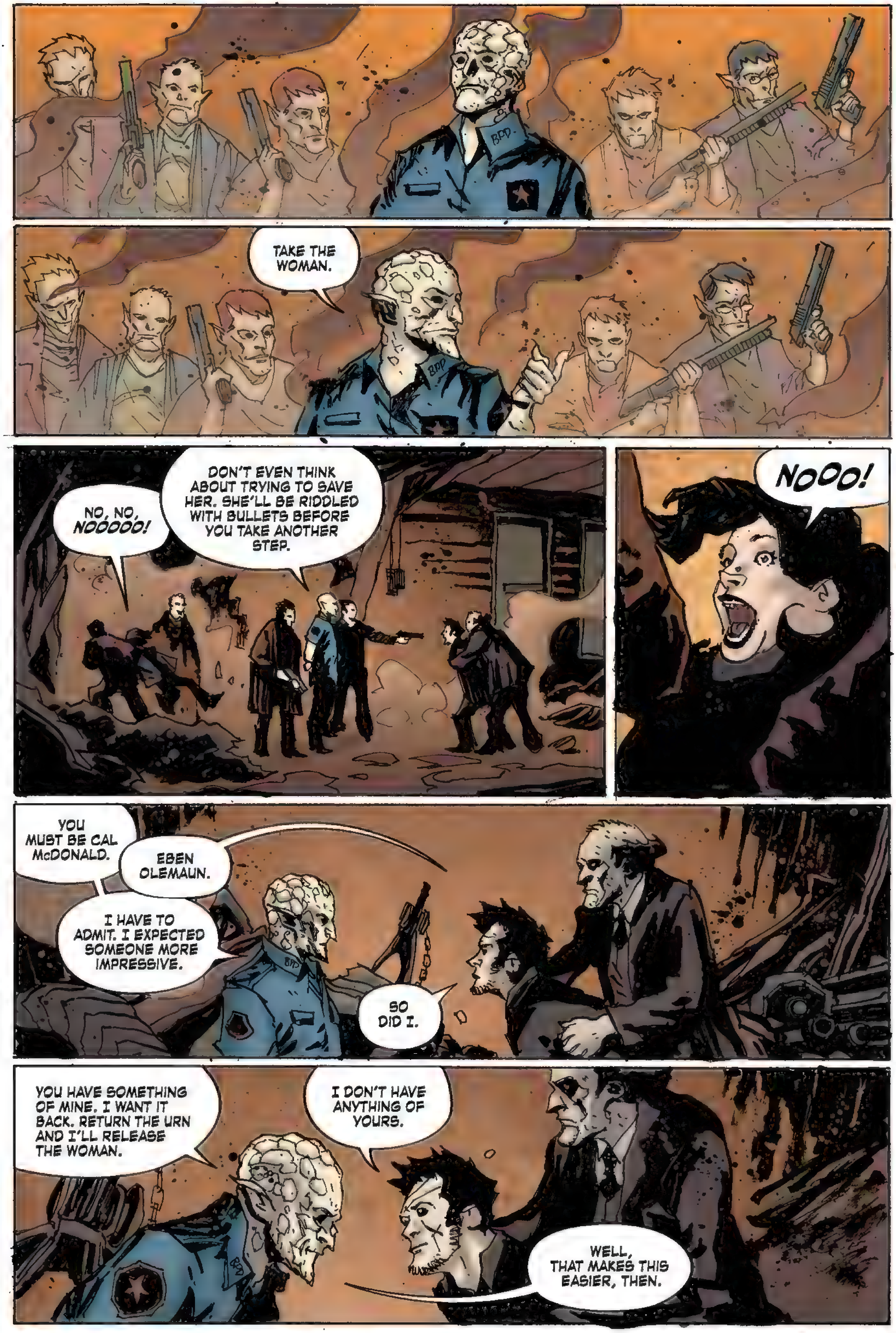

YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE MORE RESEARCH, VAMPIRE.
FIRE *CAN* KILL US...BUT IT IS NOT VERY FAST.
DON'T RETREAT! STAND YOUR GROUND!
WHERE HAS YOUR BRAVADO GONE, VAMPIRE?
LOOK UP AGAIN, GHOUL.

WHAT SAY YOU NOW?
NO WORDS.
FIRE...GURH... F////RE!
R////P


NO WAY WE CAN DEFEND THIS PLACE. WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO, BOARD UP ALL THESE WINDOWS?
HANG ON.
KA-CLUNK
KA-CLUNK
KA-CLUNK
BETTER?
MUCH. AT LEAST THE SHUTTERS WILL SLOW THEM DOWN IF THEY FIND US.
I BELIEVE THE "IF" IS NOW ERRONEOUS.
THEY ARE ALREADY HERE.

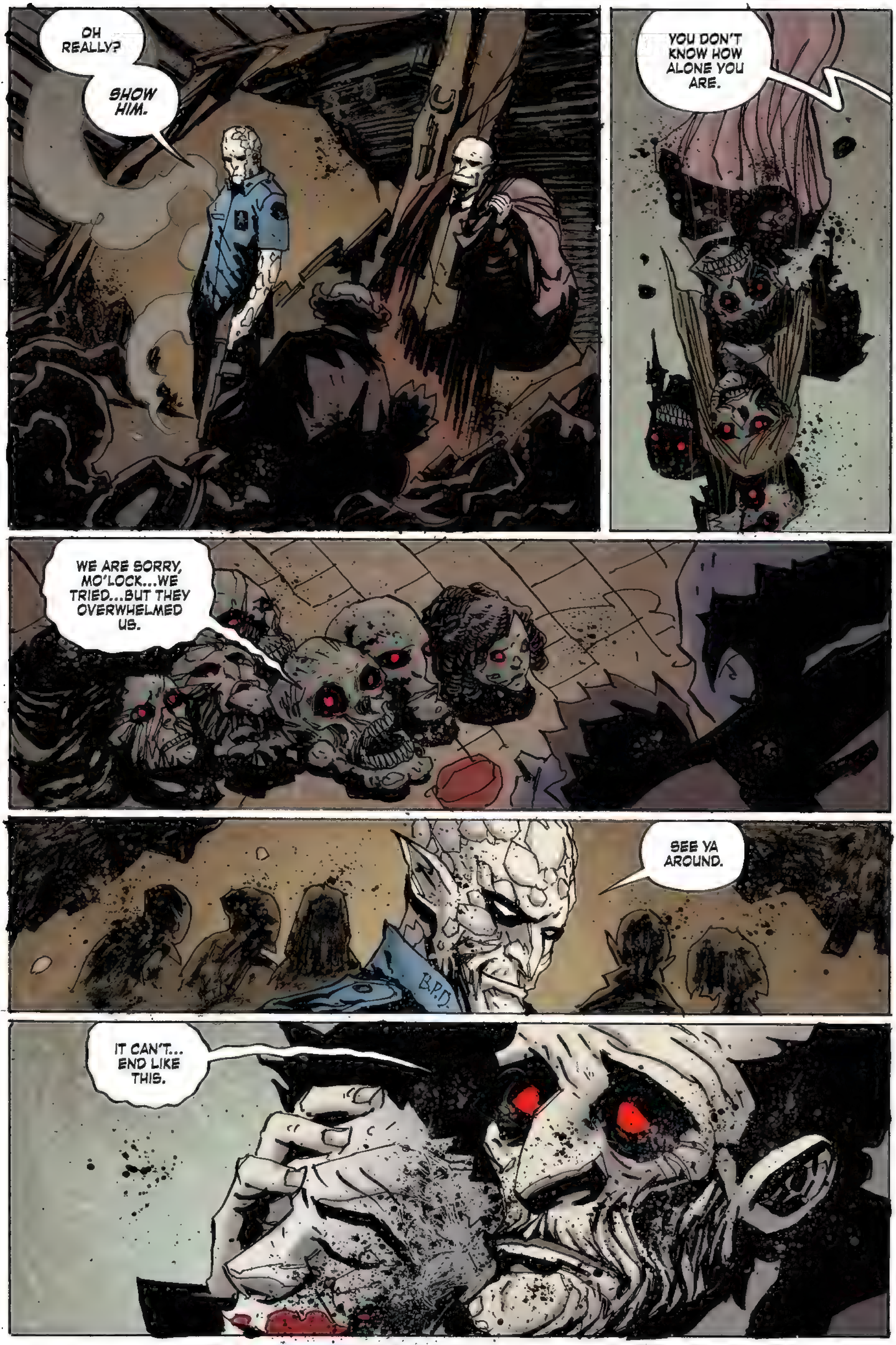
GODDAMMIT.
WELL, VAMPIRES AREN'T VERY GOOD FIGHTERS, AND THEY SURE AS SHIT AREN'T *ORGANIZED.* THEY'LL WHINE AT US FOR A BIT AND THEN BACK OFF.
THEN YOU'VE NEVER DEALT WITH THESE VAMPIRES. THEY AREN'T BIG ON THE ROMANCE AND WHINING. THEY JUST KILL.
YEAH, WELL, I'VE YET TO MEET A VAMPIRE THAT WASN'T A WHINY LITTLE BITCH.

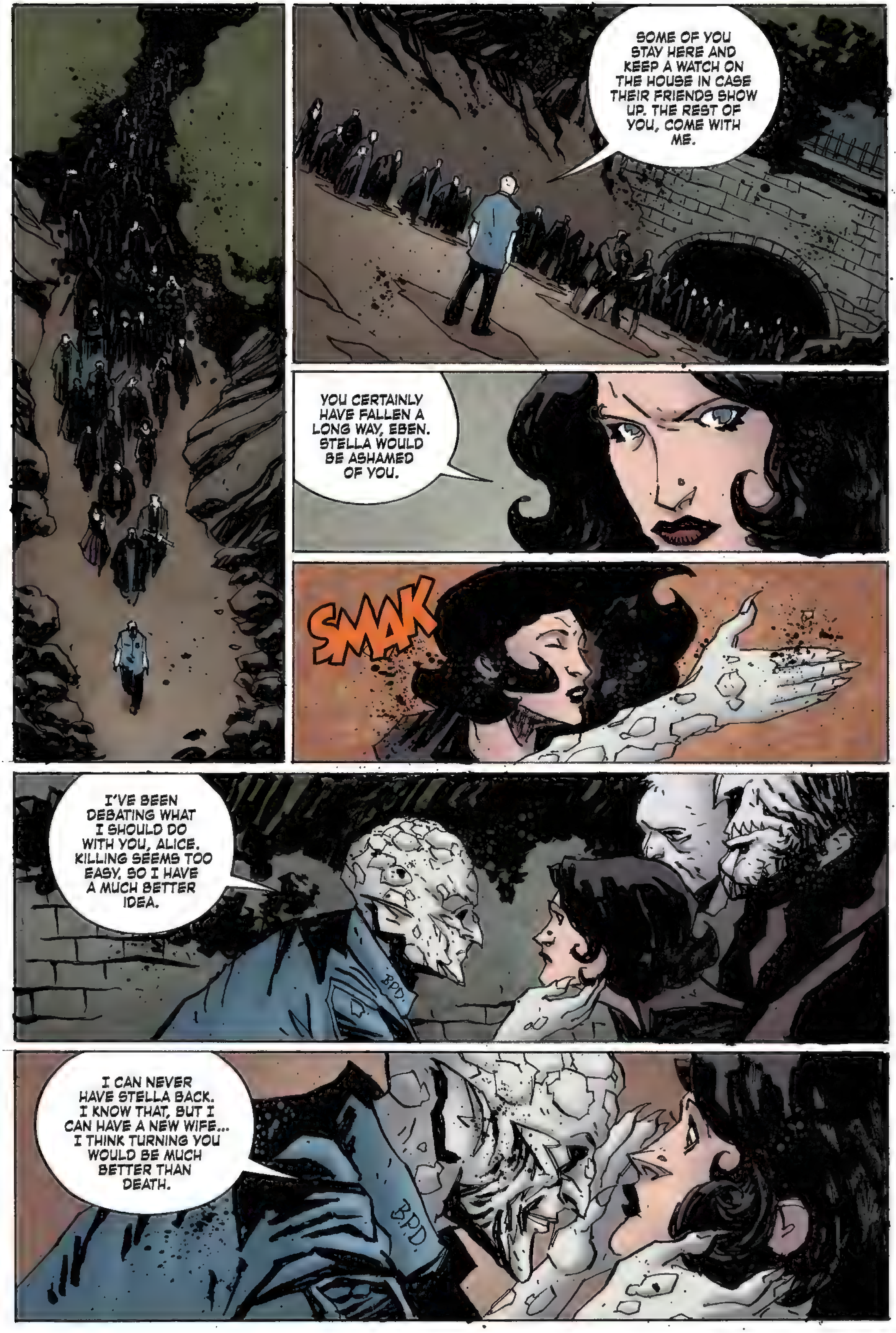
BOOOM

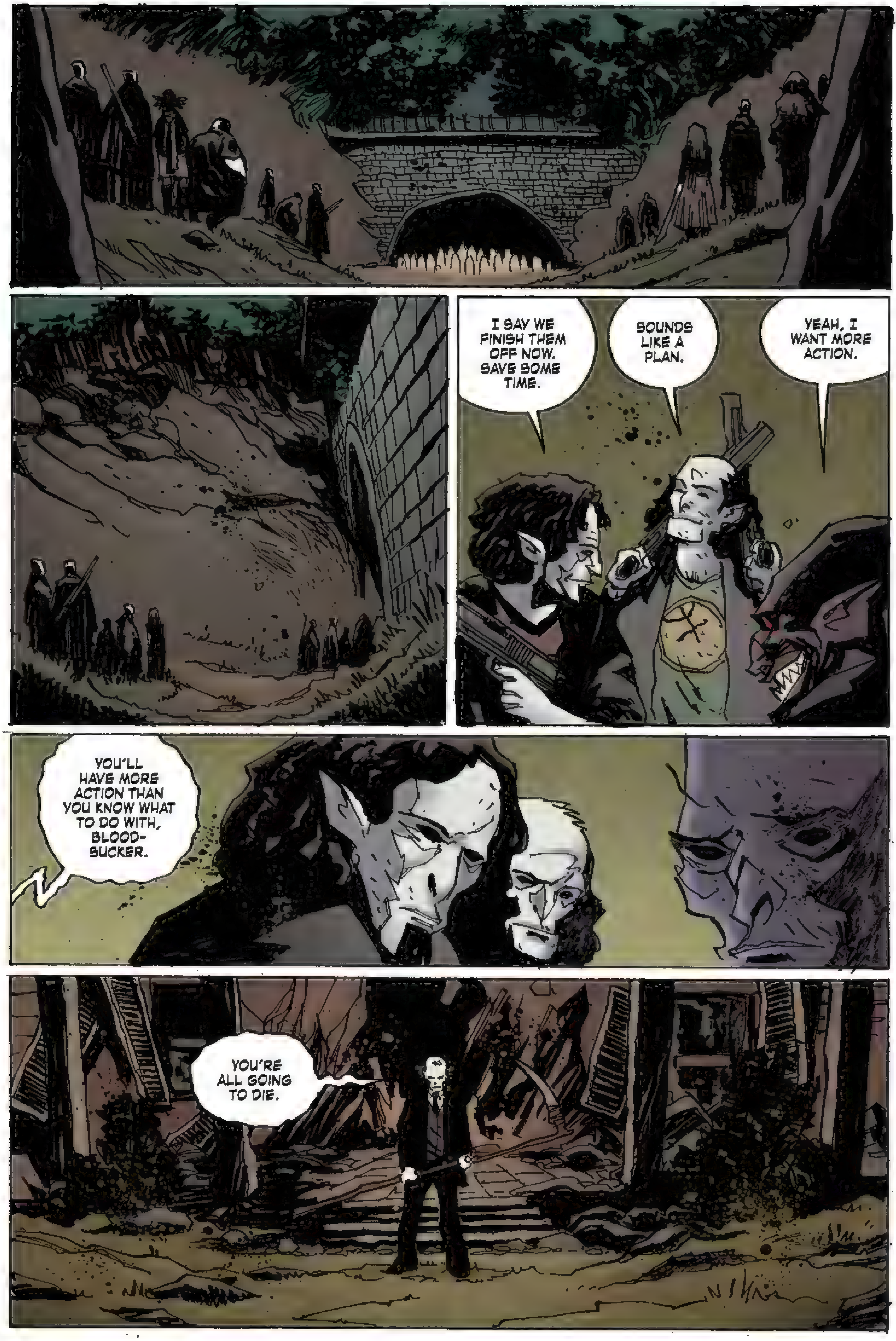

TAKE THE WOMAN.
NO, NO, NOOOOO!
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT TRYING TO SAVE HER. SHE'LL BE RIDDLED WITH BULLETS BEFORE YOU TAKE ANOTHER STEP.
NOOO!
YOU MUST BE CAL McDONALD.
EBEN OLEMAUN.
I HAVE TO ADMIT. I EXPECTED SOMEONE MORE IMPRESSIVE.
SO DID I.
YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF MINE. I WANT IT BACK. RETURN THE URN AND I'LL RELEASE THE WOMAN.
I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING OF YOURS.
WELL, THAT MAKES THIS EASIER, THEN.

BOOM
NO!
BOOM
BOOM
I'M DISAPPOINTED, DETECTIVE. I EXPECTED SOME SORT OF FIGHT. IF YOU'RE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN ME AND LOS ANGELES, IT'S GOING TO BE A BREEZE.

BOOM
NO!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS. WE DO NOT FIGHT ALONE.


OH REALLY?
SHOW HIM.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW ALONE YOU ARE.
WE ARE SORRY, MO'LOCK...WE TRIED...BUT THEY OVERWHELMED US.
SEE YA AROUND.
B.P.D.
IT CAN'T... END LIKE THIS.


SOME OF YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP A WATCH ON THE HOUSE IN CASE THEIR FRIENDS SHOW UP. THE REST OF YOU, COME WITH ME.
YOU CERTAINLY HAVE FALLEN A LONG WAY, EBEN. STELLA WOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOU.
SMAK
I'VE BEEN DEBATING WHAT I SHOULD DO WITH YOU, ALICE. KILLING SEEMS TOO EASY, SO I HAVE A MUCH BETTER IDEA.
B.P.D.
I CAN NEVER HAVE STELLA BACK. I KNOW THAT, BUT I CAN HAVE A NEW WIFE... I THINK TURNING YOU WOULD BE MUCH BETTER THAN DEATH.
B.P.D.

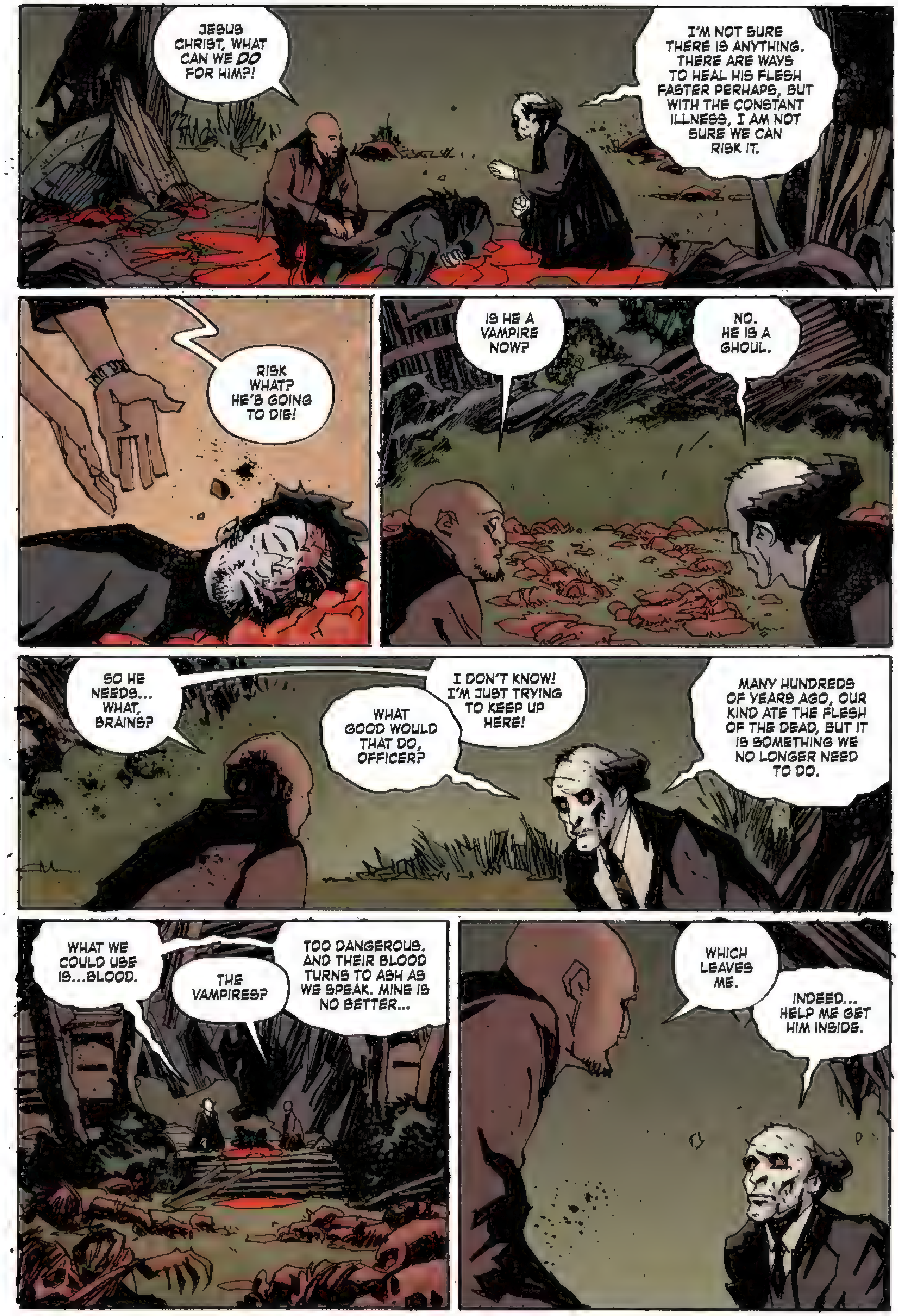

I SAY WE FINISH THEM OFF NOW. SAVE SOME TIME.
SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN.
YEAH, I WANT MORE ACTION.
YOU'LL HAVE MORE ACTION THAN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH, BLOOD-SUCKER.
YOU'RE ALL GOING TO DIE.

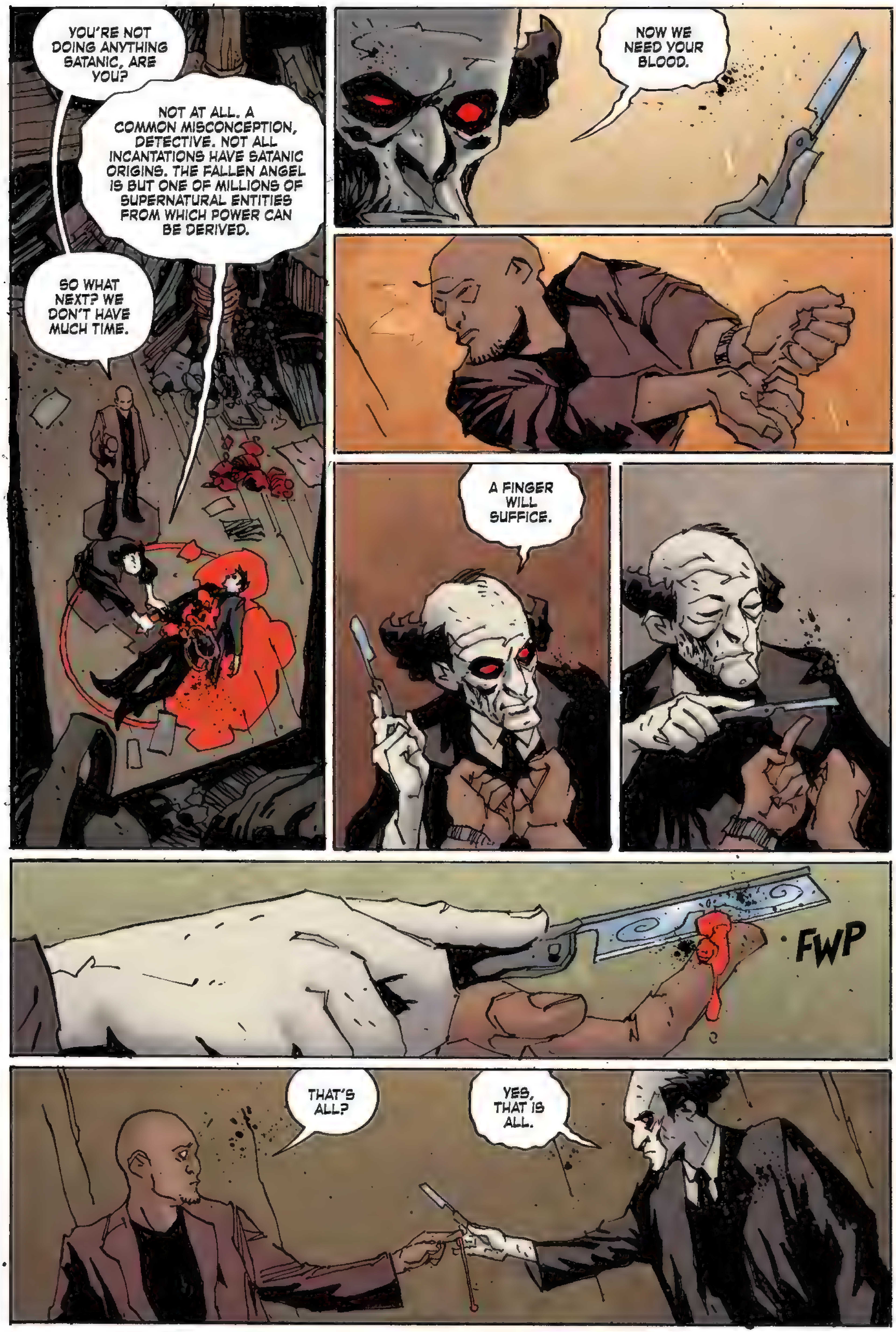
ARRRGH!
SWISH
FWSH
WSH
THAT ENOUGH ACTION FOR YOU?
MO'LOCK, DON'T!

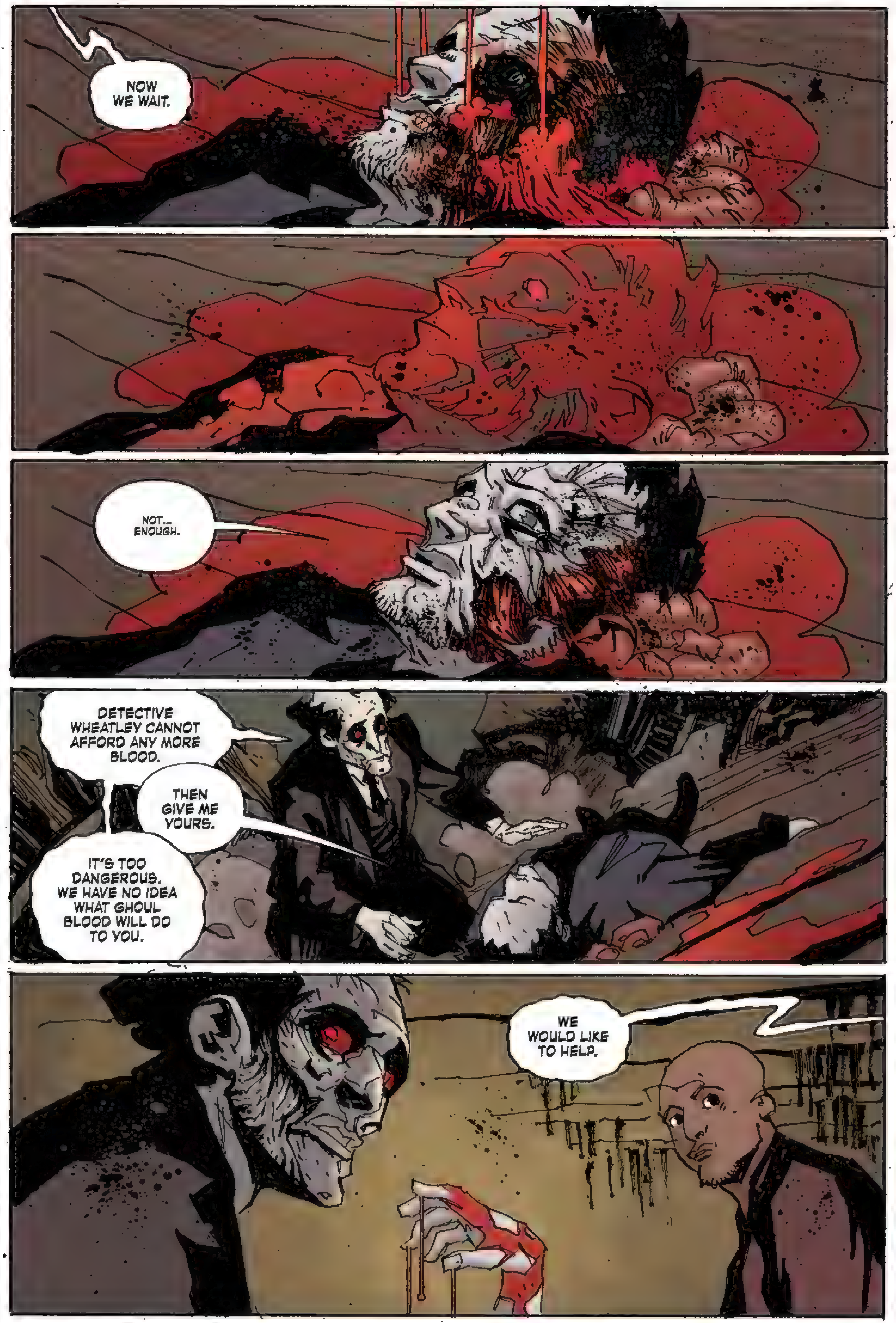
OFFICER WHEATLEY.
I HAVE WHAT EBEN OLEMAUN WANTS. WE'RE GOING TO NEED THE VAMPIRE ALIVE FOR SOME INFORMATION.
...WHERE'S CAL?

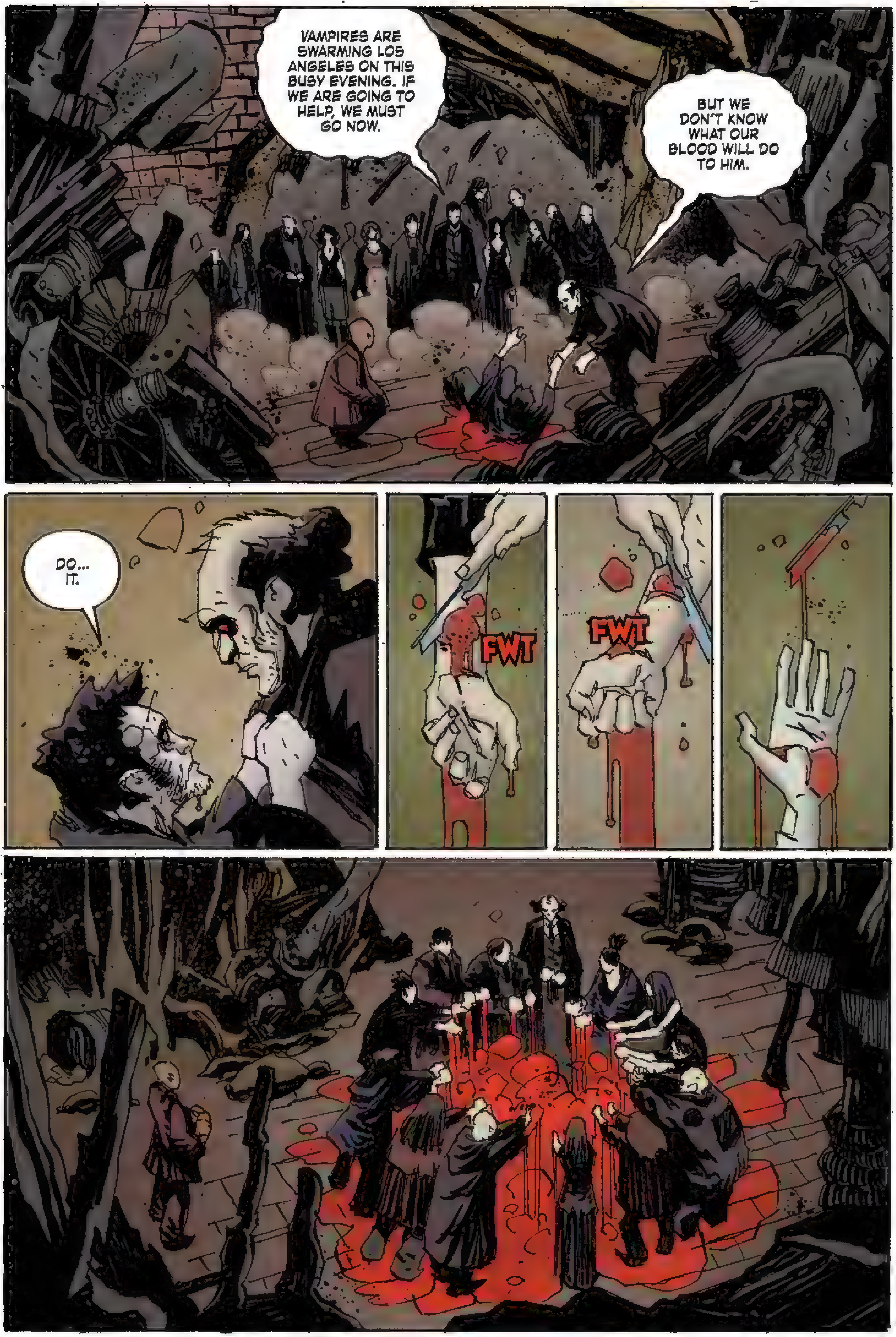
I'M RIGHT *FL*-- ERE.
NOW LET'S ≈BLARGLE≈ GO ANNIHILATE THOSE MOTHERF--
THUD
BLARGH!

THUMP
CAL? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
HOW IS HE EVEN ALIVE?
HE IS ONE OF US--BEYOND DEATH NOW.
...GOTTA GET THEM... TOOK HER...

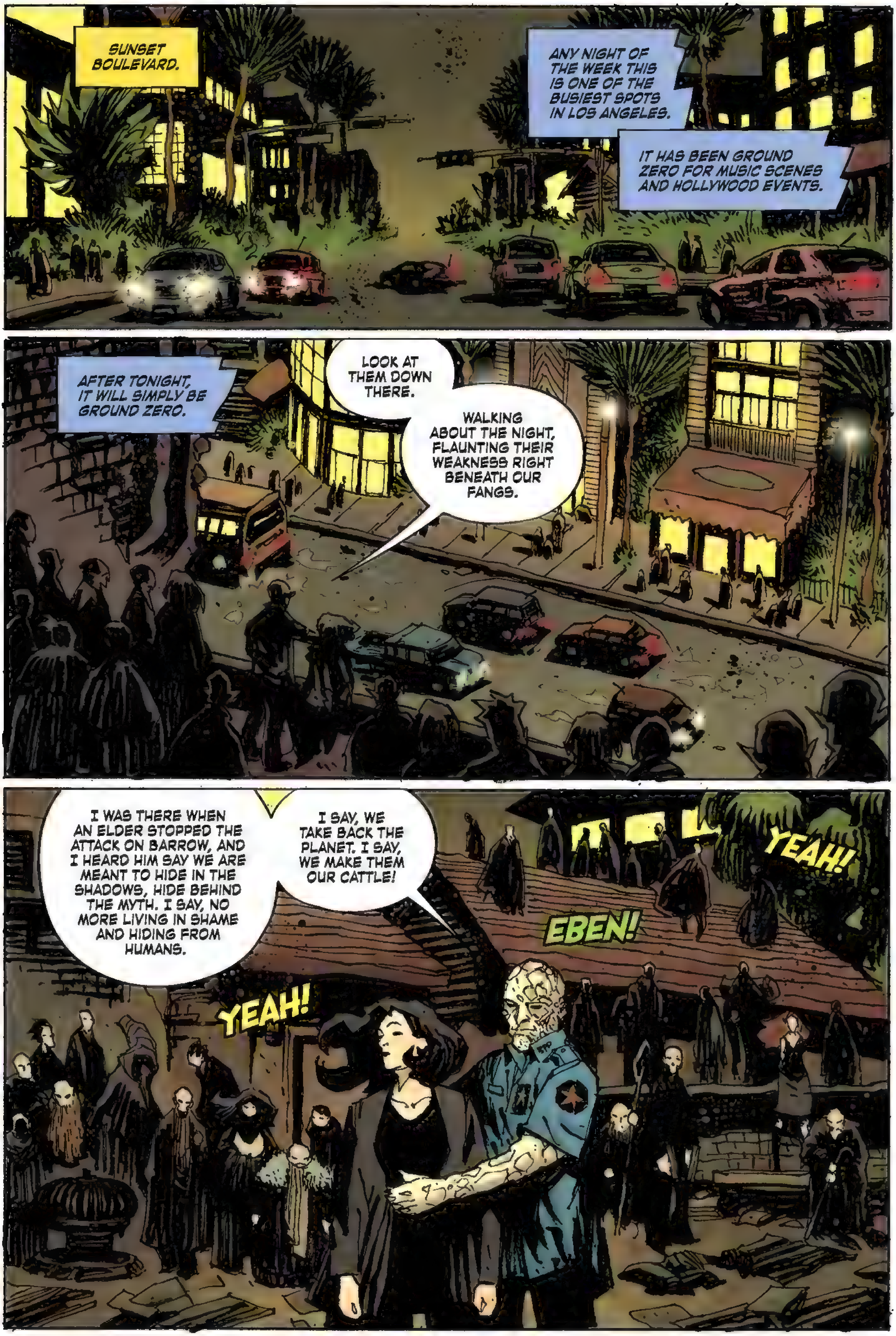

JESUS CHRIST, WHAT CAN WE *DO* FOR HIM?!
I'M NOT SURE THERE IS ANYTHING. THERE ARE WAYS TO HEAL HIS FLESH FASTER PERHAPS, BUT WITH THE CONSTANT ILLNESS, I AM NOT SURE WE CAN RISK IT.
RISK WHAT? HE'S GOING TO DIE!
IS HE A VAMPIRE NOW?
NO. HE IS A GHOUL.
SO HE NEEDS... WHAT, BRAINS?
I DON'T KNOW! I'M JUST TRYING TO KEEP UP HERE!
WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO, OFFICER?
MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, OUR KIND ATE THE FLESH OF THE DEAD, BUT IT IS SOMETHING WE NO LONGER NEED TO DO.
WHAT WE COULD USE IS...BLOOD.
THE VAMPIRES?
TOO DANGEROUS. AND THEIR BLOOD TURNS TO ASH AS WE SPEAK. MINE IS NO BETTER...
WHICH LEAVES ME.
INDEED... HELP ME GET HIM INSIDE.

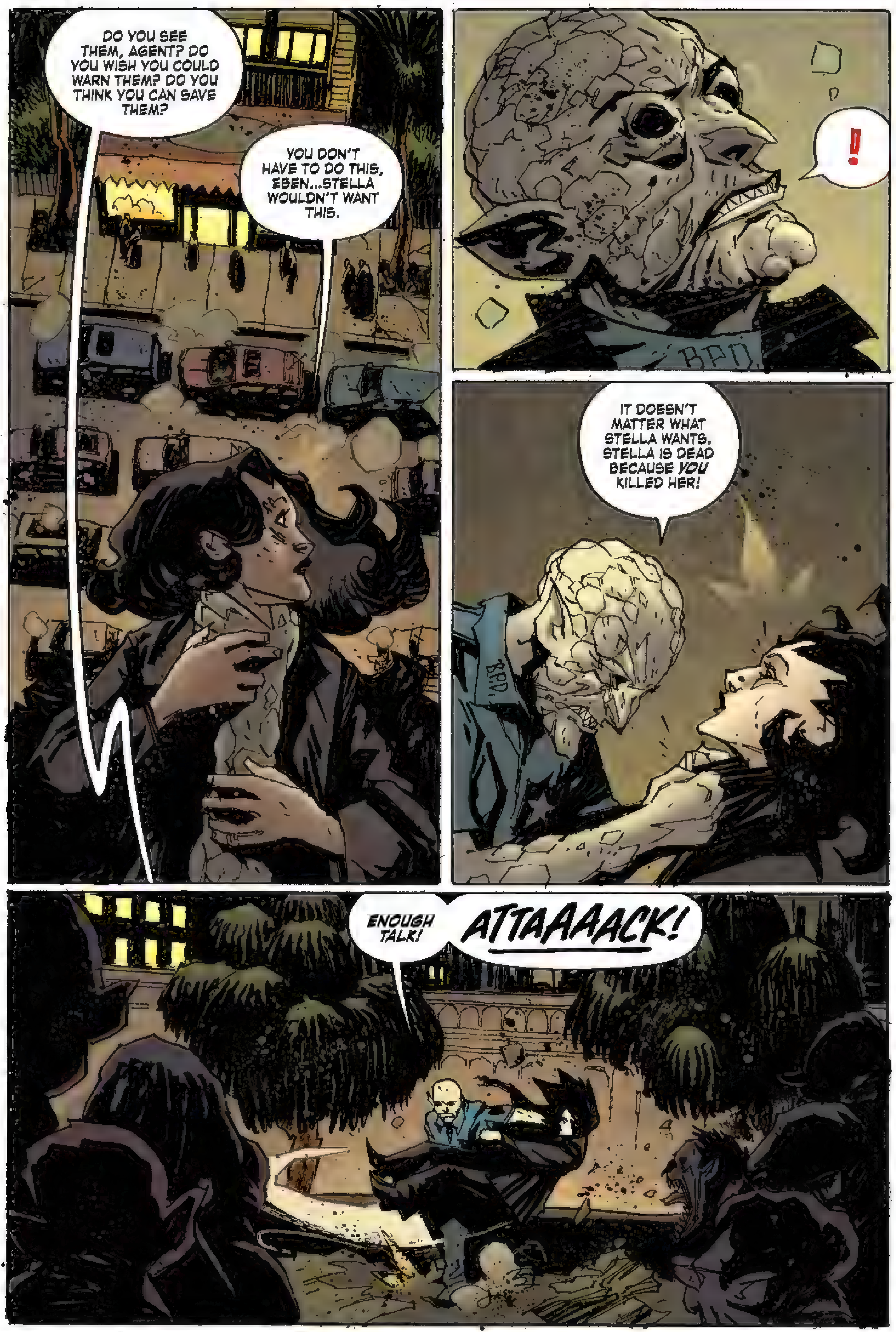

YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING SATANIC, ARE YOU?
NOT AT ALL. A COMMON MISCONCEPTION, DETECTIVE. NOT ALL INCANTATIONS HAVE SATANIC ORIGINS. THE FALLEN ANGEL IS BUT ONE OF MILLIONS OF SUPERNATURAL ENTITIES FROM WHICH POWER CAN BE DERIVED.
SO WHAT NEXT? WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.
NOW WE NEED YOUR BLOOD.
A FINGER WILL SUFFICE.
FWP
THAT'S ALL?
YES, THAT IS ALL.


NOW WE WAIT.
NOT... ENOUGH.
DETECTIVE WHEATLEY CANNOT AFFORD ANY MORE BLOOD.
THEN GIVE ME YOURS.
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS. WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT GHOUL BLOOD WILL DO TO YOU.
WE WOULD LIKE TO HELP.

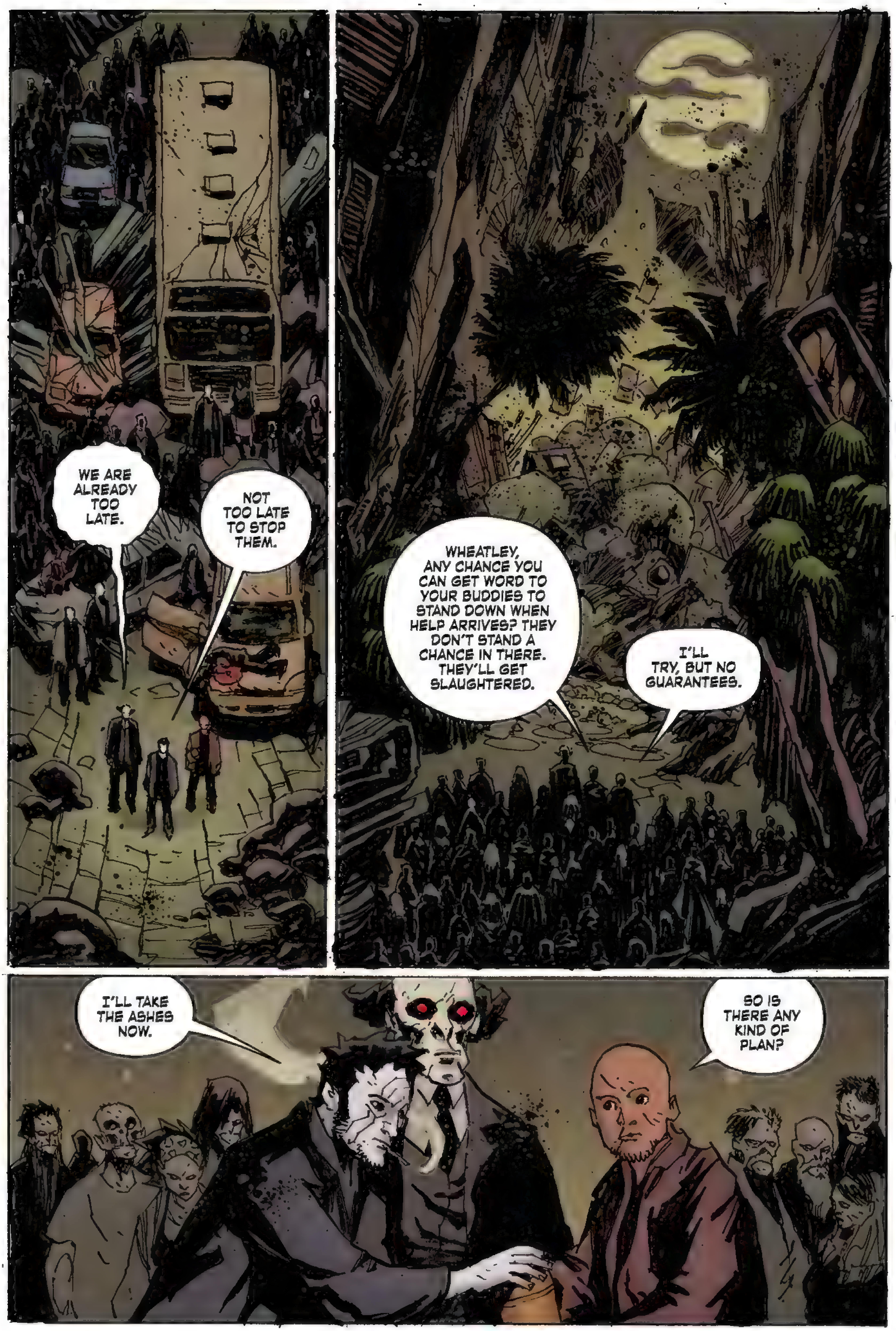

VAMPIRES ARE SWARMING LOS ANGELES ON THIS BUSY EVENING. IF WE ARE GOING TO HELP, WE MUST GO NOW.
BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT OUR BLOOD WILL DO TO HIM.
DO... IT.
FWT
FWT

CAL...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M FINE.
NEVER FELT BETTER.
LET'S GO GET THAT BASTARD.

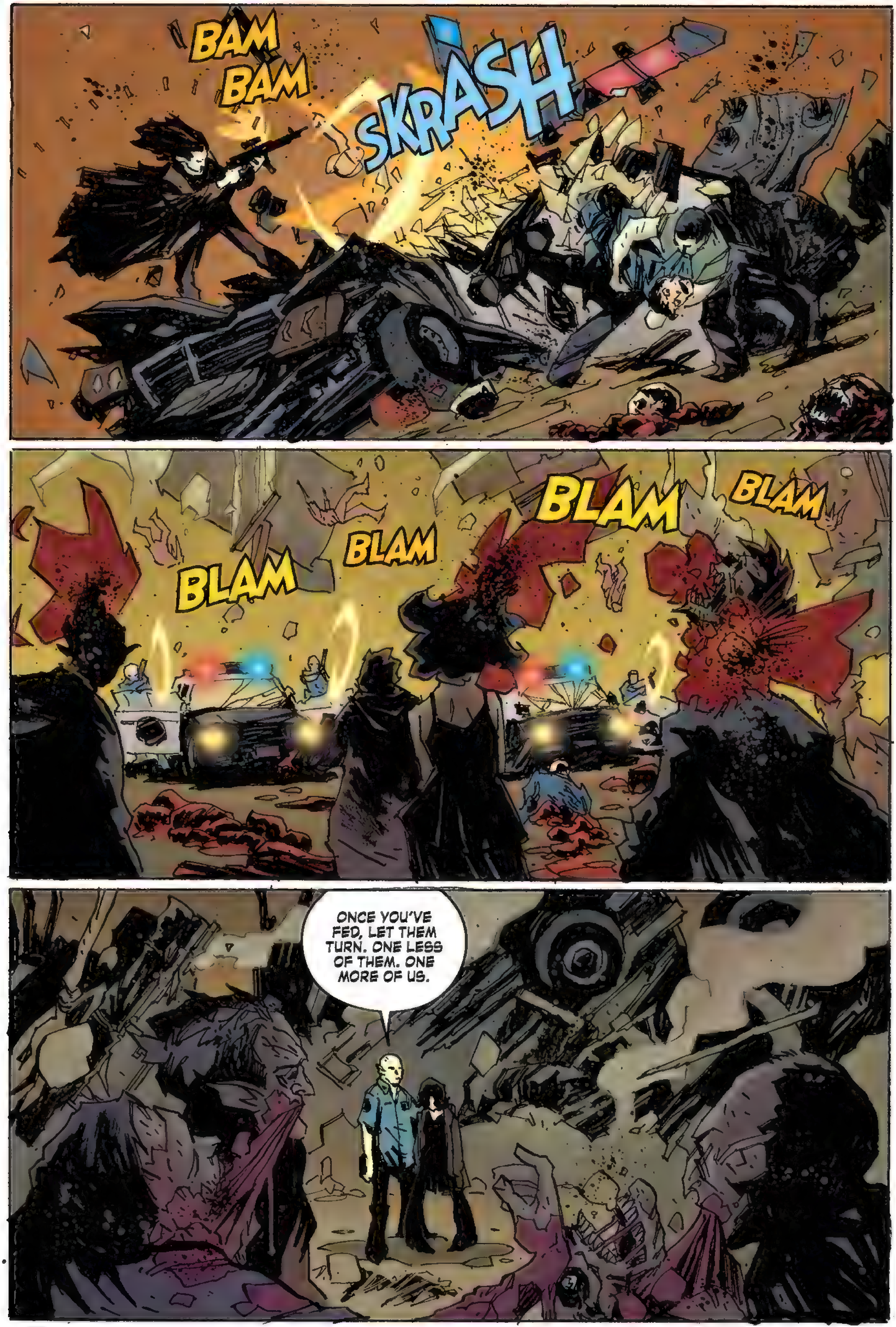

SUNSET BOULEVARD.
ANY NIGHT OF THE WEEK THIS IS ONE OF THE BUSIEST SPOTS IN LOS ANGELES.
IT HAS BEEN GROUND ZERO FOR MUSIC SCENES AND HOLLYWOOD EVENTS.
AFTER TONIGHT, IT WILL SIMPLY BE GROUND ZERO.
LOOK AT THEM DOWN THERE.
WALKING ABOUT THE NIGHT, FLAUNTING THEIR WEAKNESS RIGHT BENEATH OUR FANGS.
I WAS THERE WHEN AN ELDER STOPPED THE ATTACK ON BARROW, AND I HEARD HIM SAY WE ARE MEANT TO HIDE IN THE SHADOWS, HIDE BEHIND THE MYTH. I SAY, NO MORE LIVING IN SHAME AND HIDING FROM HUMANS.
I SAY, WE TAKE BACK THE PLANET. I SAY, WE MAKE THEM OUR CATTLE!
YEAH!
EBEN!
YEAH!


DO YOU SEE THEM, AGENT? DO YOU WISH YOU COULD WARN THEM? DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SAVE THEM?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, EBEN...STELLA WOULDN'T WANT THIS.
!
BPD
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT STELLA WANTS. STELLA IS DEAD BECAUSE *YOU* KILLED HER!
B.P.D.
ENOUGH TALK!
ATTAAAACK!

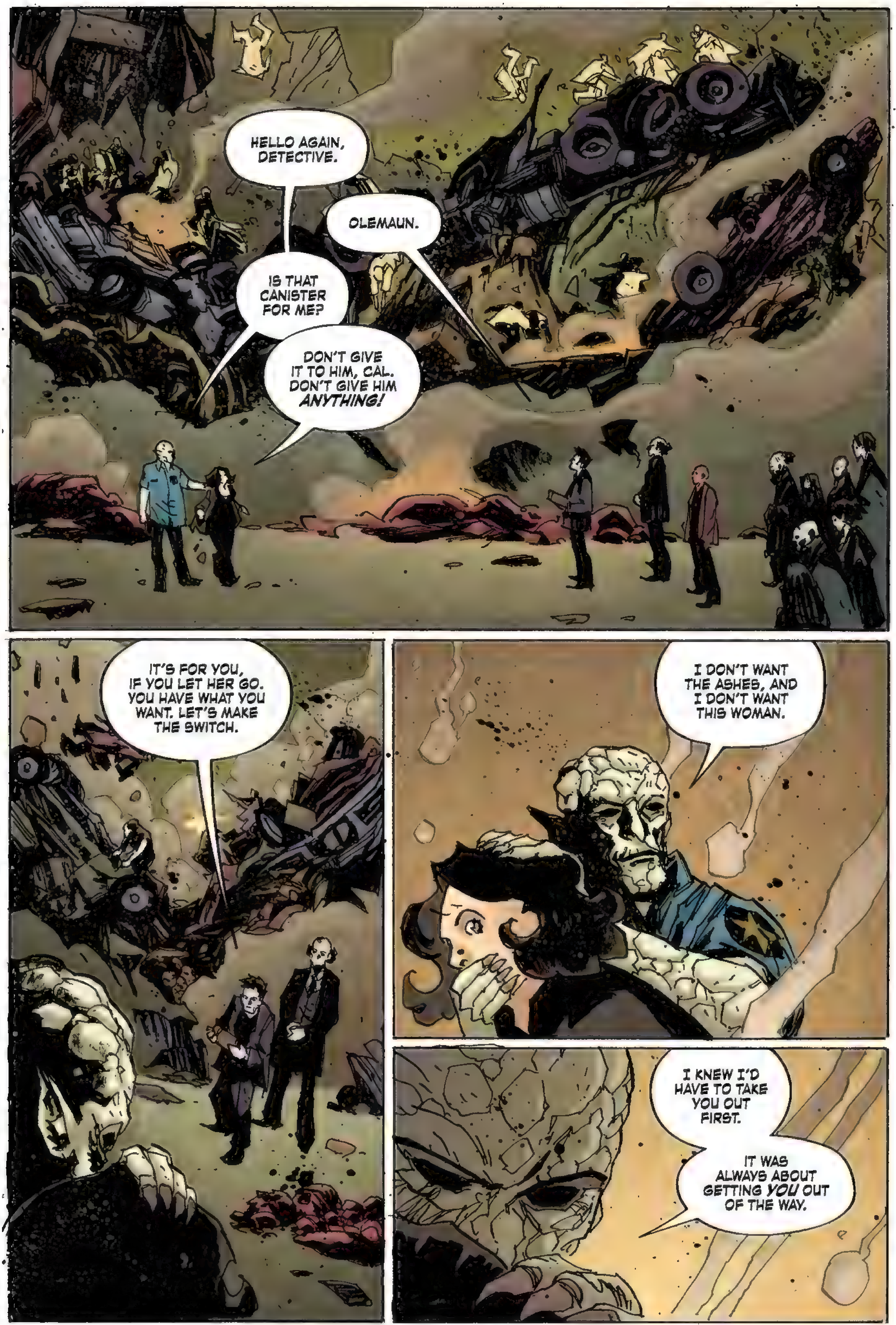
RIP
SHRIP
BAM
SHRIP
YAAA!

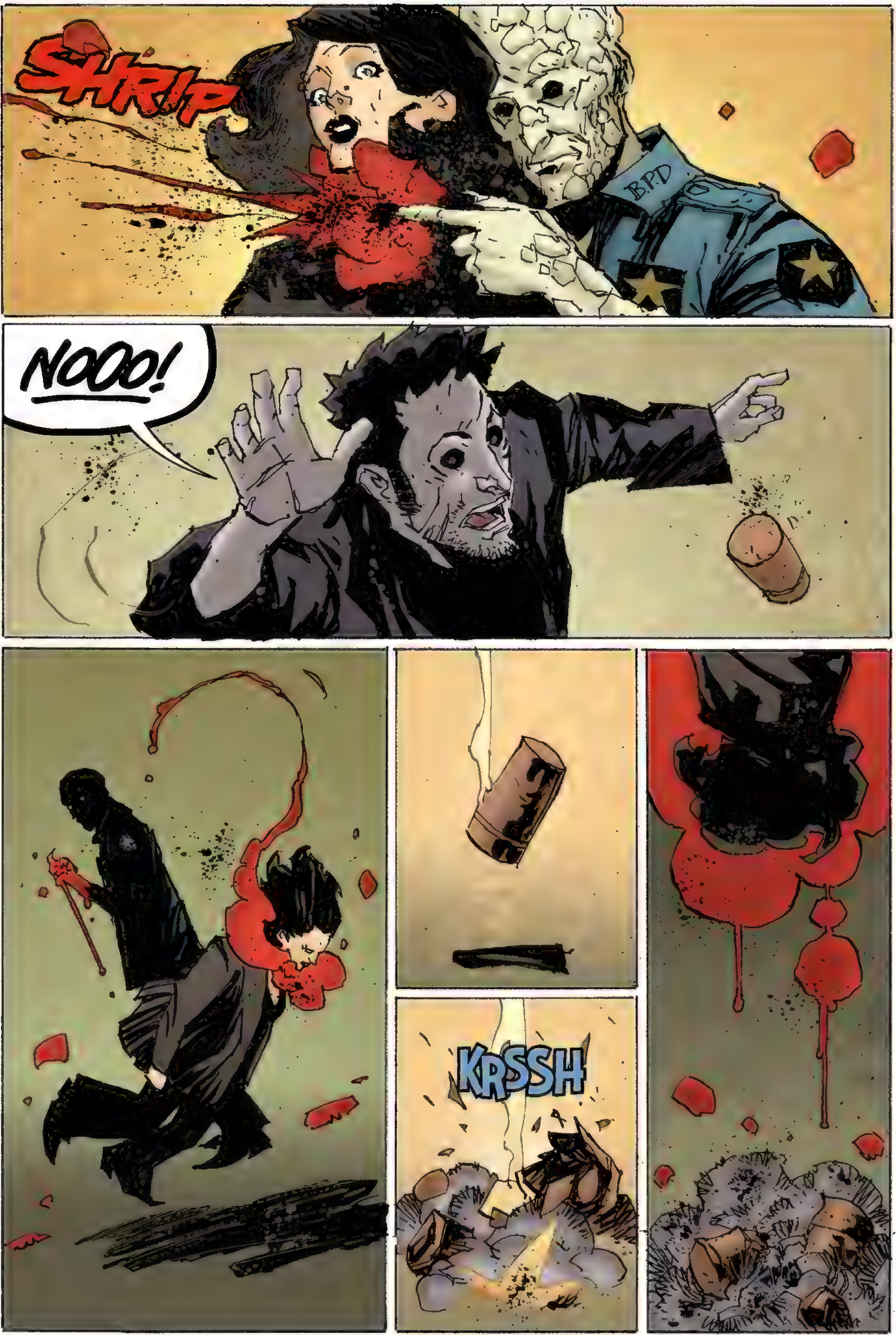

WE ARE ALREADY TOO LATE.
NOT TOO LATE TO STOP THEM.
WHEATLEY, ANY CHANCE YOU CAN GET WORD TO YOUR BUDDIES TO STAND DOWN WHEN HELP ARRIVES? THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE IN THERE. THEY'LL GET SLAUGHTERED.
I'LL TRY, BUT NO GUARANTEES.
I'LL TAKE THE ASHES NOW.
SO IS THERE ANY KIND OF PLAN?

SAME AS ALWAYS...
"FIGHT LIKE HELL UNTIL SOMEONE IS DEAD."
KRASH
BAM
BAM
BAM


BAM
BAM
SKRASH
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
ONCE YOU'VE FED, LET THEM TURN. ONE LESS OF THEM. ONE MORE OF US.

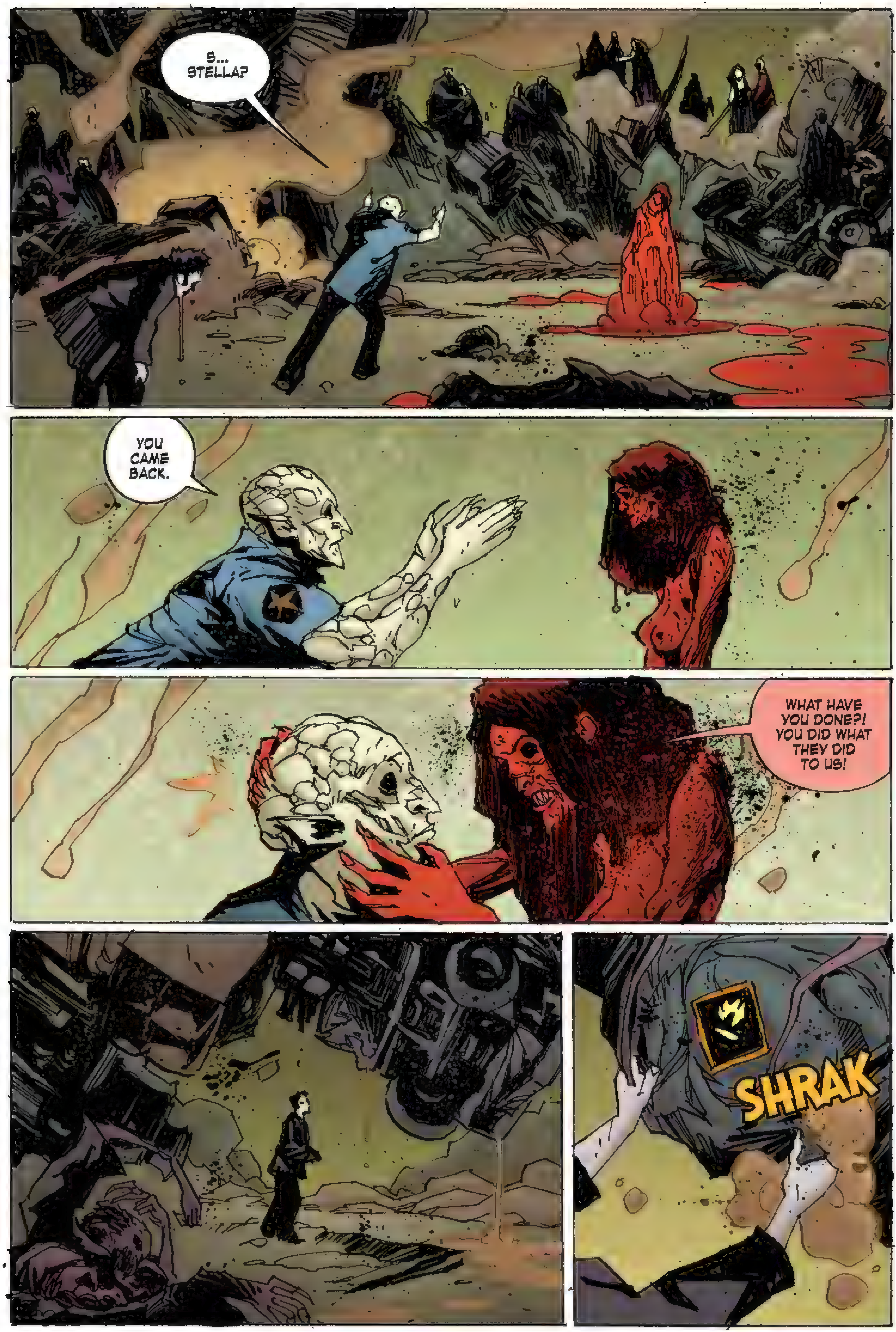
RIP
BAM
BAM
BAM
SHRIP
BAM
BAM
SHRIP
RIP


HELLO AGAIN, DETECTIVE.
OLEMAUN.
IS THAT CANISTER FOR ME?
DON'T GIVE IT TO HIM, CAL. DON'T GIVE HIM *ANYTHING!*
IT'S FOR YOU, IF YOU LET HER GO. YOU HAVE WHAT YOU WANT. LET'S MAKE THE SWITCH.
I DON'T WANT THE ASHES, AND I DON'T WANT THIS WOMAN.
I KNEW I'D HAVE TO TAKE YOU OUT FIRST.
IT WAS ALWAYS ABOUT GETTING *YOU* OUT OF THE WAY.

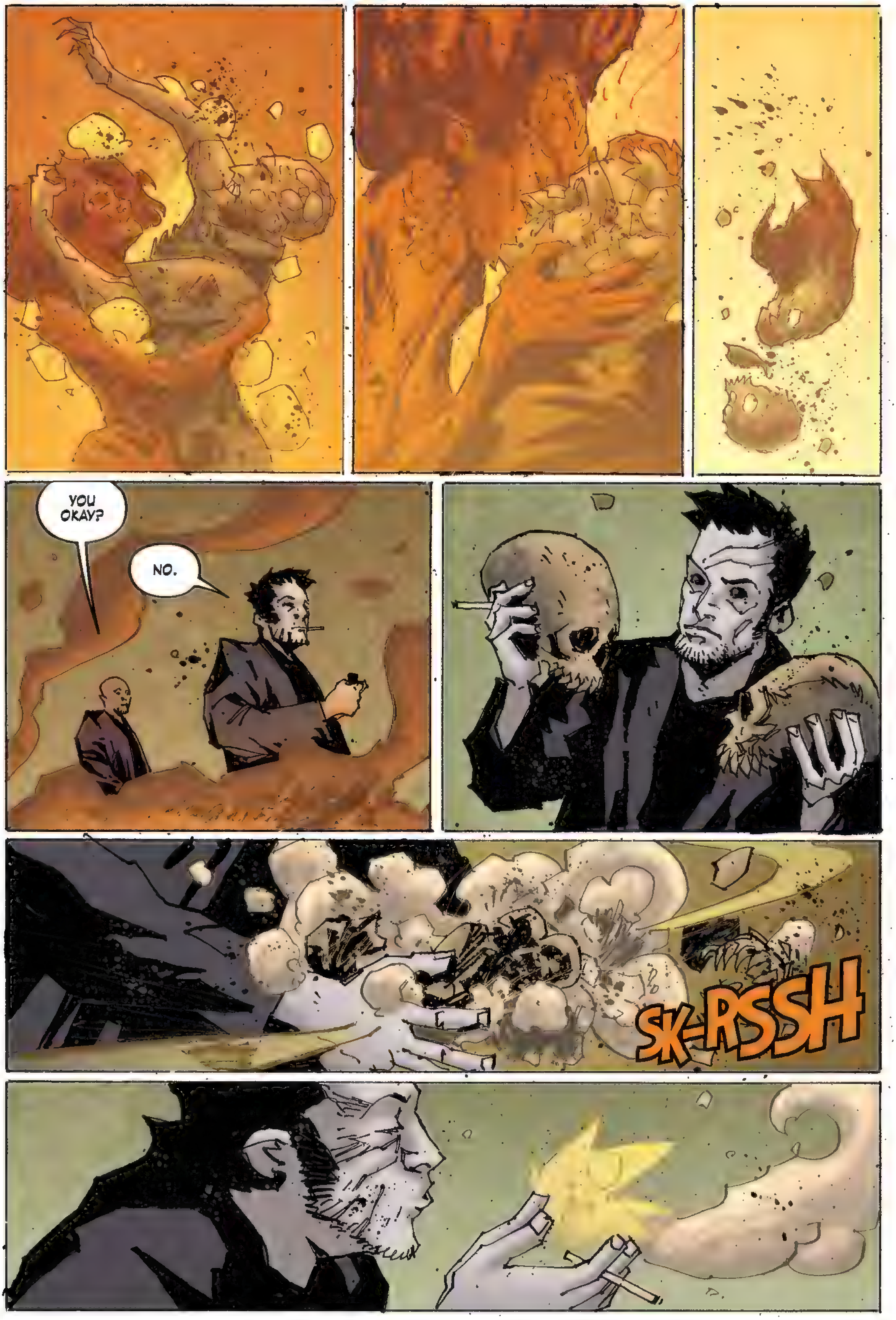

SHRIP
B.P.D
NOOO!
KRSSH

ALICE. ALICE!
IT HURTS WHEN SOMEONE YOU LOVE IS TAKEN FROM YOU, DOESN'T IT?
YOU DON'T KNOW ME VERY WELL. YOU JUST MADE--
--YOUR LAST MISTAKE!
AAHHHH!
BLAMM
SONOFA--!
WHAM

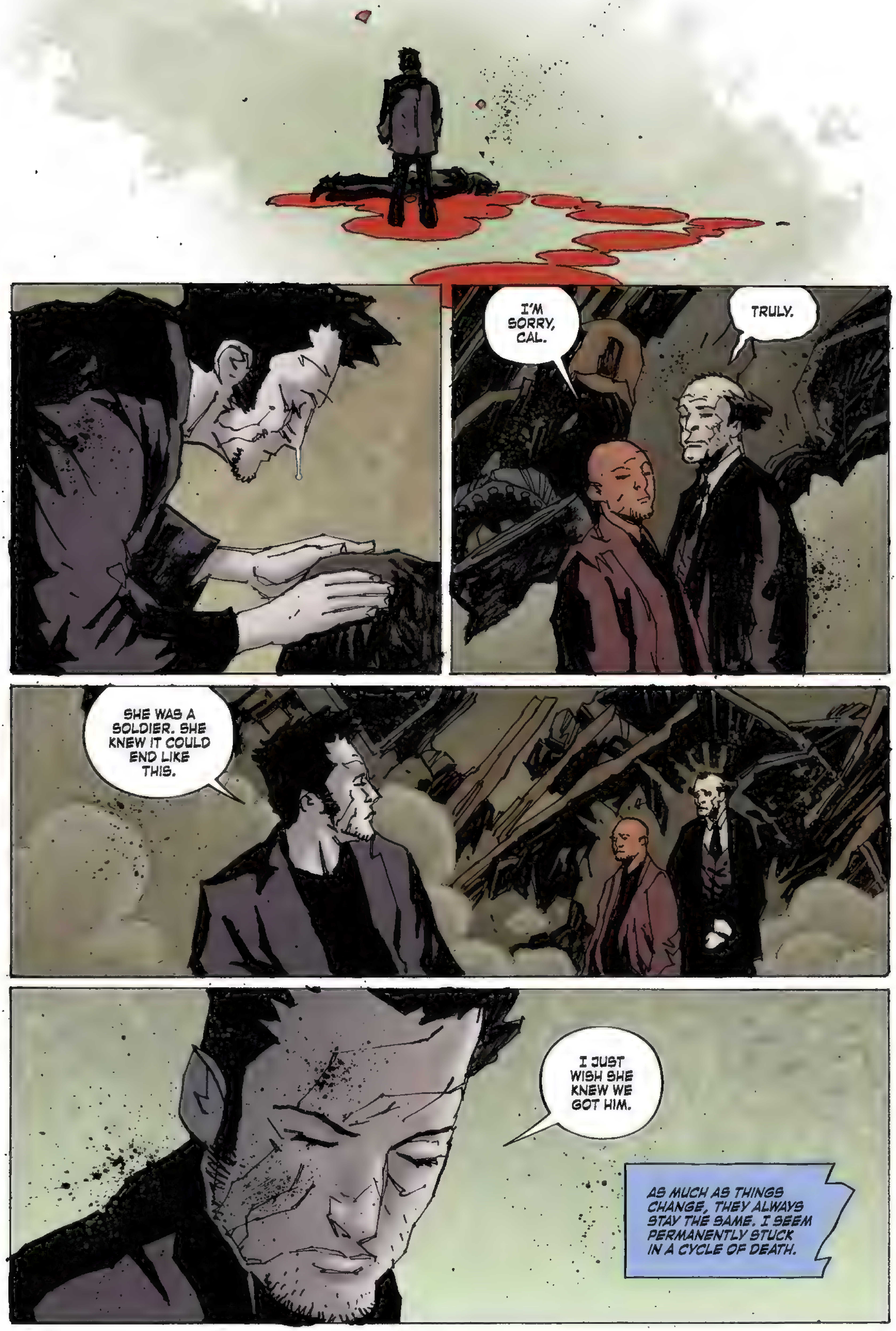
BAM
THUNK
BAM
URK!
EBEN.


S... STELLA?
YOU CAME BACK.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?! YOU DID WHAT THEY DID TO US!
SHRAK

SPLASH
!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? LET ME STOP HIM!
NO, EBEN. WE *STAY.*
SORRY IT TURNED OUT THIS WAY FOR YOU TWO.
THANK YOU.
FWOOSH


YOU OKAY?
NO.
SK-RSSH

HIS FOLLOWERS ARE RETREATING.
FOR NOW.
"BUT THEY HAVE EBEN'S IDEAS IN THEIR HEADS."
THEY'LL BE BACK.


I'M SORRY, CAL.
TRULY.
SHE WAS A SOLDIER. SHE KNEW IT COULD END LIKE THIS.
I JUST WISH SHE KNEW WE GOT HIM.
AS MUCH AS THINGS CHANGE, THEY ALWAYS STAY THE SAME. I SEEM PERMANENTLY STUCK IN A CYCLE OF DEATH.

WE BEAT THEM THIS TIME. BUT THEY'LL BE BACK.
I AM SORRY YOU HAVE LOST... ANOTHER.
WE BOTH LOST SOMEONE SPECIAL, BUDDY.
THEY ALL LEAVE YOU ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.
AND I WON'T KNOW, UNTIL IT HAPPENS, HOW MUCH I'LL LOSE.
I NEED SEVERAL DOZEN DRINKS. YOU GUYS COMING?
SOMEDAY I'LL TIP THE SCALE. SOMEDAY I'LL COME OUT ON TOP.
UNTIL THEN, I'LL JUST DO WHAT I ALWAYS DO...MAKE TROUBLE, AND FIGHT, AND HOPE I DON'T END UP WITH THE SHORT STRAW.
YEAH.
SOMEDAY.
THE END

THE EYES OF FRANKENSTEIN

story
STEVE NILES AND ERIC POWELL

art
CHRISTOPHER MITTEN

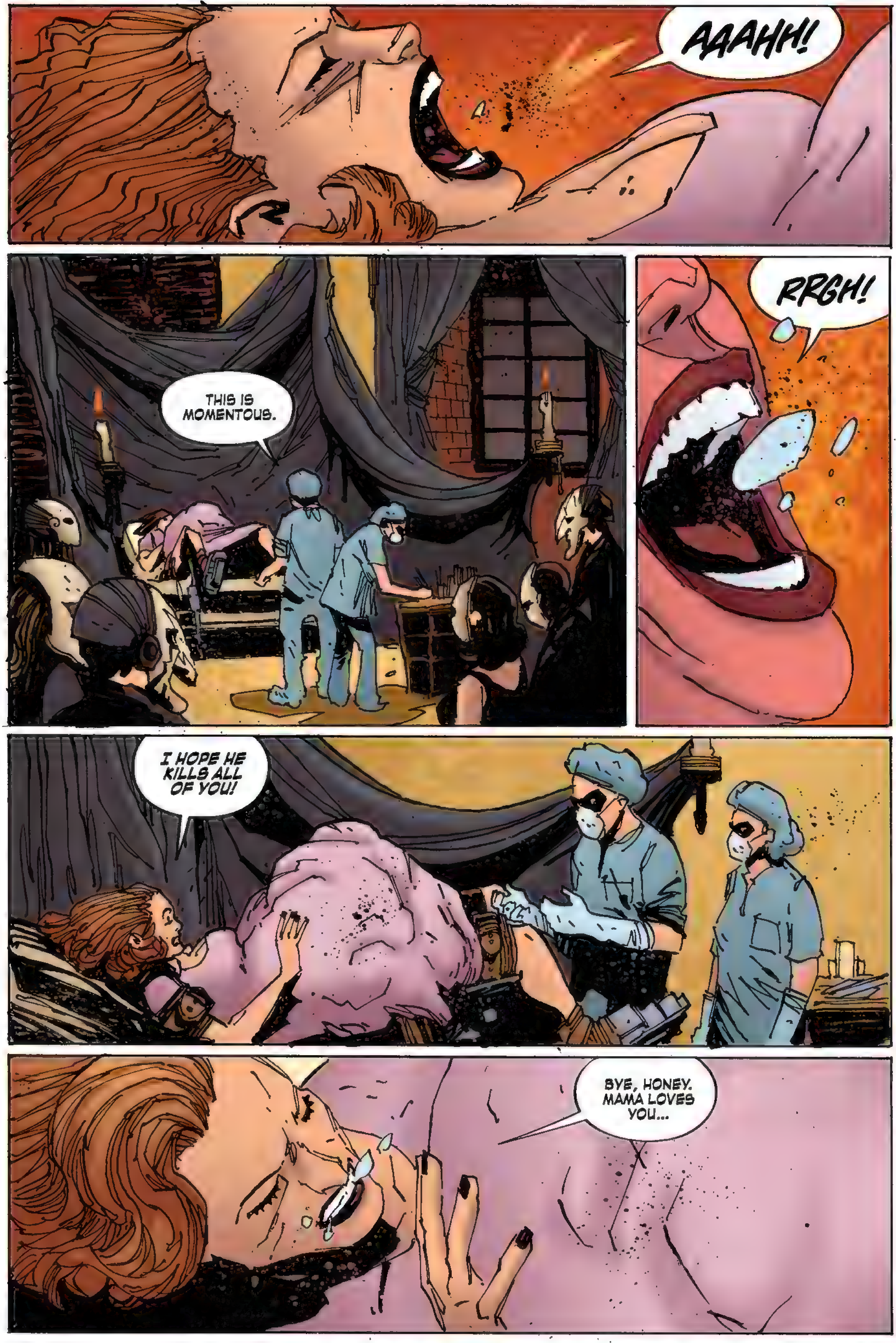
colors
MICHELLE MADSEN

letters
NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

title art
JUSTIN ERICKSON

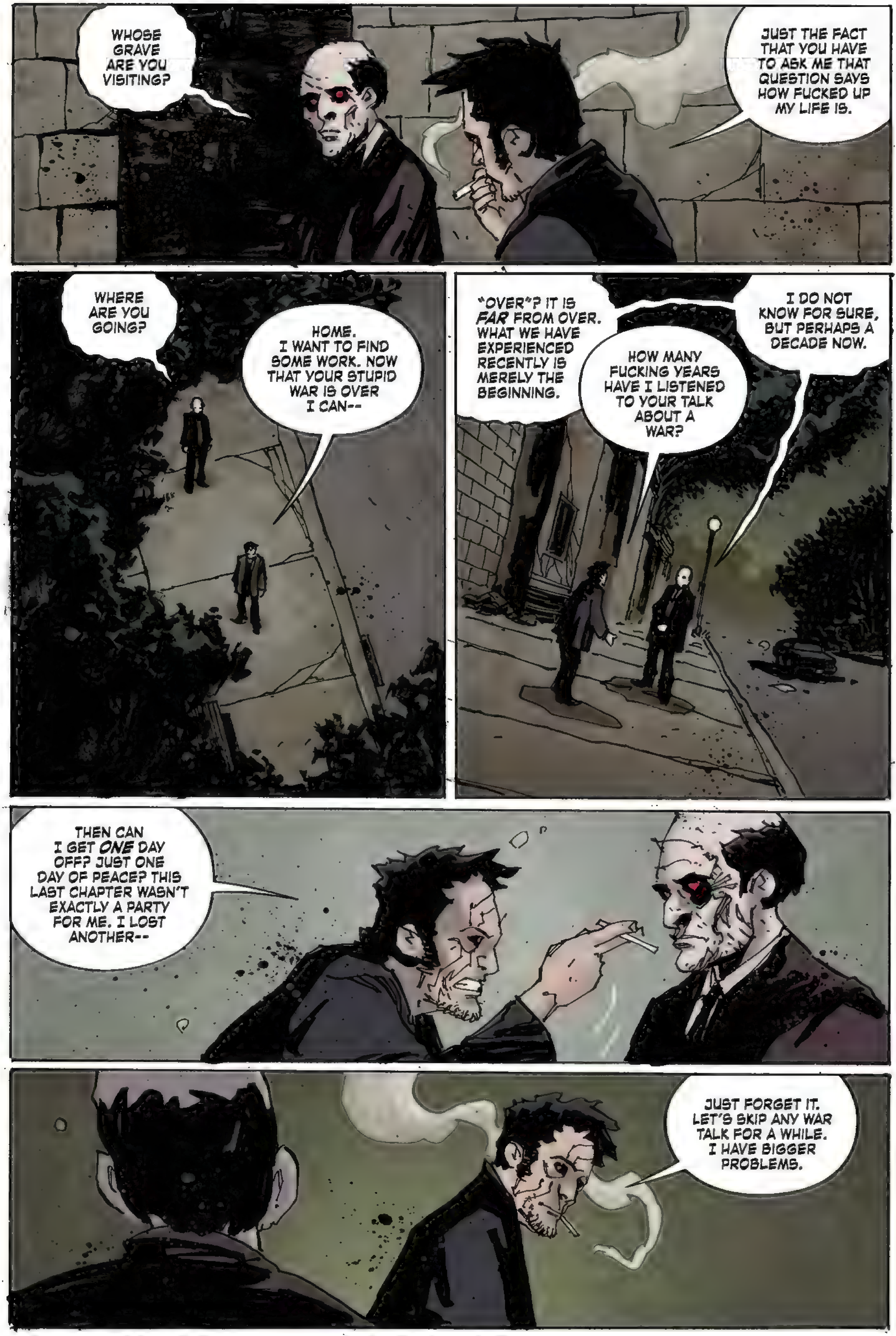
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.
THE BIG NIGHT.
RIGHT THIS WAY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

I THINK THAT'S EVERYONE.
YOU PEOPLE ARE INSANE!
LET ME GO!
IT'S NEARLY TIME.
YOU CAN MOVE CLOSER.
MANIACS!

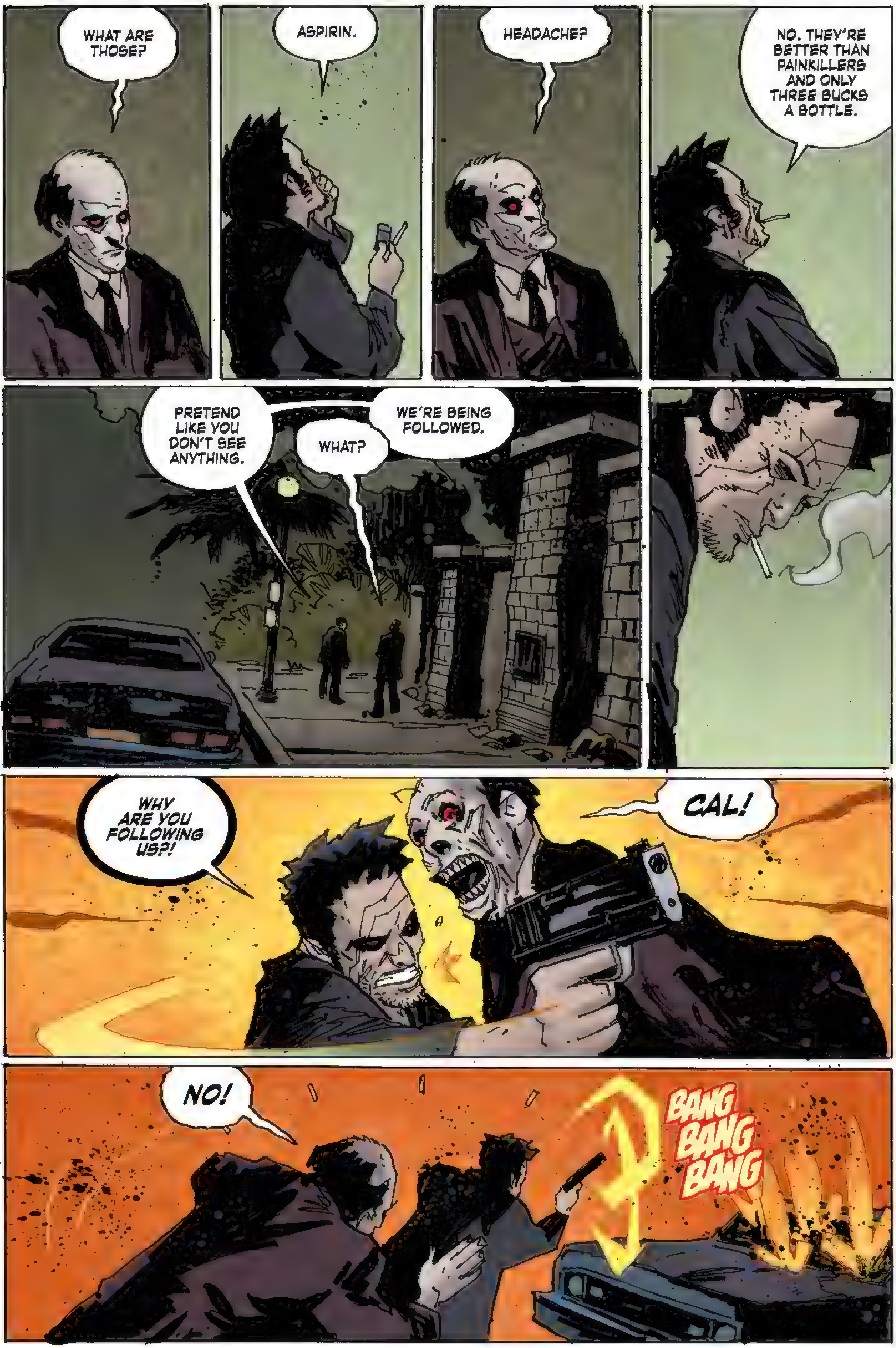

AAAHH!
THIS IS MOMENTOUS.
RRGH!
I HOPE HE KILLS ALL OF YOU!
BYE, HONEY. MAMA LOVES YOU...

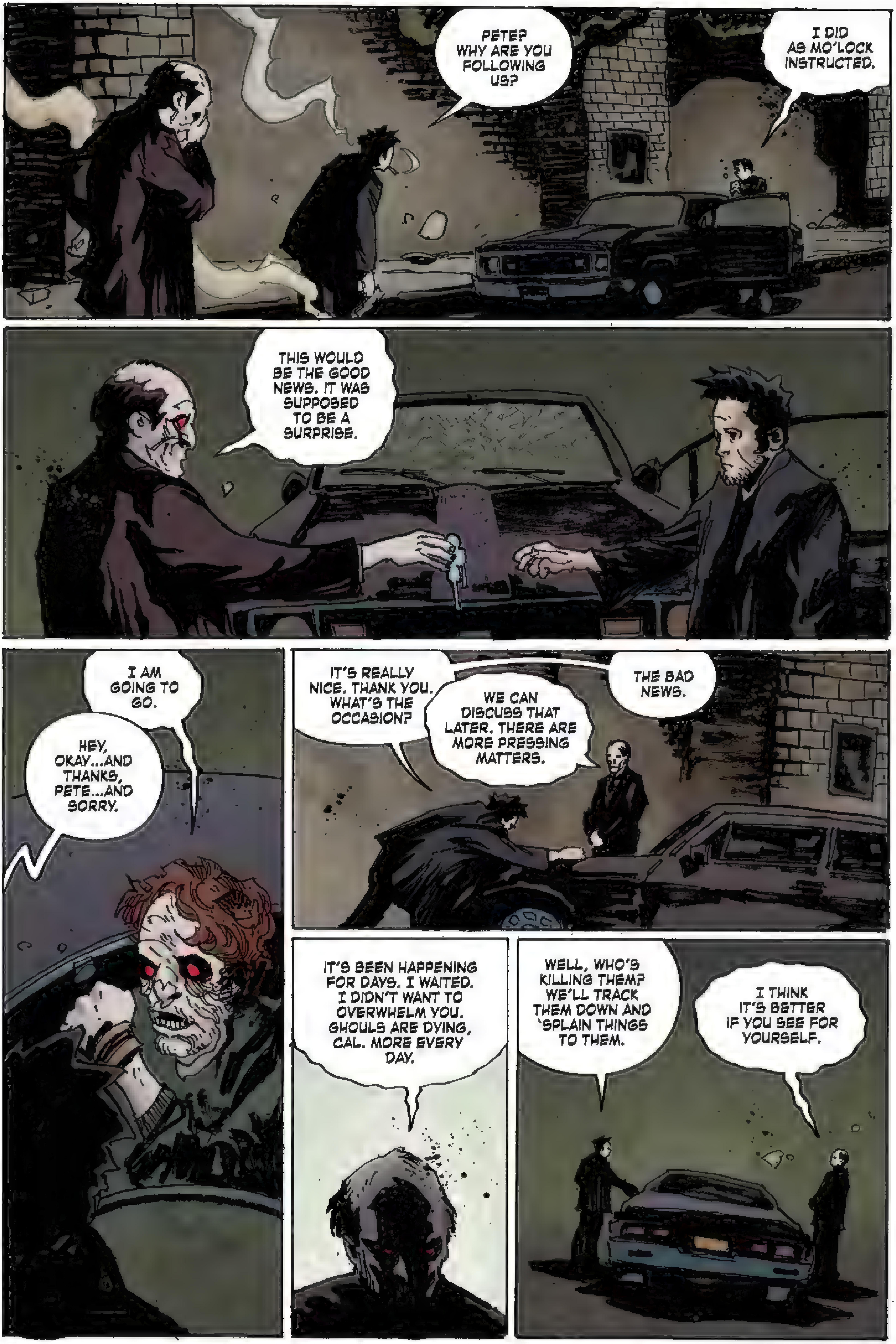
BOOM
SSSSSSSS
WHERE'S THE BABY?
I WAS RIGHT.

THE BIG, WORLD-CHANGING MONSTER WAR WOUND UP BEING A STREET FIGHT BETWEEN VAMPIRES AND GHOULS.
I KNEW MO'LOCK WAS JUST BEING DRAMATIC. WAR, MY ASS. MORE LIKE A MONSTER SLAP FIGHT.
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF LISTENING TO THAT FUCKING GHOUL WHINE, TOO. I THINK THAT'S WHAT ANNOYED ME MOST.
NOW THAT IT WAS SETTLED I COULD FOCUS ON WORK, AND FIGURING OUT HOW TO GET MY LIFE BACK.
CAL.
HEY, MO.
YOU DID NOT JUMP.
I'M ONE OF YOU NOW, DEAD BOY. I SMELLED YOU COMING.

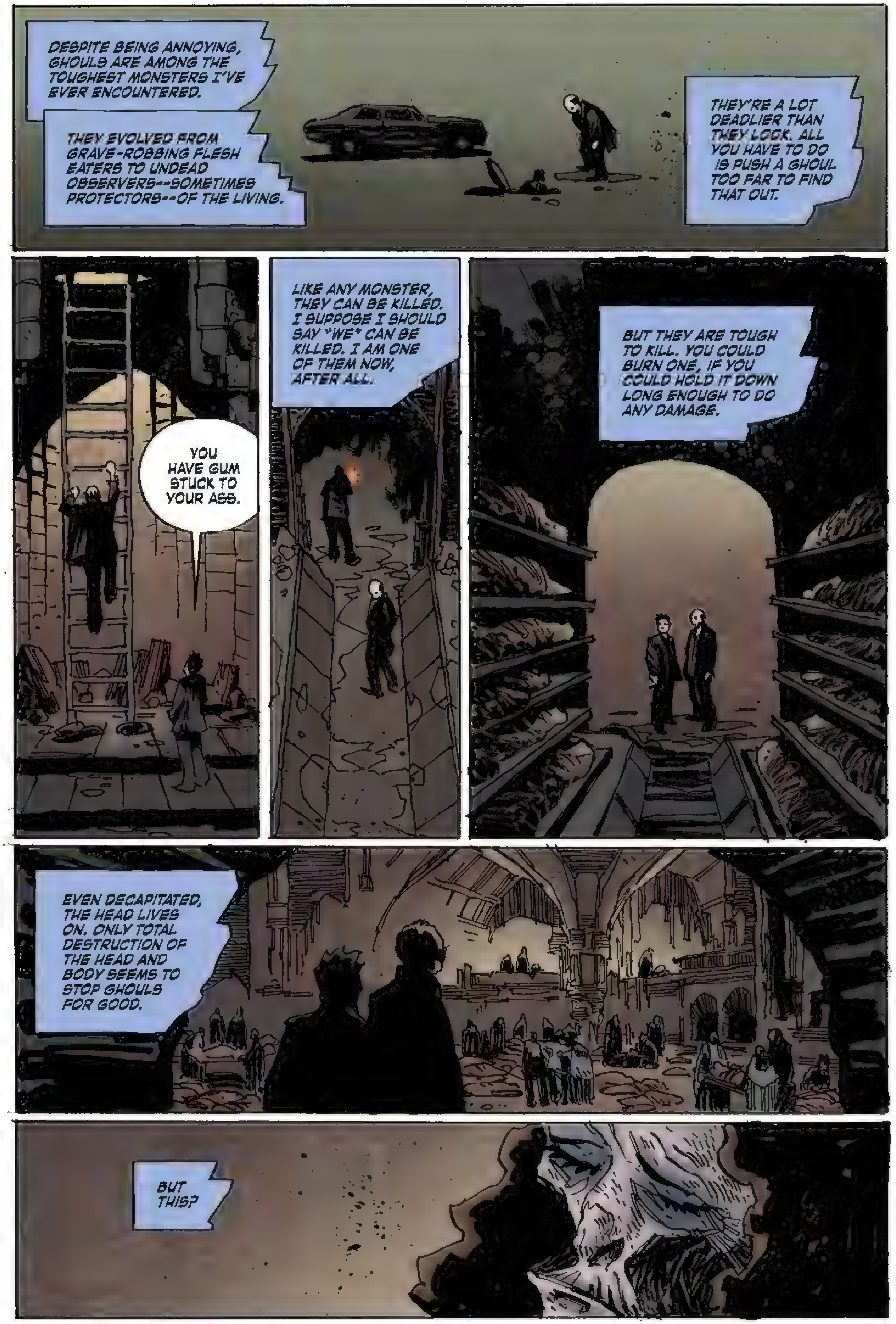

WHOSE GRAVE ARE YOU VISITING?
JUST THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE TO ASK ME THAT QUESTION SAYS HOW FUCKED UP MY LIFE IS.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
HOME. I WANT TO FIND SOME WORK. NOW THAT YOUR STUPID WAR IS OVER I CAN--
"OVER"? IT IS *FAR* FROM OVER. WHAT WE HAVE EXPERIENCED RECENTLY IS MERELY THE BEGINNING.
HOW MANY FUCKING YEARS HAVE I LISTENED TO YOUR TALK ABOUT A WAR?
I DO NOT KNOW FOR SURE, BUT PERHAPS A DECADE NOW.
THEN CAN I GET *ONE* DAY OFF? JUST ONE DAY OF PEACE? THIS LAST CHAPTER WASN'T EXACTLY A PARTY FOR ME. I LOST ANOTHER--
JUST FORGET IT. LET'S SKIP ANY WAR TALK FOR A WHILE. I HAVE BIGGER PROBLEMS.

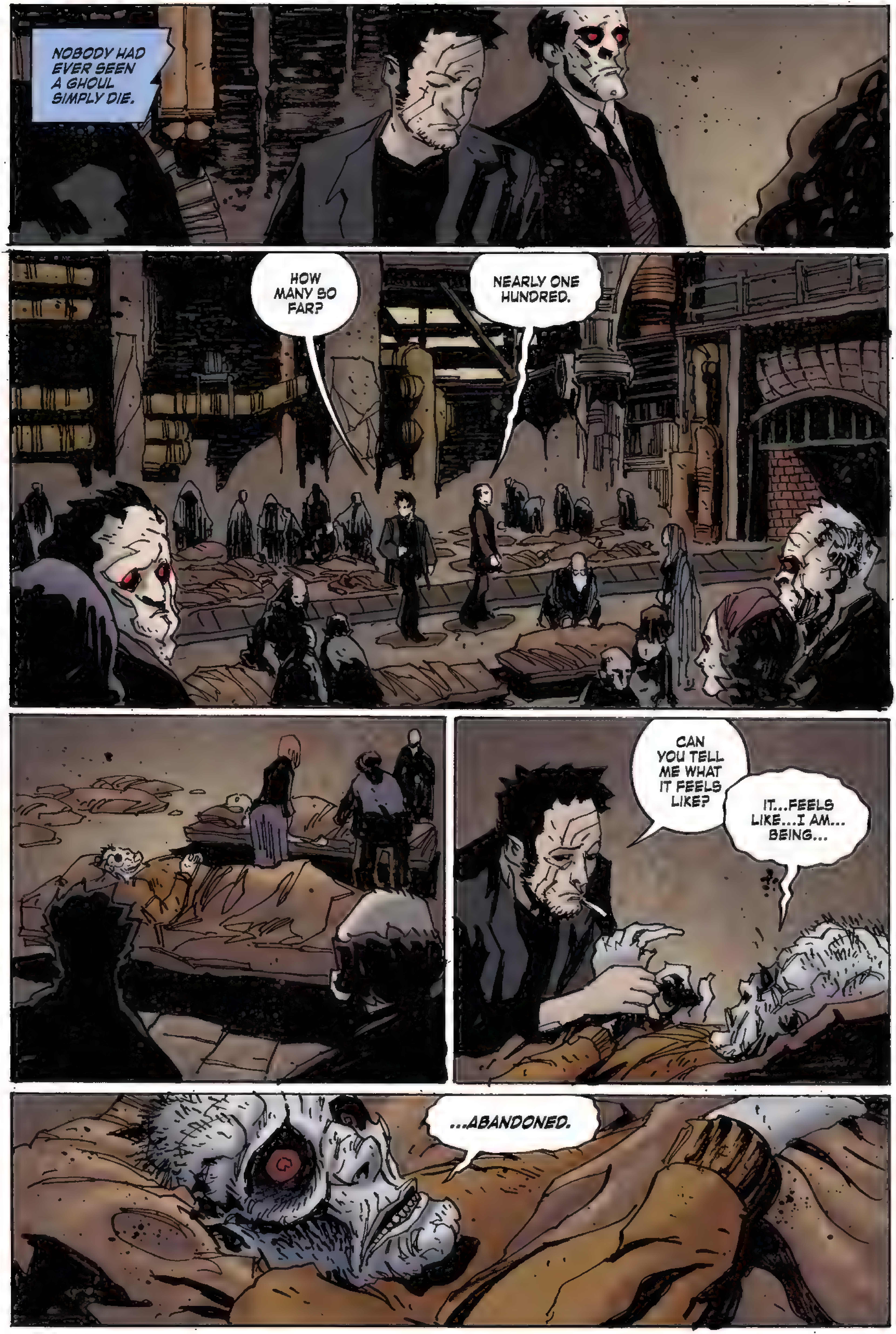
BLARRGH!
I HARDLY EAT. TAKES TOO MANY DAMN DRINKS TO FEEL ANYTHING. I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS CRAP IS COMING FROM.
YOU SHOULD SEE A PHYSICIAN.
I DON'T NEED A DOCTOR. I NEED A FUCKING CORONER.
NOW TELL ME WHY YOU'RE BOTHERING ME. I GOT SHIT TO DO.
I HAVE GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS.
LET'S START WITH THE BAD NEWS. WHY SCREW UP A STREAK?

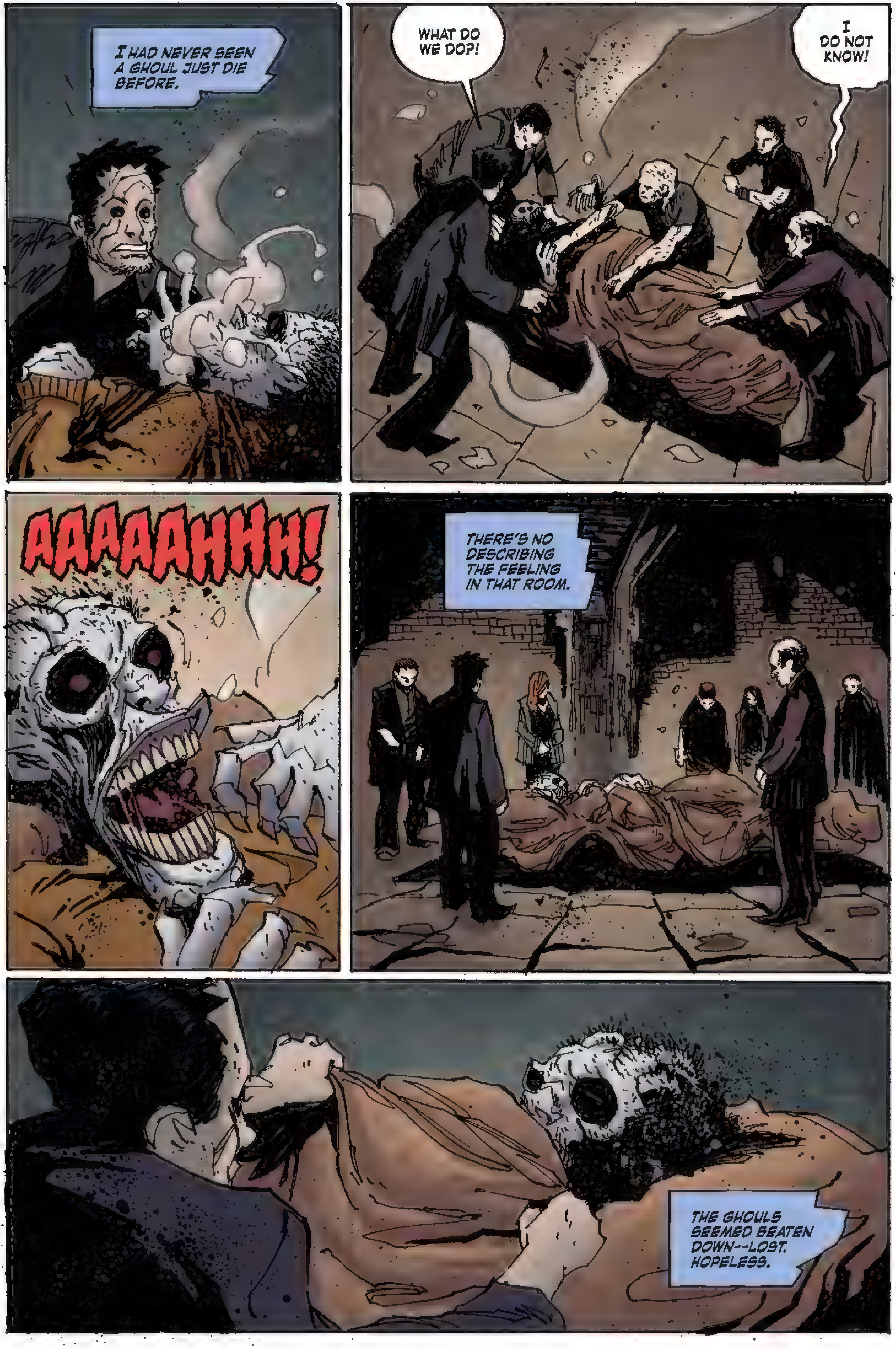

WHAT ARE THOSE?
ASPIRIN.
HEADACHE?
NO. THEY'RE BETTER THAN PAINKILLERS AND ONLY THREE BUCKS A BOTTLE.
PRETEND LIKE YOU DON'T SEE ANYTHING.
WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED.
WHAT?
WHY ARE YOU FOLLOWING US?!
CAL!
NO!
BANG BANG BANG

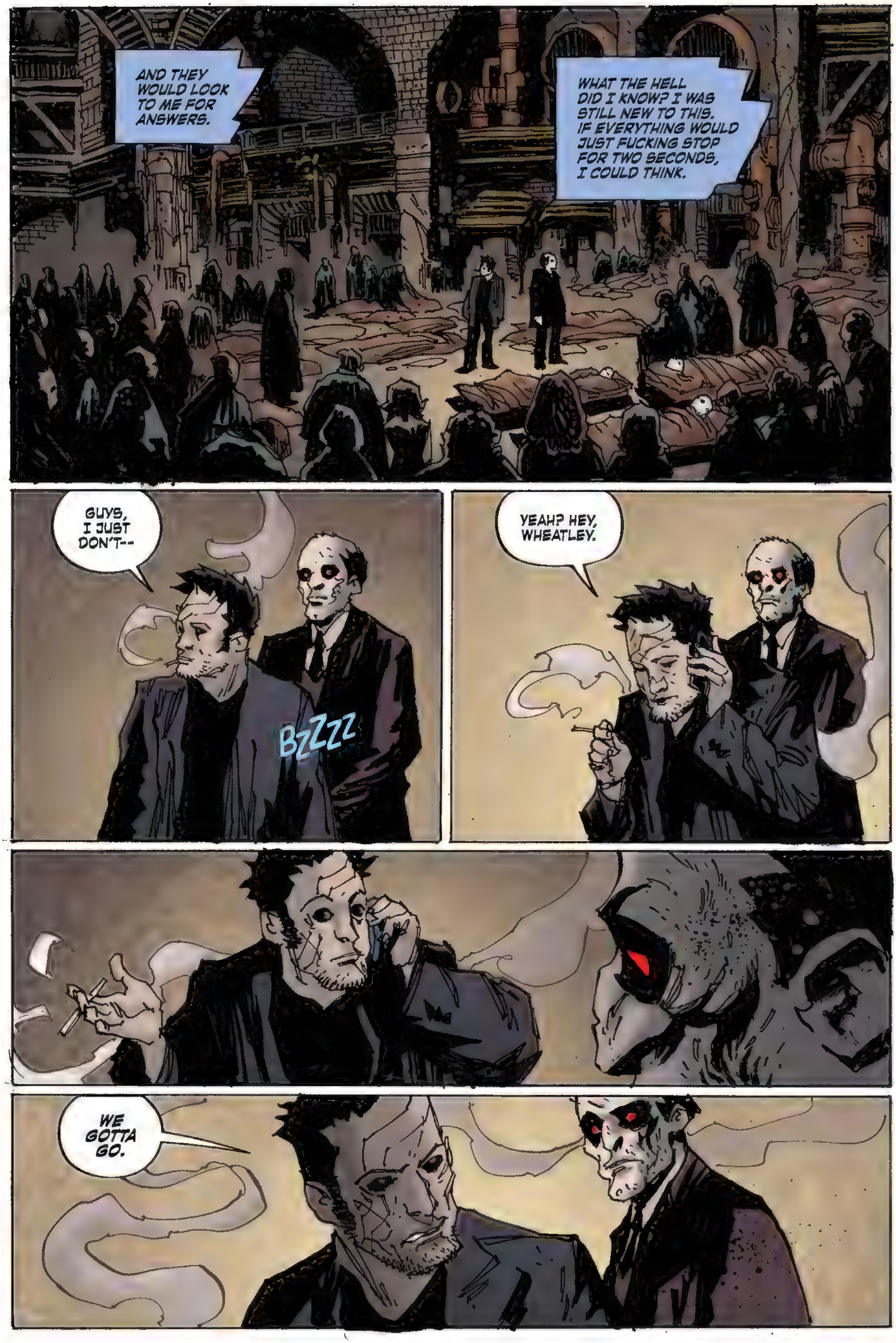

PETE? WHY ARE YOU FOLLOWING US?
I DID AS MO'LOCK INSTRUCTED.
THIS WOULD BE THE GOOD NEWS. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SURPRISE.
I AM GOING TO GO.
HEY, OKAY...AND THANKS, PETE...AND SORRY.
IT'S REALLY NICE. THANK YOU. WHAT'S THE OCCASION?
WE CAN DISCUSS THAT LATER. THERE ARE MORE PRESSING MATTERS.
THE BAD NEWS.
IT'S BEEN HAPPENING FOR DAYS. I WAITED. I DIDN'T WANT TO OVERWHELM YOU. GHOULS ARE DYING, CAL. MORE EVERY DAY.
WELL, WHO'S KILLING THEM? WE'LL TRACK THEM DOWN AND 'SPLAIN THINGS TO THEM.
I THINK IT'S BETTER IF YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF.

WHERE WE HEADED?
THE SEWERS BENEATH STUDIO CITY.
BACK IN THE SEWERS AGAIN, HUH?
THAT PARTICULAR DANGER HAS PASSED. MOST GHOULS PREFER THE SEWERS TO LIVING AMONG HUMANS.
LOOK, THANKS FOR THE CAR. IT'S REALLY GREAT.
I'LL ADD IT TO YOUR TAB.
SMAK
WRRRR

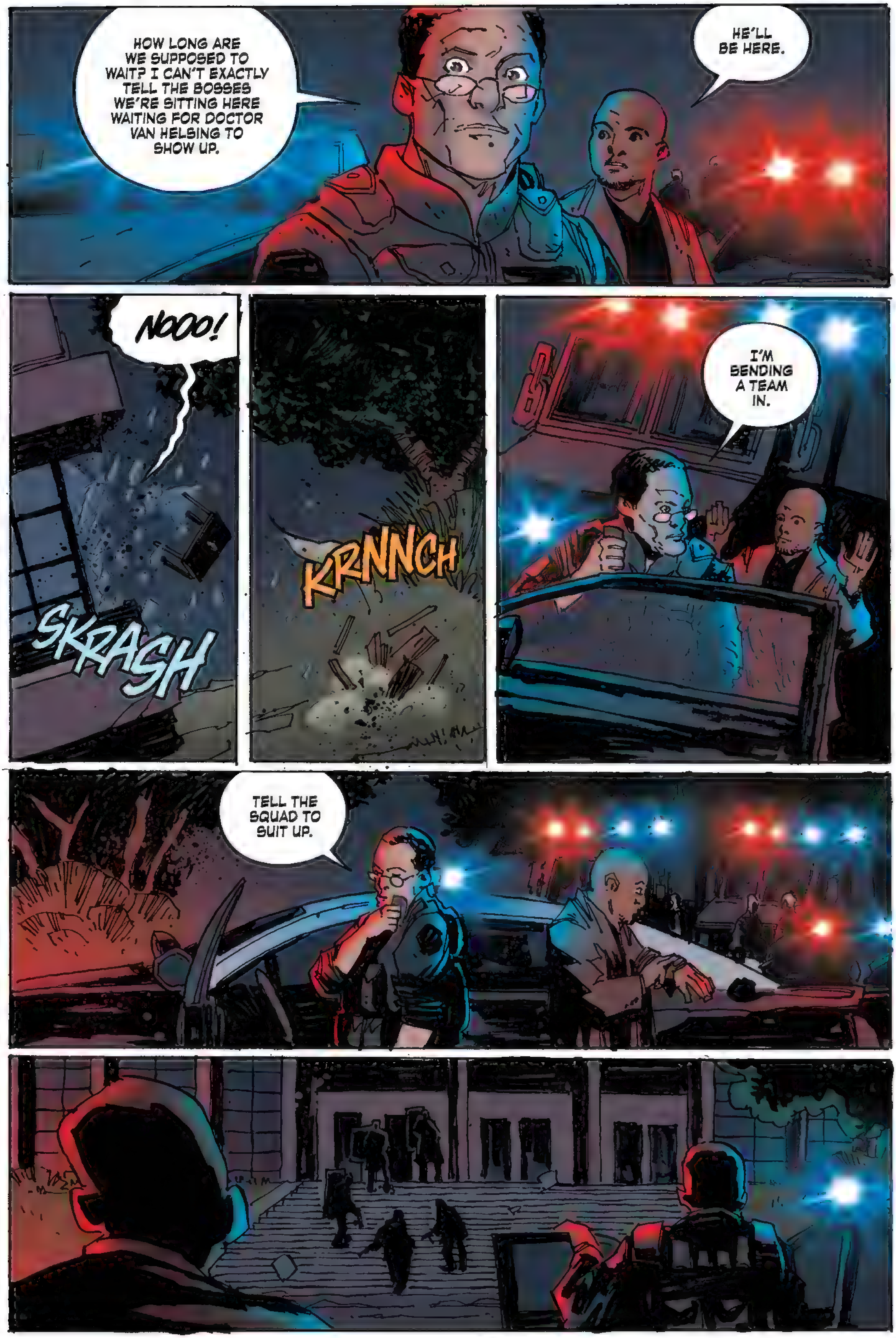

DESPITE BEING ANNOYING, GHOULS ARE AMONG THE TOUGHEST MONSTERS I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED.
THEY EVOLVED FROM GRAVE-ROBBING FLESH EATERS TO UNDEAD OBSERVERS--SOMETIMES PROTECTORS--OF THE LIVING.
THEY'RE A LOT DEADLIER THAN THEY LOOK. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PUSH A GHOUL TOO FAR TO FIND THAT OUT.
YOU HAVE GUM STUCK TO YOUR ASS.
LIKE ANY MONSTER, THEY CAN BE KILLED. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD SAY "WE" CAN BE KILLED. I AM ONE OF THEM NOW, AFTER ALL.
BUT THEY ARE TOUGH TO KILL. YOU COULD BURN ONE, IF YOU COULD HOLD IT DOWN LONG ENOUGH TO DO ANY DAMAGE.
EVEN DECAPITATED, THE HEAD LIVES ON. ONLY TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE HEAD AND BODY SEEMS TO STOP GHOULS FOR GOOD.
BUT THIS?

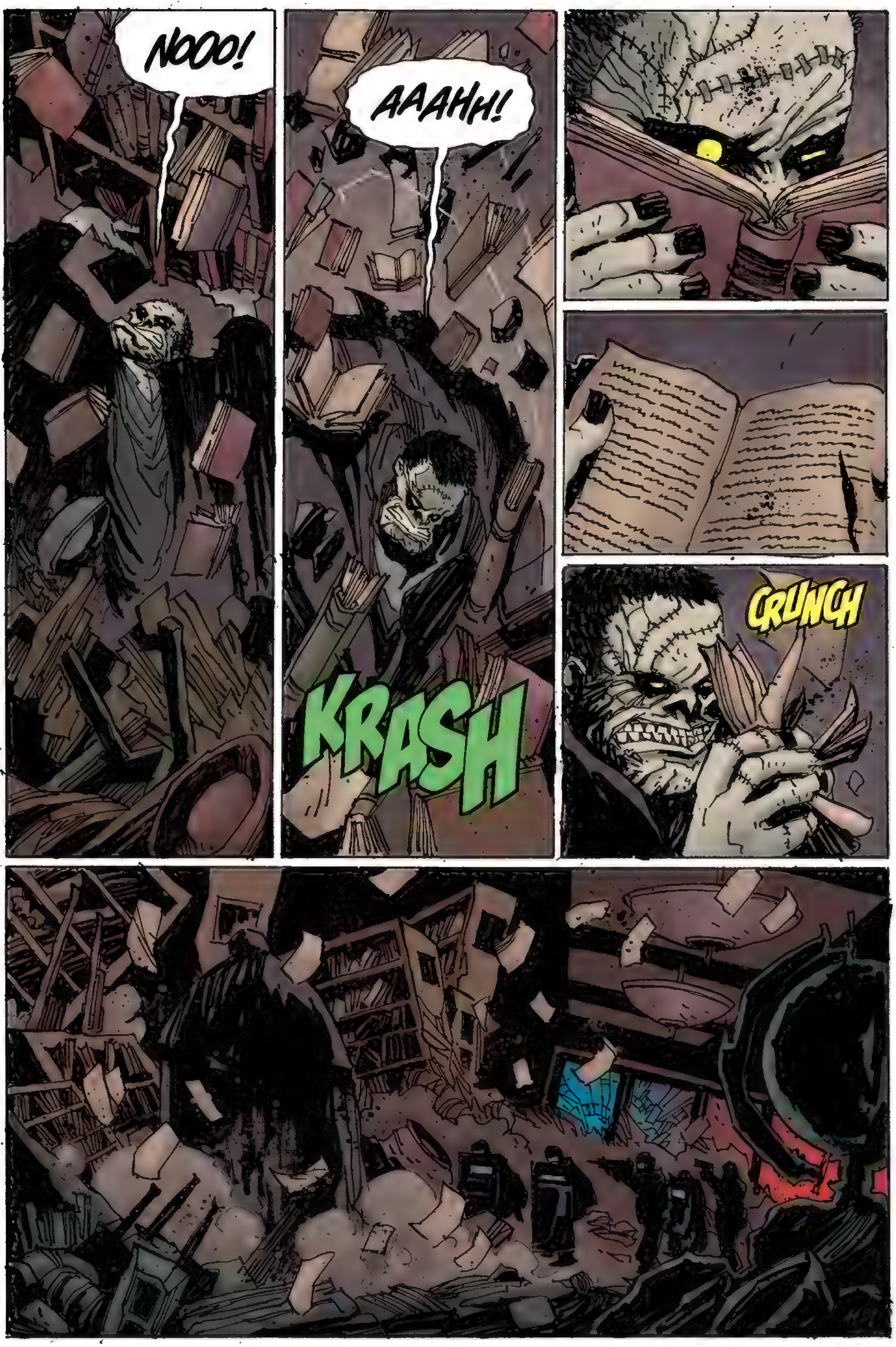

NOBODY HAD EVER SEEN A GHOUL SIMPLY DIE.
HOW MANY SO FAR?
NEARLY ONE HUNDRED.
CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IT FEELS LIKE?
IT...FEELS LIKE...I AM... BEING...
...ABANDONED.

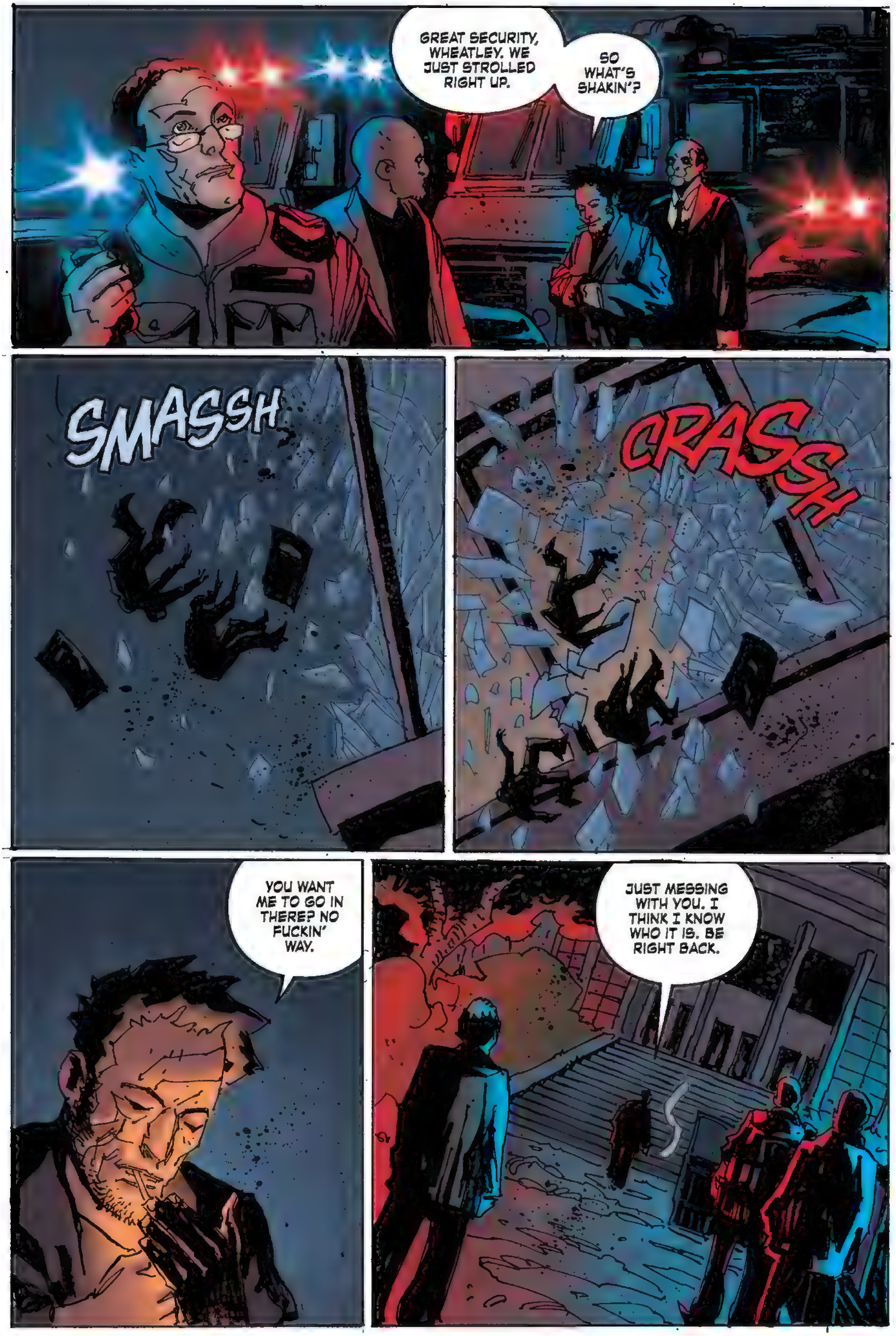

I HAD NEVER SEEN A GHOUL JUST DIE BEFORE.
WHAT DO WE DO?!
I DO NOT KNOW!
AAAAAHHH!
THERE'S NO DESCRIBING THE FEELING IN THAT ROOM.
THE GHOULS SEEMED BEATEN DOWN--LOST. HOPELESS.


AND THEY WOULD LOOK TO ME FOR ANSWERS.
WHAT THE HELL DID I KNOW? I WAS STILL NEW TO THIS. IF EVERYTHING WOULD JUST FUCKING STOP FOR TWO SECONDS, I COULD THINK.
GUYS, I JUST DON'T--
BZZZZ
YEAH? HEY, WHEATLEY.
WE GOTTA GO.

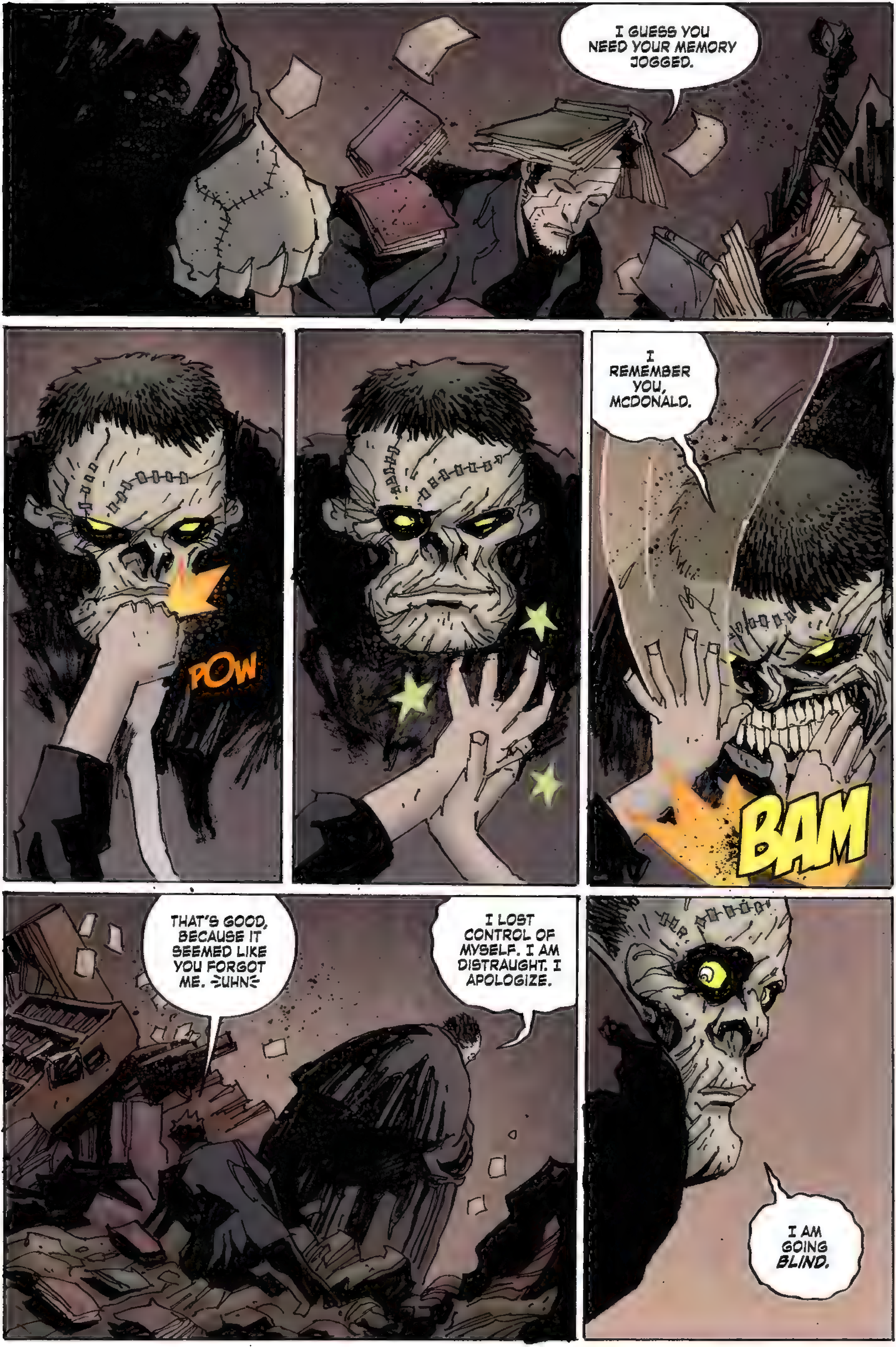
NORTH HOLLYWOOD.
HE'S ON HIS WAY.

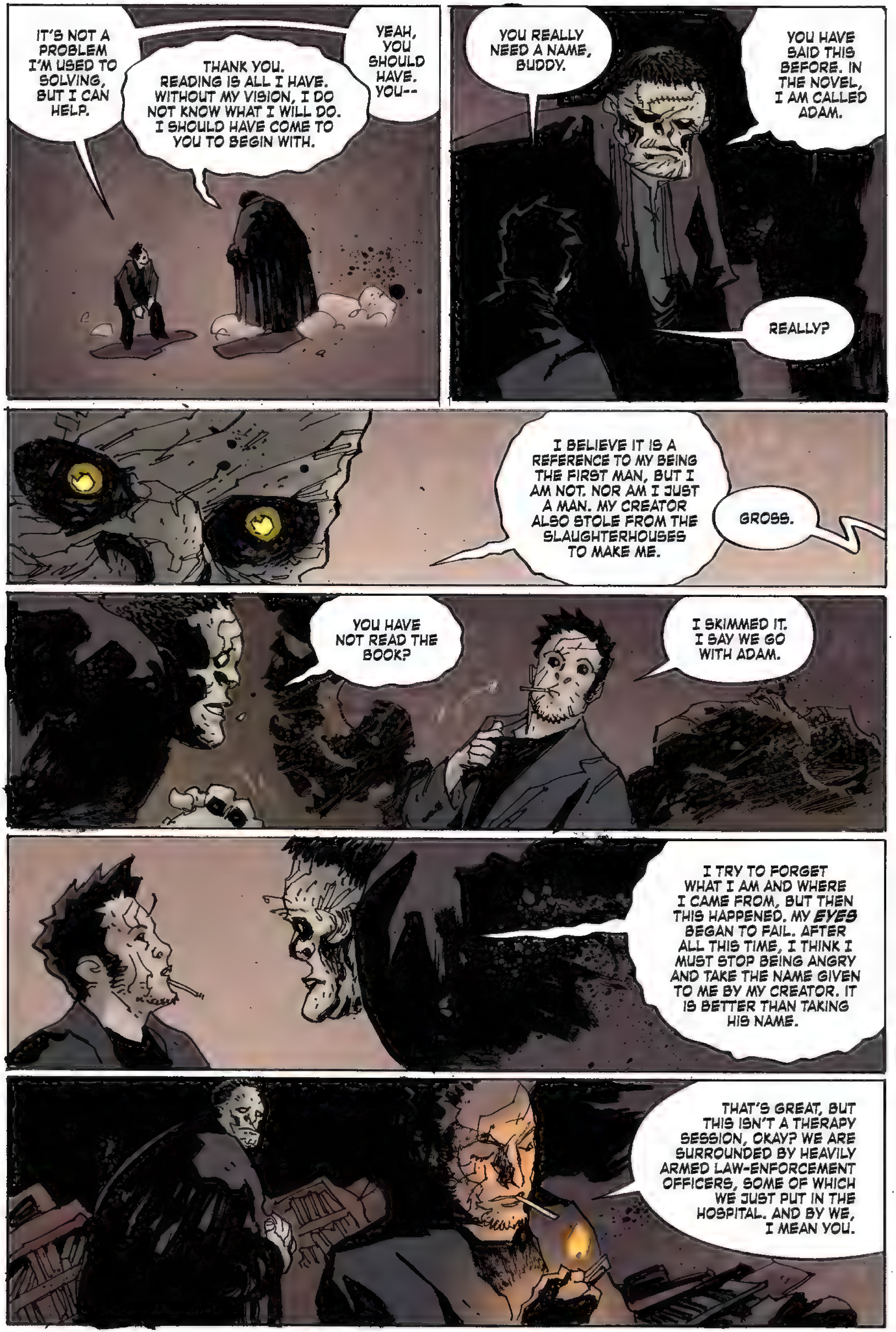

HOW LONG ARE WE SUPPOSED TO WAIT? I CAN'T EXACTLY TELL THE BOSSES WE'RE SITTING HERE WAITING FOR DOCTOR VAN HELSING TO SHOW UP.
HE'LL BE HERE.
NOOO!
SKRASH
KRNNCH
I'M SENDING A TEAM IN.
TELL THE SQUAD TO SUIT UP.

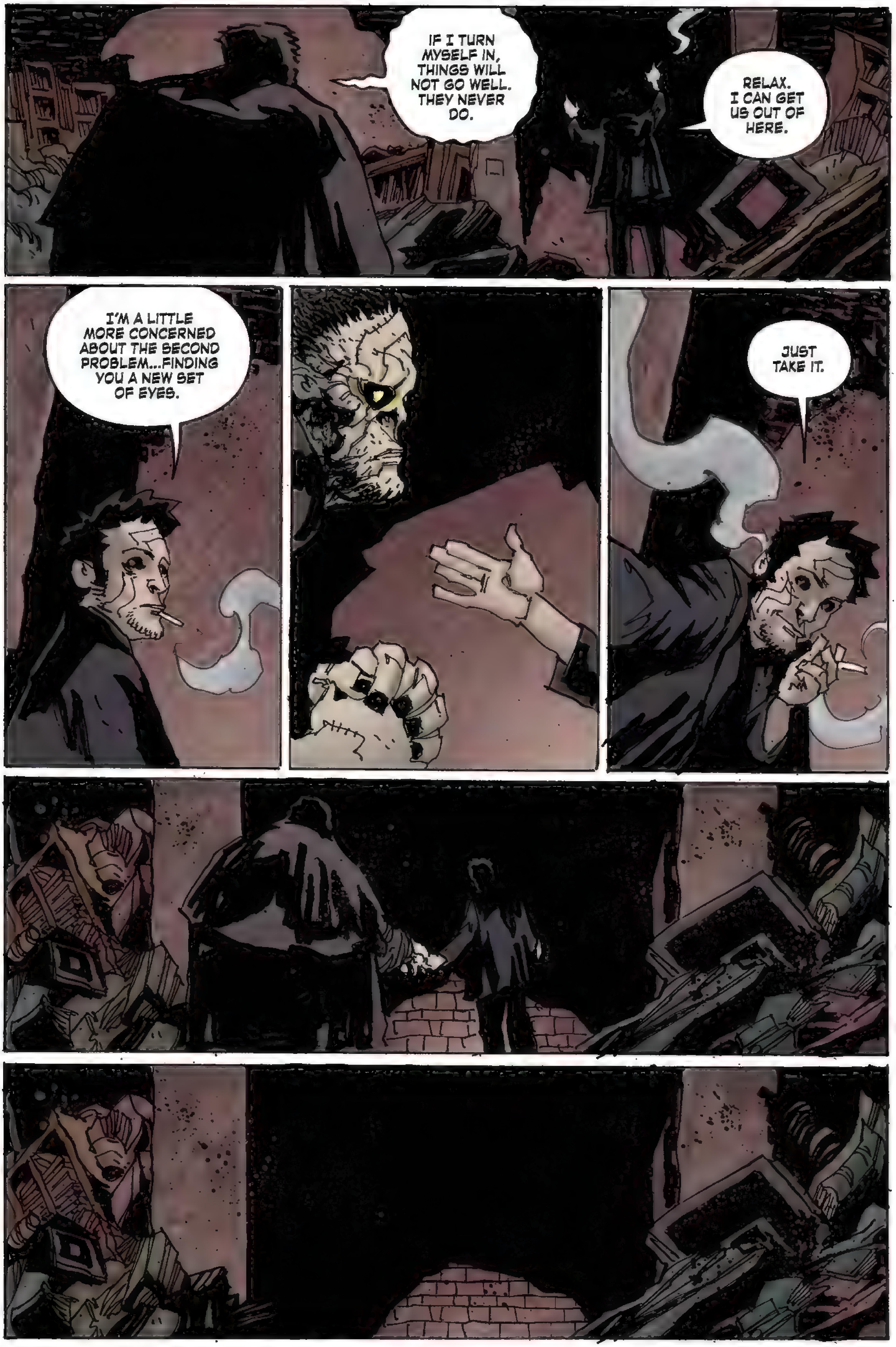

NOOO!
AAAHH!
KRASH
CRUNCH

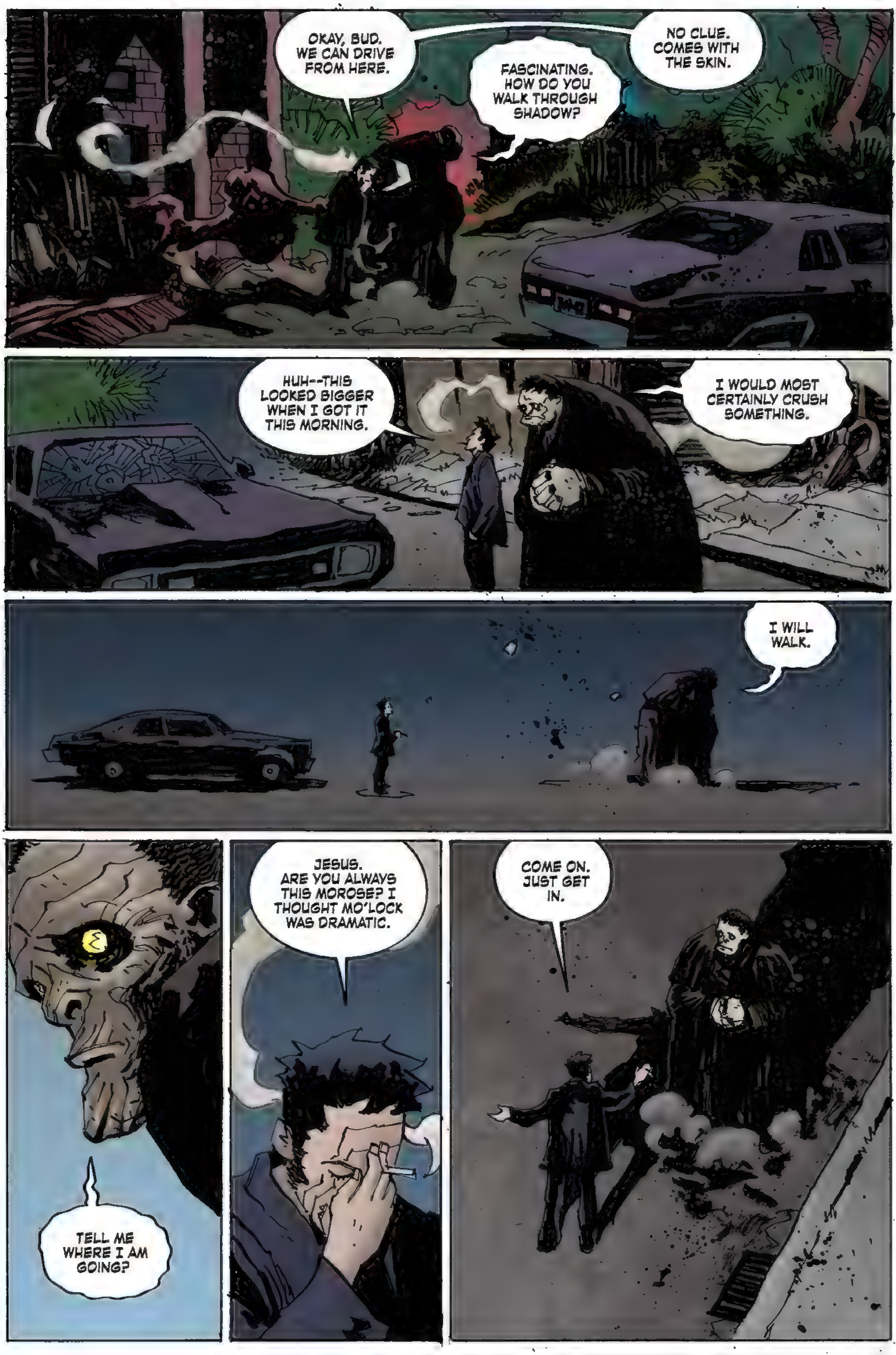

GREAT SECURITY, WHEATLEY. WE JUST STROLLED RIGHT UP.
SO WHAT'S SHAKIN'?
SMASSH
CRASSH
YOU WANT ME TO GO IN THERE? NO FUCKIN' WAY.
JUST MESSING WITH YOU. I THINK I KNOW WHO IT IS. BE RIGHT BACK.

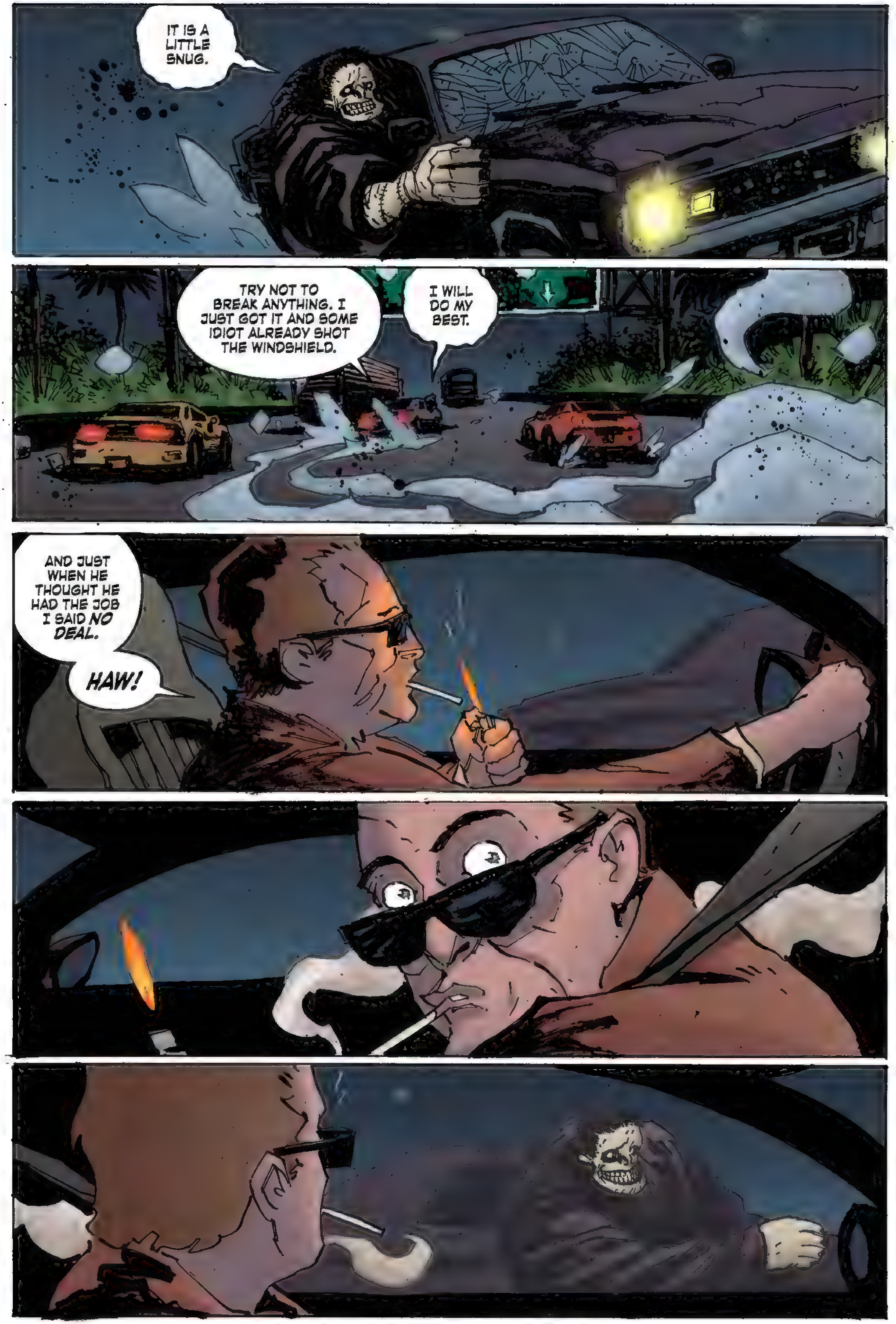
HEY! IT'S CAL MCDONALD. WE MET A WAYS BACK. YOU STILL HERE?
HELLO?
WHY DON'T YOU COME OUT AND TALK. YOU CAN...
...YA KNOW, YOU REALLY SHOULD JUST PICK A NAME. IT WOULD MAKE SITUATIONS LIKE THIS MUCH EASIER.
WHAM
THUMP

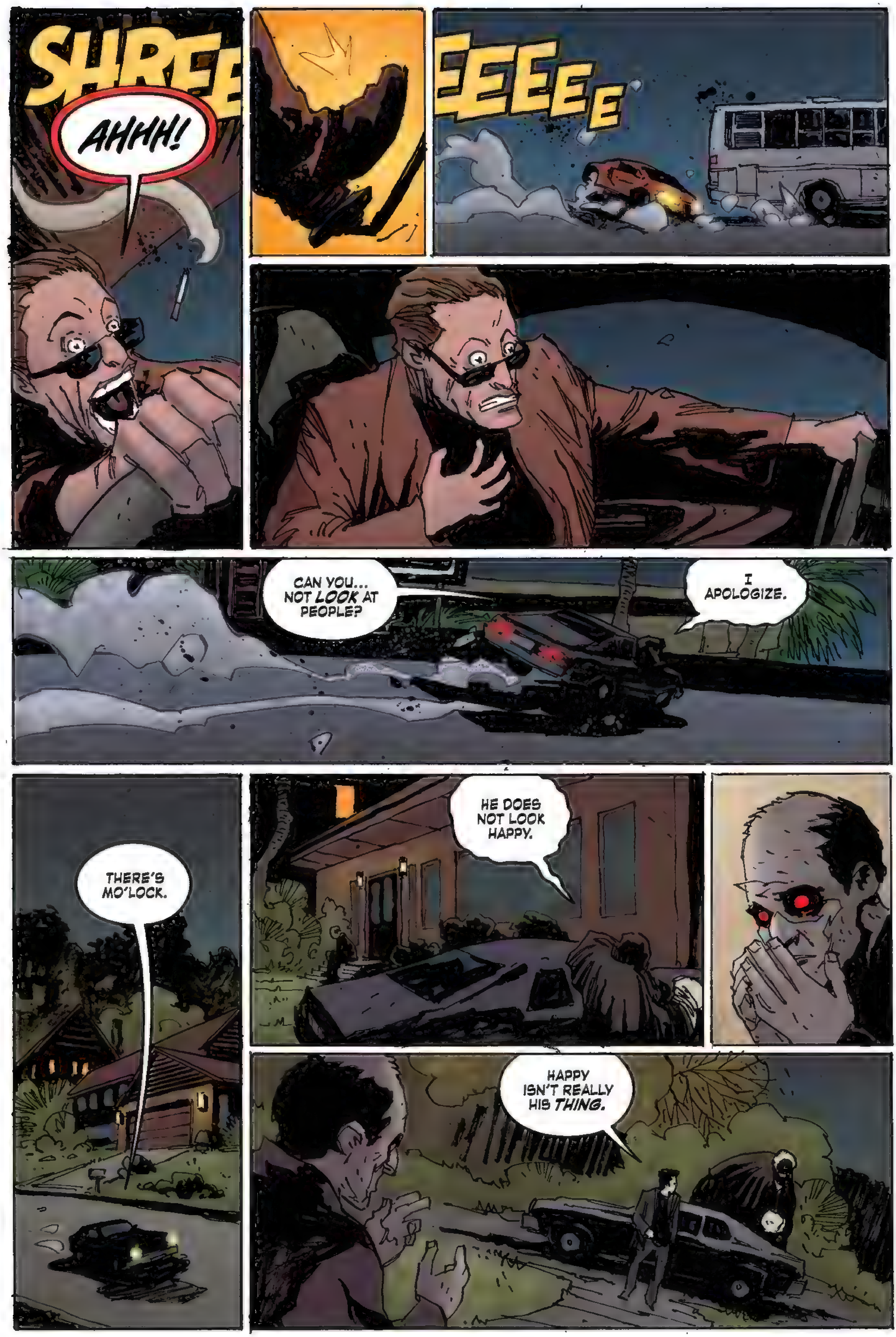

I GUESS YOU NEED YOUR MEMORY JOGGED.
POW
I REMEMBER YOU, MCDONALD.
BAM
THAT'S GOOD, BECAUSE IT SEEMED LIKE YOU FORGOT ME. ≷UHN≶
I LOST CONTROL OF MYSELF. I AM DISTRAUGHT. I APOLOGIZE.
I AM GOING *BLIND.*

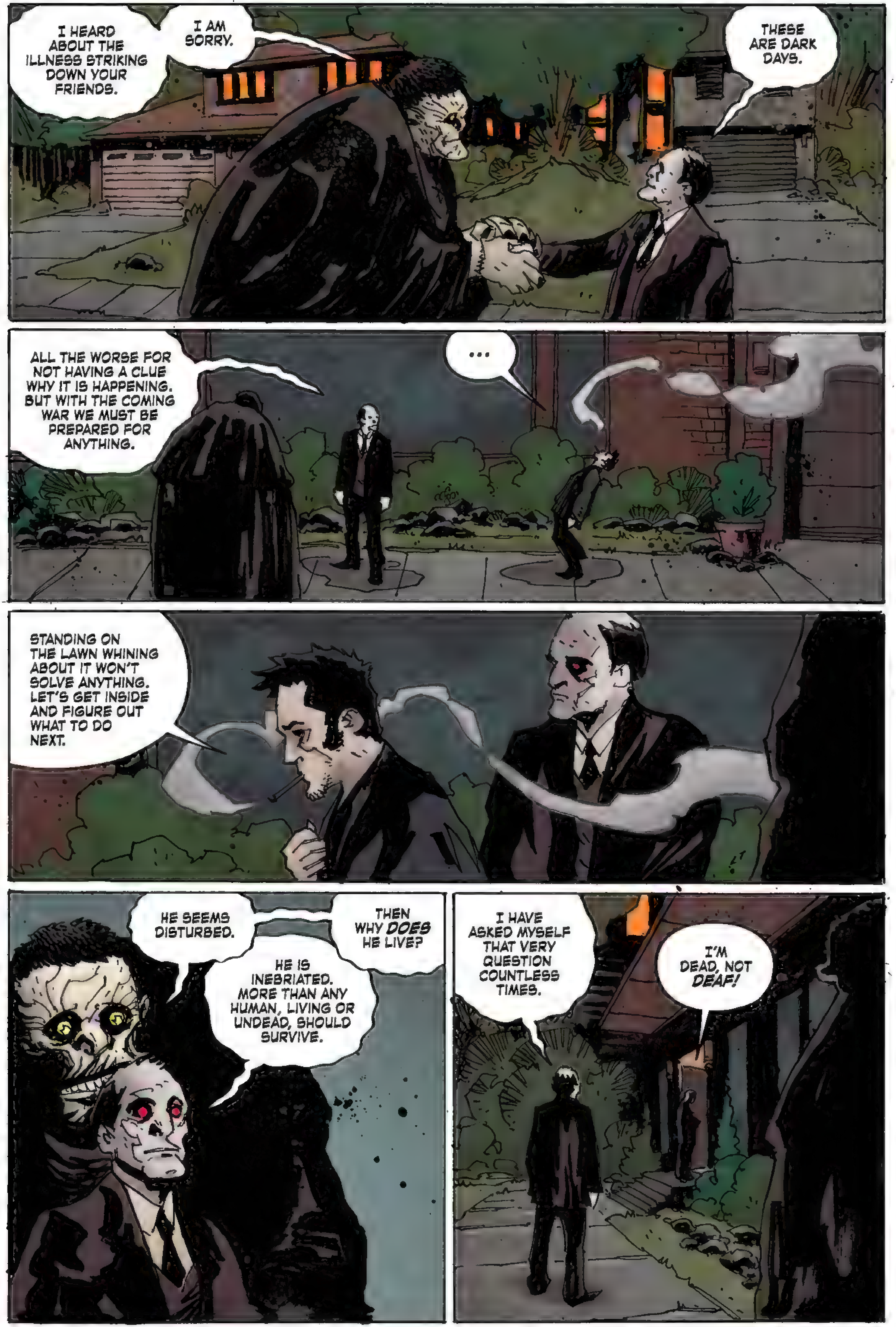

IT'S NOT A PROBLEM I'M USED TO SOLVING, BUT I CAN HELP.
THANK YOU. READING IS ALL I HAVE. WITHOUT MY VISION, I DO NOT KNOW WHAT I WILL DO. I SHOULD HAVE COME TO YOU TO BEGIN WITH.
YEAH, YOU SHOULD HAVE. YOU--
YOU REALLY NEED A NAME, BUDDY.
YOU HAVE SAID THIS BEFORE. IN THE NOVEL, I AM CALLED ADAM.
REALLY?
I BELIEVE IT IS A REFERENCE TO MY BEING THE FIRST MAN, BUT I AM NOT. NOR AM I JUST A MAN. MY CREATOR ALSO STOLE FROM THE SLAUGHTERHOUSES TO MAKE ME.
GROSS.
YOU HAVE NOT READ THE BOOK?
I SKIMMED IT. I SAY WE GO WITH ADAM.
I TRY TO FORGET WHAT I AM AND WHERE I CAME FROM, BUT THEN THIS HAPPENED. MY *EYES* BEGAN TO FAIL. AFTER ALL THIS TIME, I THINK I MUST STOP BEING ANGRY AND TAKE THE NAME GIVEN TO ME BY MY CREATOR. IT IS BETTER THAN TAKING HIS NAME.
THAT'S GREAT, BUT THIS ISN'T A THERAPY SESSION, OKAY? WE ARE SURROUNDED BY HEAVILY ARMED LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS, SOME OF WHICH WE JUST PUT IN THE HOSPITAL. AND BY WE, I MEAN YOU.

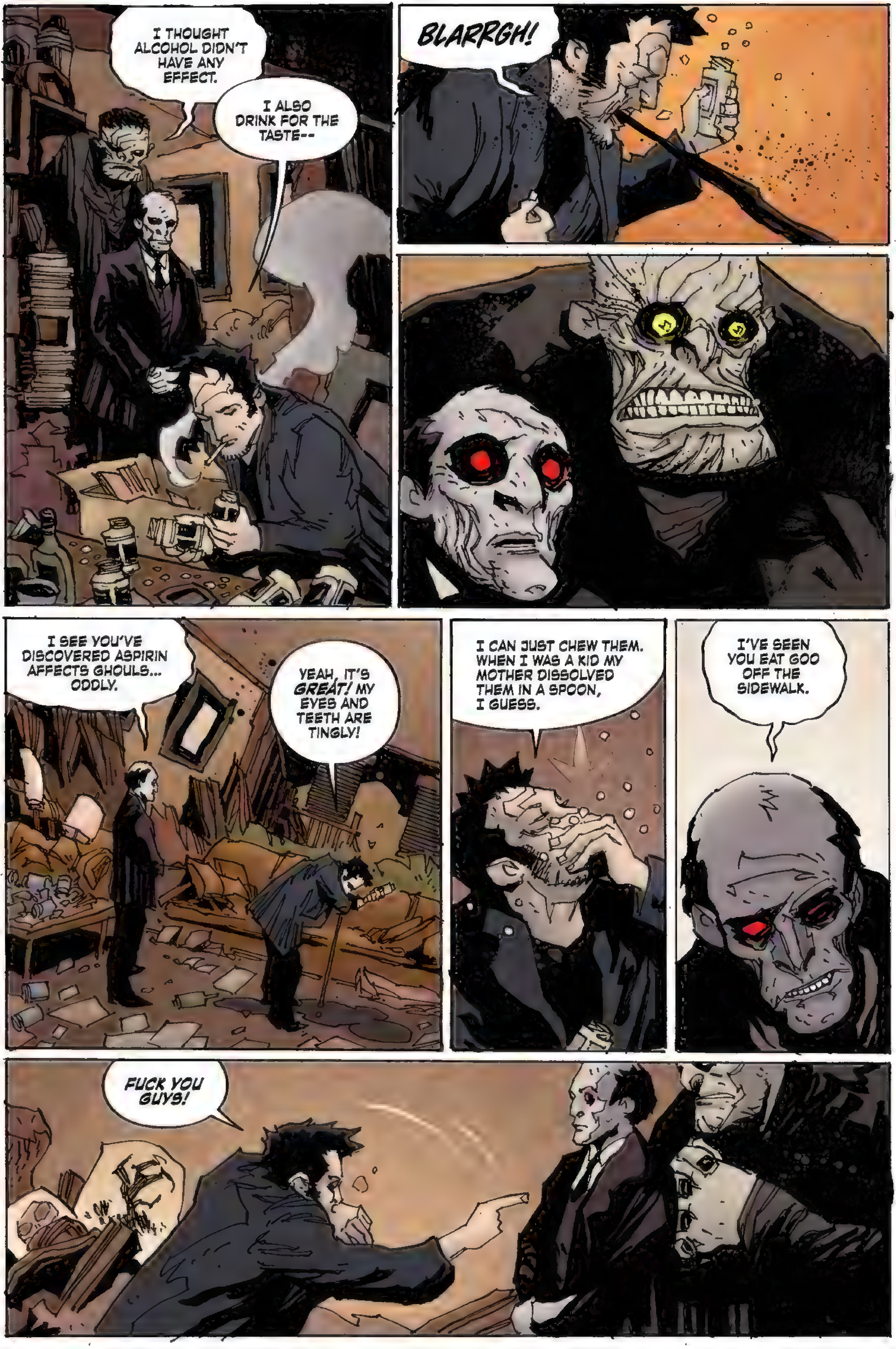

IF I TURN MYSELF IN, THINGS WILL NOT GO WELL. THEY NEVER DO.
RELAX. I CAN GET US OUT OF HERE.
I'M A LITTLE MORE CONCERNED ABOUT THE SECOND PROBLEM...FINDING YOU A NEW SET OF EYES.
JUST TAKE IT.

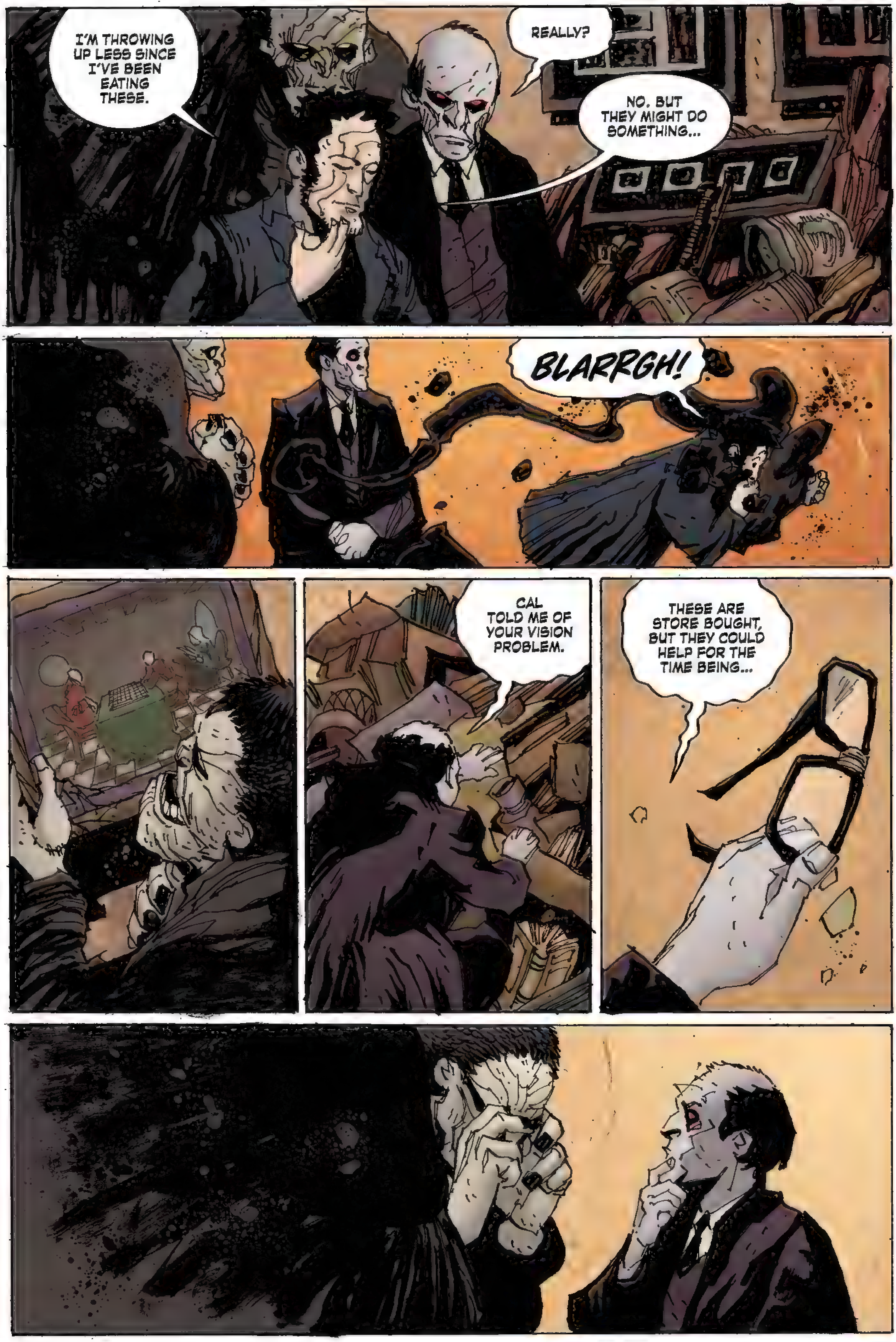

OKAY, BUD. WE CAN DRIVE FROM HERE.
FASCINATING. HOW DO YOU WALK THROUGH SHADOW?
NO CLUE. COMES WITH THE SKIN.
HUH--THIS LOOKED BIGGER WHEN I GOT IT THIS MORNING.
I WOULD MOST CERTAINLY CRUSH SOMETHING.
I WILL WALK.
TELL ME WHERE I AM GOING?
JESUS. ARE YOU ALWAYS THIS MOROSE? I THOUGHT MO'LOCK WAS DRAMATIC.
COME ON. JUST GET IN.

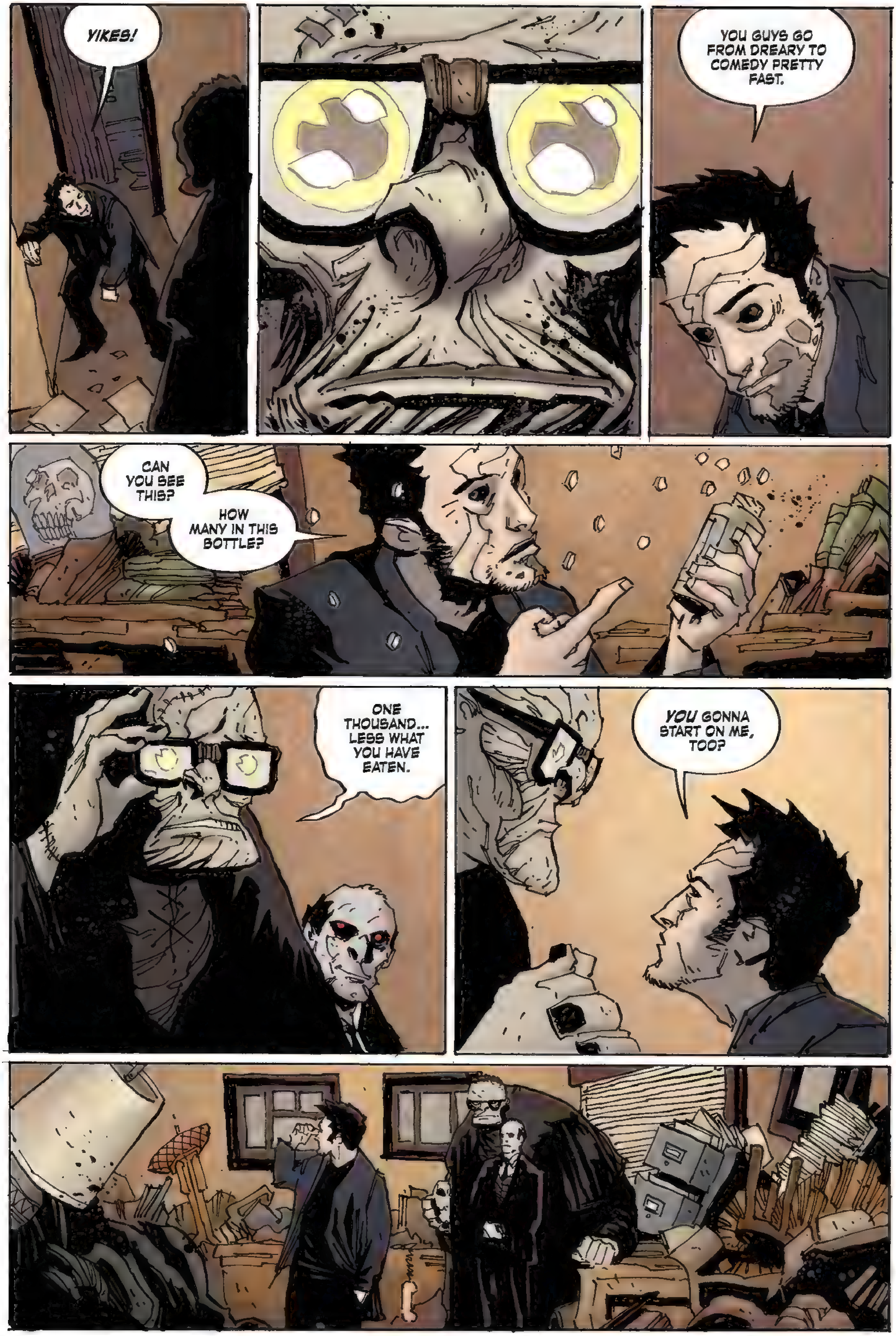

IT IS A LITTLE SNUG.
TRY NOT TO BREAK ANYTHING. I JUST GOT IT AND SOME IDIOT ALREADY SHOT THE WINDSHIELD.
I WILL DO MY BEST.
AND JUST WHEN HE THOUGHT HE HAD THE JOB I SAID *NO DEAL.*
HAW!

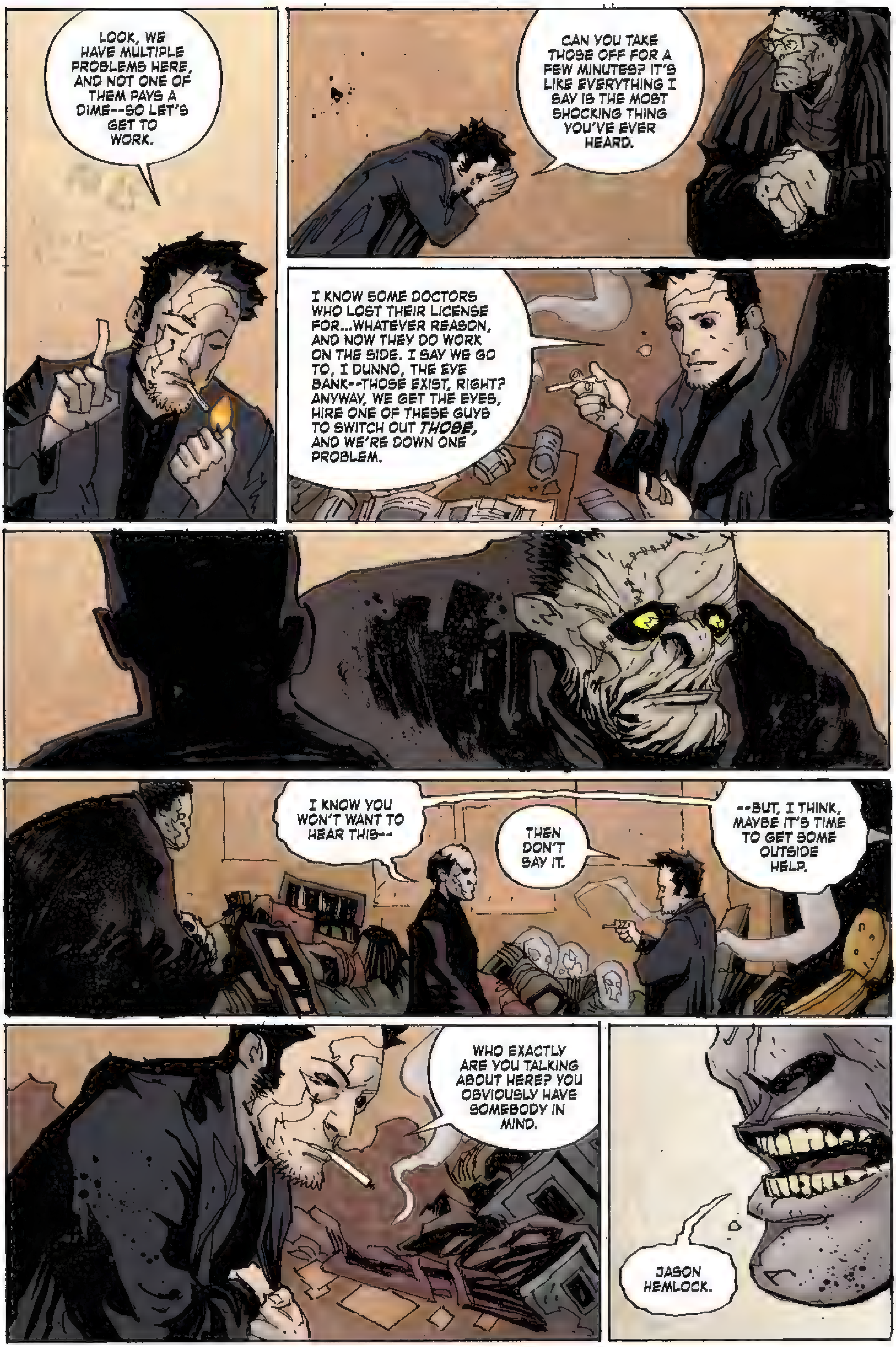

SHREEEEEEEE
AHHH!
CAN YOU... NOT *LOOK* AT PEOPLE?
I APOLOGIZE.
THERE'S MO'LOCK.
HE DOES NOT LOOK HAPPY.
HAPPY ISN'T REALLY HIS *THING.*


I HEARD ABOUT THE ILLNESS STRIKING DOWN YOUR FRIENDS.
I AM SORRY.
THESE ARE DARK DAYS.
ALL THE WORSE FOR NOT HAVING A CLUE WHY IT IS HAPPENING. BUT WITH THE COMING WAR WE MUST BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING.
...
STANDING ON THE LAWN WHINING ABOUT IT WON'T SOLVE ANYTHING. LET'S GET INSIDE AND FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO NEXT.
HE SEEMS DISTURBED.
HE IS INEBRIATED. MORE THAN ANY HUMAN, LIVING OR UNDEAD, SHOULD SURVIVE.
THEN WHY *DOES* HE LIVE?
I HAVE ASKED MYSELF THAT VERY QUESTION COUNTLESS TIMES.
I'M DEAD, NOT *DEAF!*

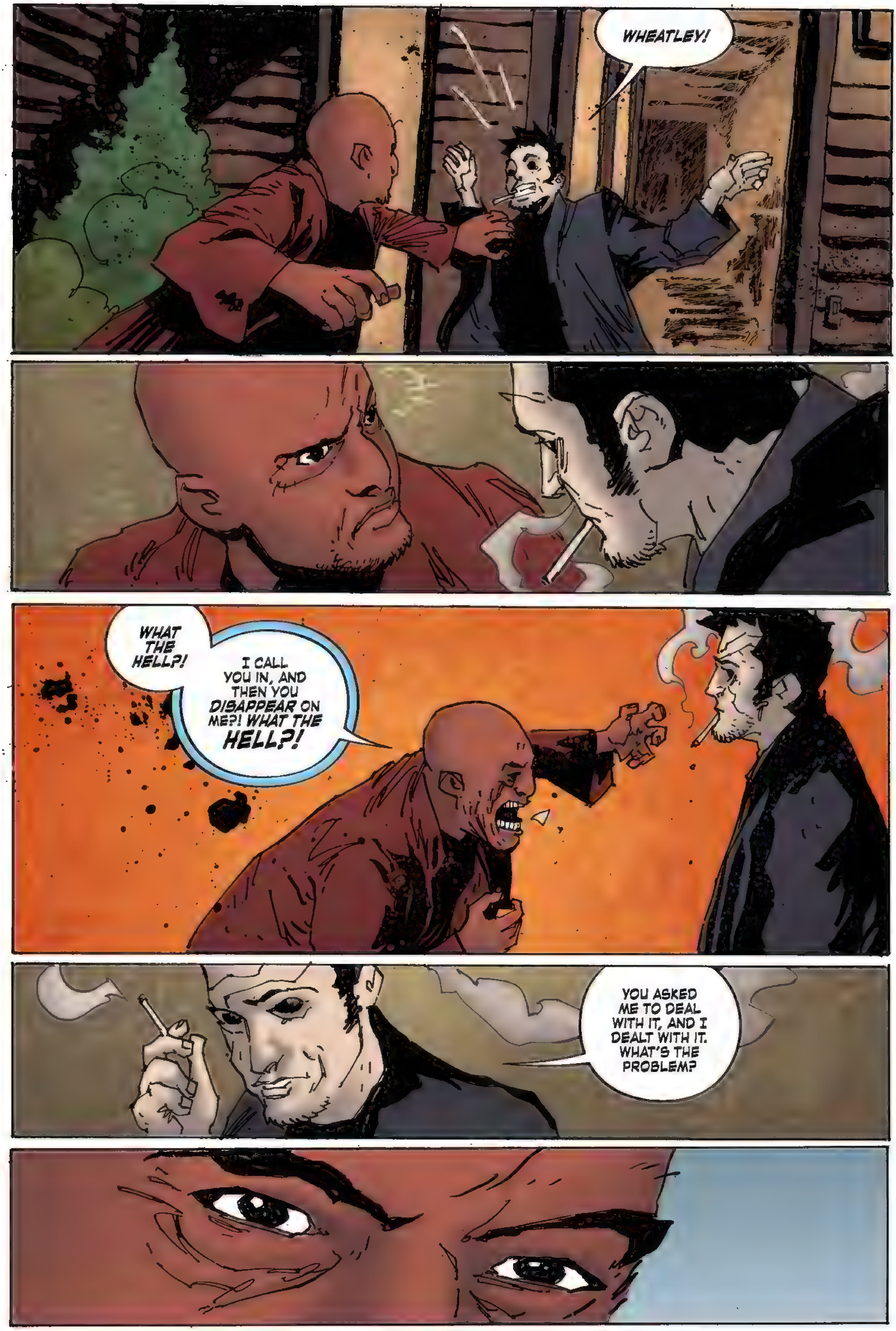

I THOUGHT ALCOHOL DIDN'T HAVE ANY EFFECT.
I ALSO DRINK FOR THE TASTE--
BLARRGH!
I SEE YOU'VE DISCOVERED ASPIRIN AFFECTS GHOULS... ODDLY.
YEAH, IT'S *GREAT!* MY EYES AND TEETH ARE TINGLY!
I CAN JUST CHEW THEM. WHEN I WAS A KID MY MOTHER DISSOLVED THEM IN A SPOON, I GUESS.
I'VE SEEN YOU EAT GOO OFF THE SIDEWALK.
FUCK YOU GUYS!

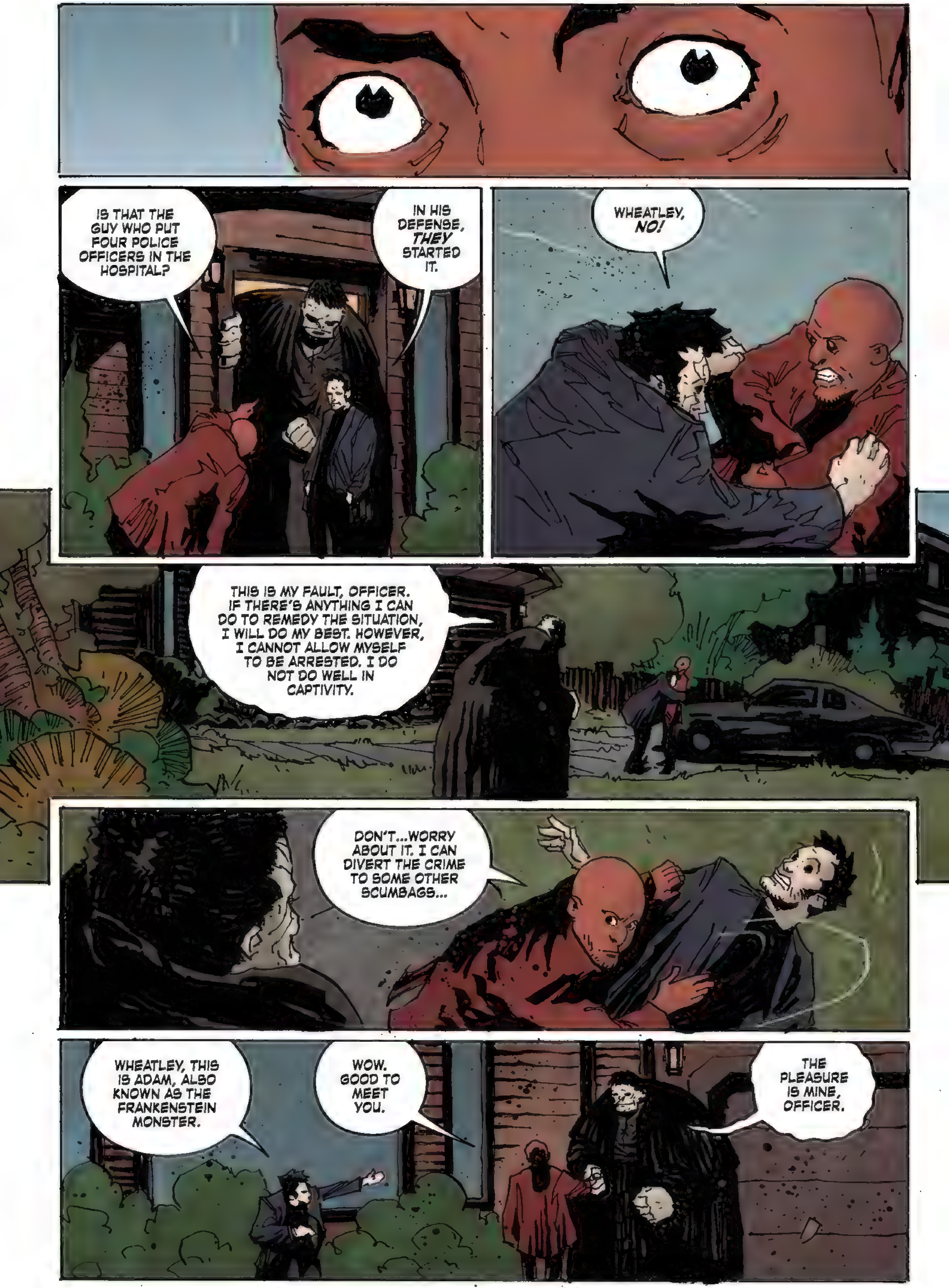

I'M THROWING UP LESS SINCE I'VE BEEN EATING THESE.
REALLY?
NO. BUT THEY MIGHT DO SOMETHING...
BLARRGH!
CAL TOLD ME OF YOUR VISION PROBLEM.
THESE ARE STORE BOUGHT, BUT THEY COULD HELP FOR THE TIME BEING...

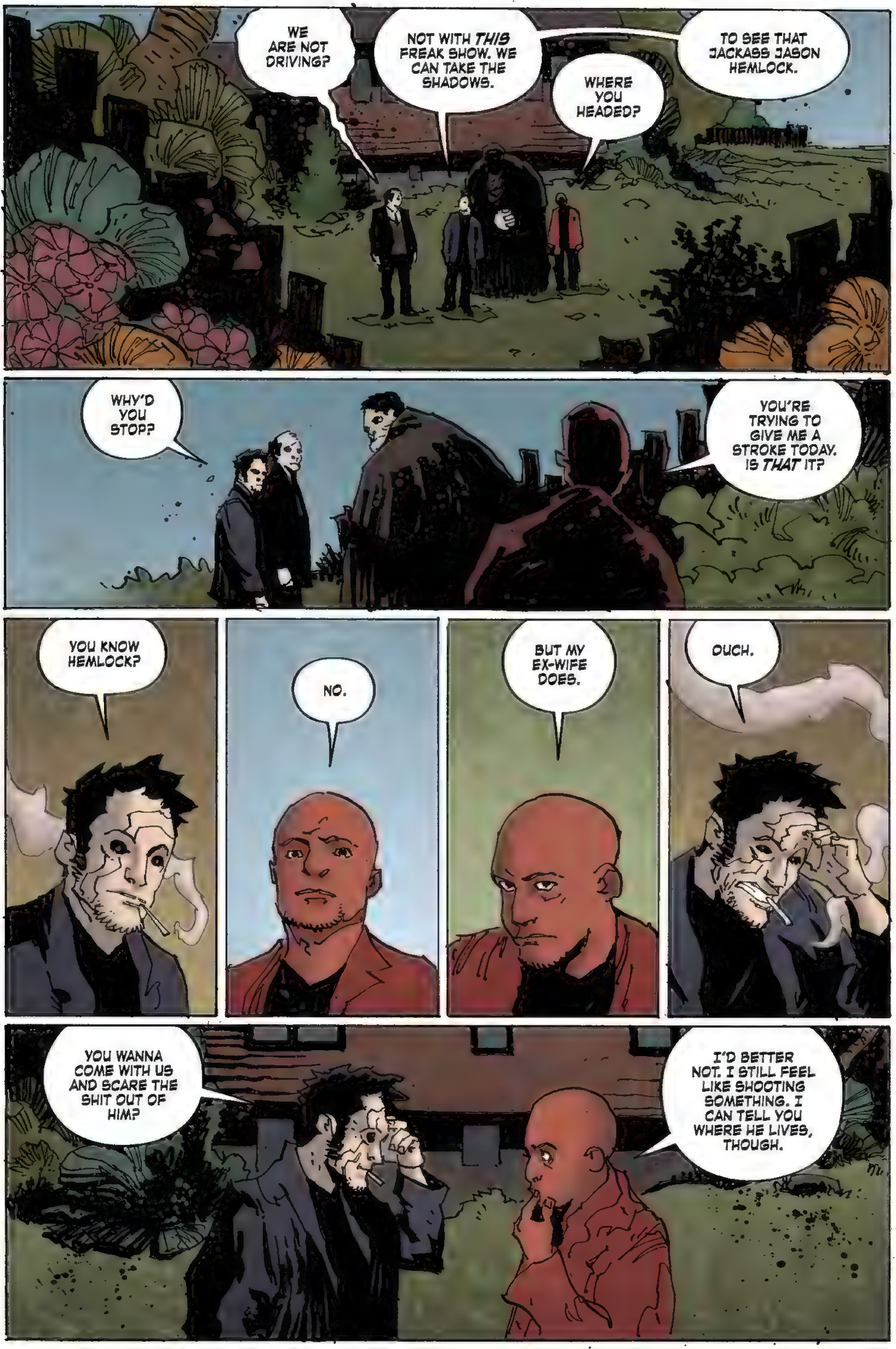

YIKES!
YOU GUYS GO FROM DREARY TO COMEDY PRETTY FAST.
CAN YOU SEE THIS?
HOW MANY IN THIS BOTTLE?
ONE THOUSAND... LESS WHAT YOU HAVE EATEN.
YOU GONNA START ON ME, TOO?


LOOK, WE HAVE MULTIPLE PROBLEMS HERE, AND NOT ONE OF THEM PAYS A DIME--SO LET'S GET TO WORK.
CAN YOU TAKE THOSE OFF FOR A FEW MINUTES? IT'S LIKE EVERYTHING I SAY IS THE MOST SHOCKING THING YOU'VE EVER HEARD.
I KNOW SOME DOCTORS WHO LOST THEIR LICENSE FOR...WHATEVER REASON, AND NOW THEY DO WORK ON THE SIDE. I SAY WE GO TO, I DUNNO, THE EYE BANK--THOSE EXIST, RIGHT? ANYWAY, WE GET THE EYES, HIRE ONE OF THESE GUYS TO SWITCH OUT *THOSE*, AND WE'RE DOWN ONE PROBLEM.
I KNOW YOU WON'T WANT TO HEAR THIS--
THEN DON'T SAY IT.
--BUT, I THINK, MAYBE IT'S TIME TO GET SOME OUTSIDE HELP.
WHO EXACTLY ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT HERE? YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE SOMEBODY IN MIND.
JASON HEMLOCK.

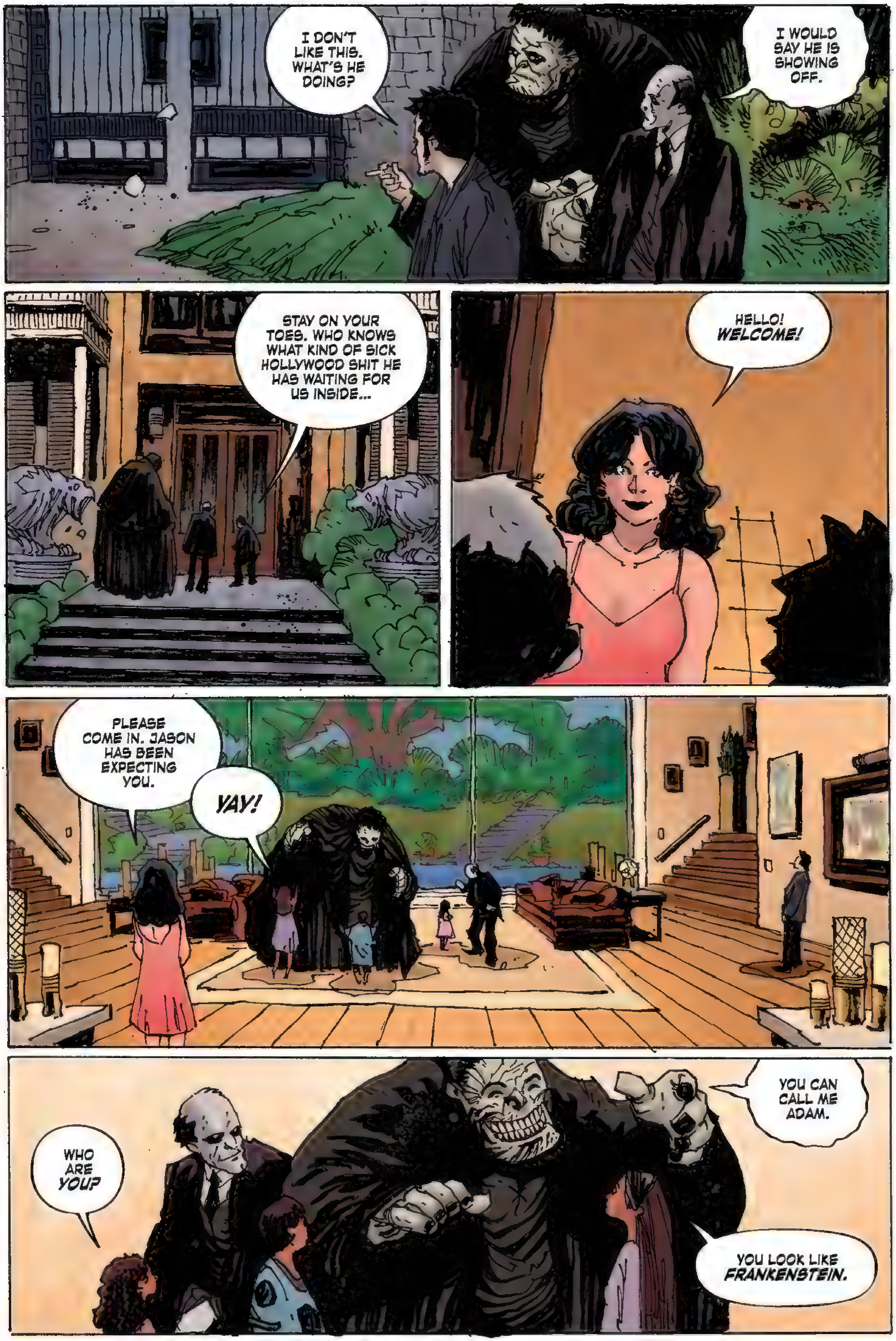
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
HE'S A FAKE. A SELLOUT DOUCHEBAG. A LOSER. A POSER, AND HAS REALLY BAD TASTE IN CLOTHES.
WHETHER HIS PERFORMANCE TRICKS ARE REAL OR NOT IS IRRELEVANT. THE FACT REMAINS THAT HE IS AN AUTHORITY ON THE OCCULT. HE IS WELL AWARE OF ALL SUPERNATURAL EVENTS. AND HE USED TO BE A RESPECTED SURGEON, WHICH MIGHT BE OF SERVICE TO BOTH YOUR AILMENTS.
BOY, WHEN YOU DECIDE TO TALK...
HE DOES SEEM TO HAVE A POINT, CAL MCDONALD. THIS MAN HEMLOCK SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE WORTH APPROACHING.
FINE. YOU WIN. LET'S GO GET A DRINK WITH HEMLOCK.

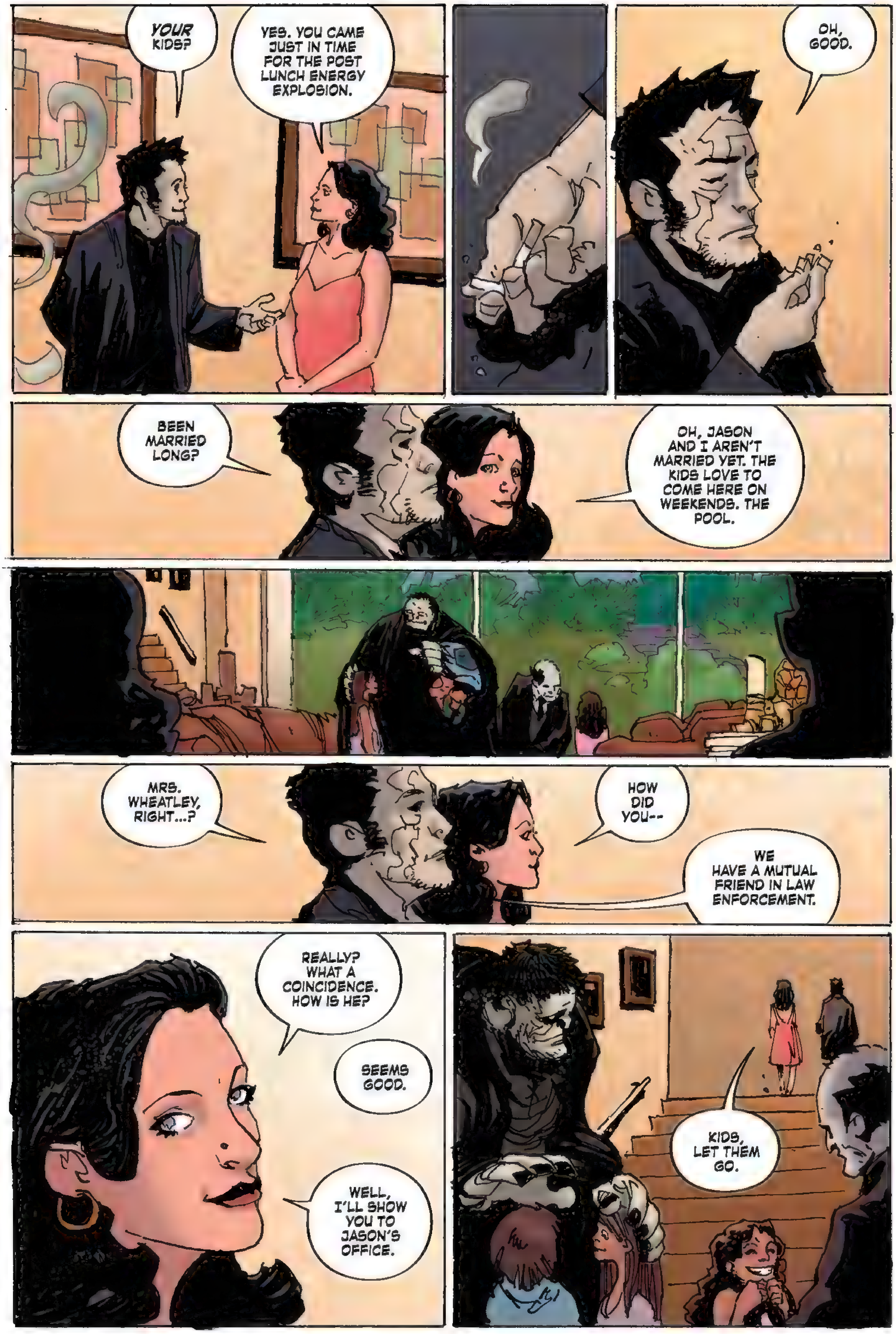

WHEATLEY!
WHAT THE HELL?!
I CALL YOU IN, AND THEN YOU DISAPPEAR ON ME?! WHAT THE HELL?!
YOU ASKED ME TO DEAL WITH IT, AND I DEALT WITH IT. WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

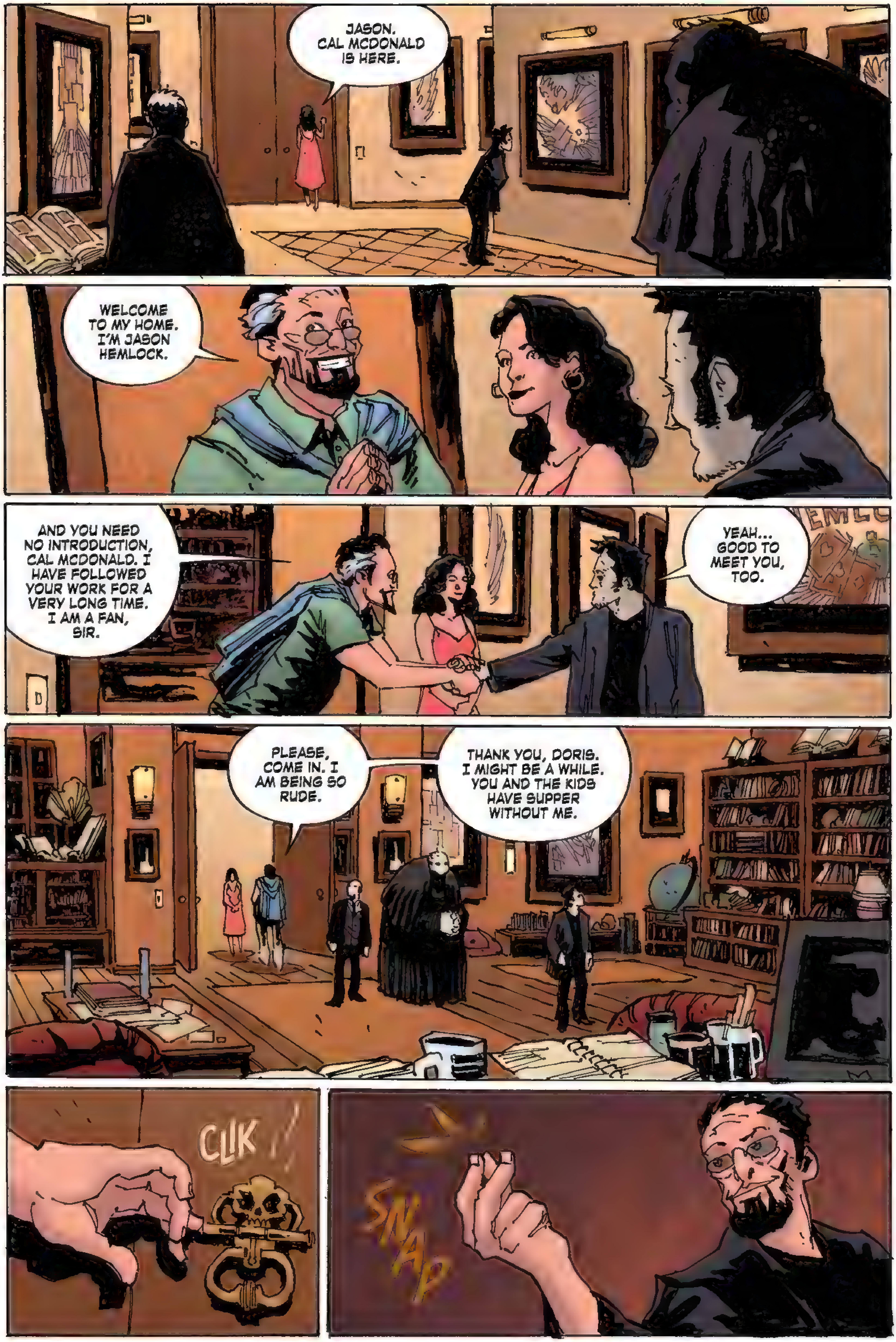

IS THAT THE GUY WHO PUT FOUR POLICE OFFICERS IN THE HOSPITAL?
IN HIS DEFENSE, *THEY* STARTED IT.
WHEATLEY, *NO!*
THIS IS MY FAULT, OFFICER. IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO REMEDY THE SITUATION, I WILL DO MY BEST. HOWEVER, I CANNOT ALLOW MYSELF TO BE ARRESTED. I DO NOT DO WELL IN CAPTIVITY.
DON'T...WORRY ABOUT IT. I CAN DIVERT THE CRIME TO SOME OTHER SCUMBAGS...
WHEATLEY, THIS IS ADAM, ALSO KNOWN AS THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER.
WOW. GOOD TO MEET YOU.
THE PLEASURE IS MINE, OFFICER.


WE ARE NOT DRIVING?
NOT WITH *THIS* FREAK SHOW. WE CAN TAKE THE SHADOWS.
WHERE YOU HEADED?
TO SEE THAT JACKASS JASON HEMLOCK.
WHY'D YOU STOP?
YOU'RE TRYING TO GIVE ME A STROKE TODAY. IS *THAT* IT?
YOU KNOW HEMLOCK?
NO.
BUT MY EX-WIFE DOES.
OUCH.
YOU WANNA COME WITH US AND SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF HIM?
I'D BETTER NOT. I STILL FEEL LIKE SHOOTING SOMETHING. I CAN TELL YOU WHERE HE LIVES, THOUGH.

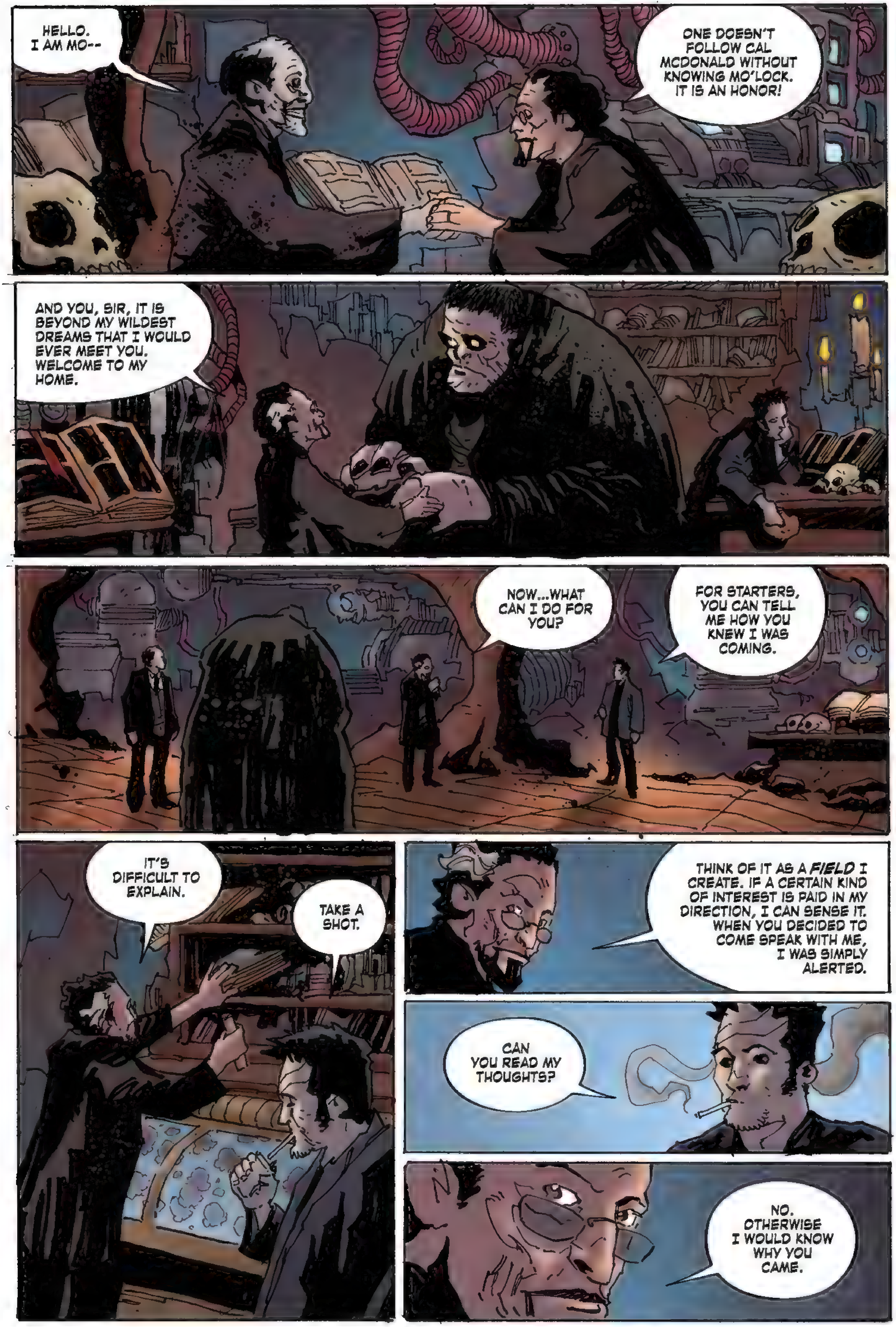
"HE'S GOT A BIG PLACE OFF MULHOLLAND. TOTALLY LOCKED DOWN.
"I'M SURE YOU'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT."
I CAN GAIN US ACCESS EASILY.
HOLD UP. WE'RE NOT ATTACKING HIM. LET'S TRY SOMETHING CIVIL FIRST.
WHO'S THERE, PLEASE?
THIS IS CAL MC--
PLEASE COME IN.

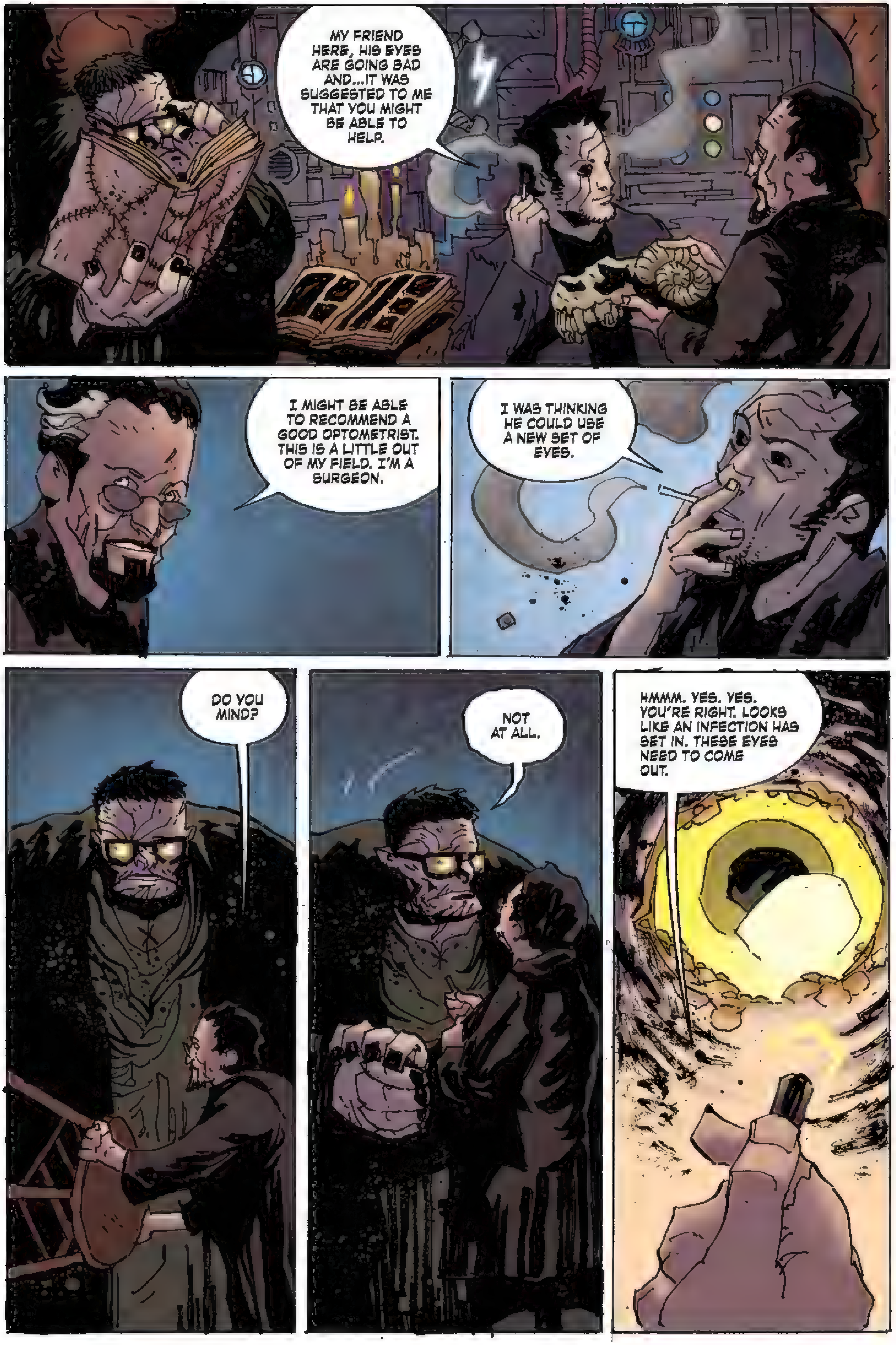

I DON'T LIKE THIS. WHAT'S HE DOING?
I WOULD SAY HE IS SHOWING OFF.
STAY ON YOUR TOES. WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF SICK HOLLYWOOD SHIT HE HAS WAITING FOR US INSIDE...
HELLO! *WELCOME!*
PLEASE COME IN. JASON HAS BEEN EXPECTING YOU.
YAY!
WHO ARE *YOU?*
YOU CAN CALL ME ADAM.
YOU LOOK LIKE *FRANKENSTEIN.*

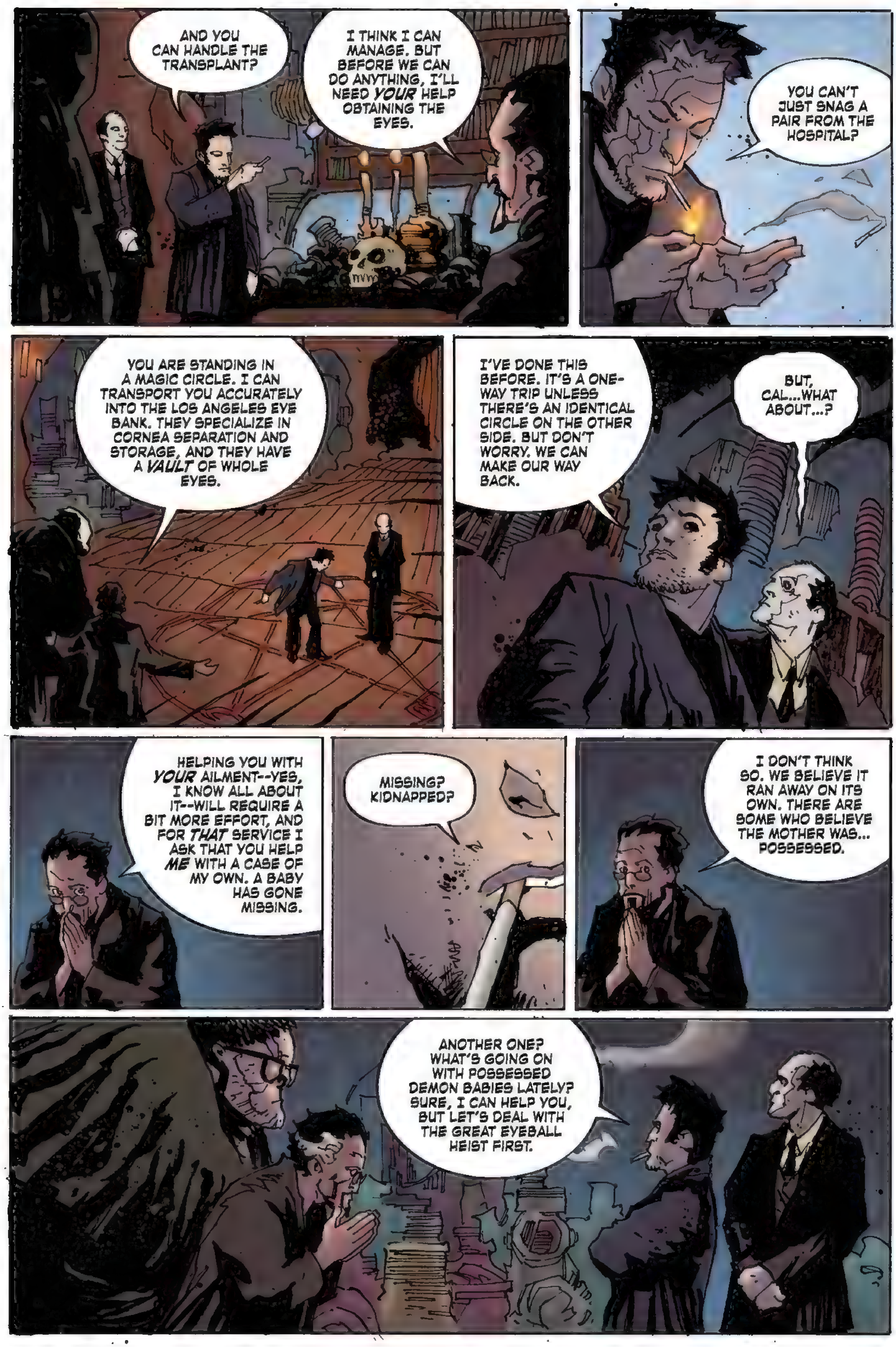

YOUR KIDS?
YES. YOU CAME JUST IN TIME FOR THE POST LUNCH ENERGY EXPLOSION.
OH, GOOD.
BEEN MARRIED LONG?
OH, JASON AND I AREN'T MARRIED YET. THE KIDS LOVE TO COME HERE ON WEEKENDS. THE POOL.
MRS. WHEATLEY, RIGHT...?
HOW DID YOU--
WE HAVE A MUTUAL FRIEND IN LAW ENFORCEMENT.
REALLY? WHAT A COINCIDENCE. HOW IS HE?
SEEMS GOOD.
WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU TO JASON'S OFFICE.
KIDS, LET THEM GO.


JASON. CAL MCDONALD IS HERE.
WELCOME TO MY HOME. I'M JASON HEMLOCK.
AND YOU NEED NO INTRODUCTION, CAL MCDONALD. I HAVE FOLLOWED YOUR WORK FOR A VERY LONG TIME. I AM A FAN, SIR.
YEAH... GOOD TO MEET YOU, TOO.
PLEASE, COME IN. I AM BEING SO RUDE.
THANK YOU, DORIS. I MIGHT BE A WHILE. YOU AND THE KIDS HAVE SUPPER WITHOUT ME.
CLIK
SNAP

HOLY--
ALWAYS PERFORMING, HEMLOCK?
A SIMPLE MENTAL SUGGESTION. I CAN BE ABSENT-MINDED, AND FORGET TO LOCK THE DOOR.
SOME OF THE ITEMS IN MY COLLECTION COULD FRIGHTEN THE CHILDREN.

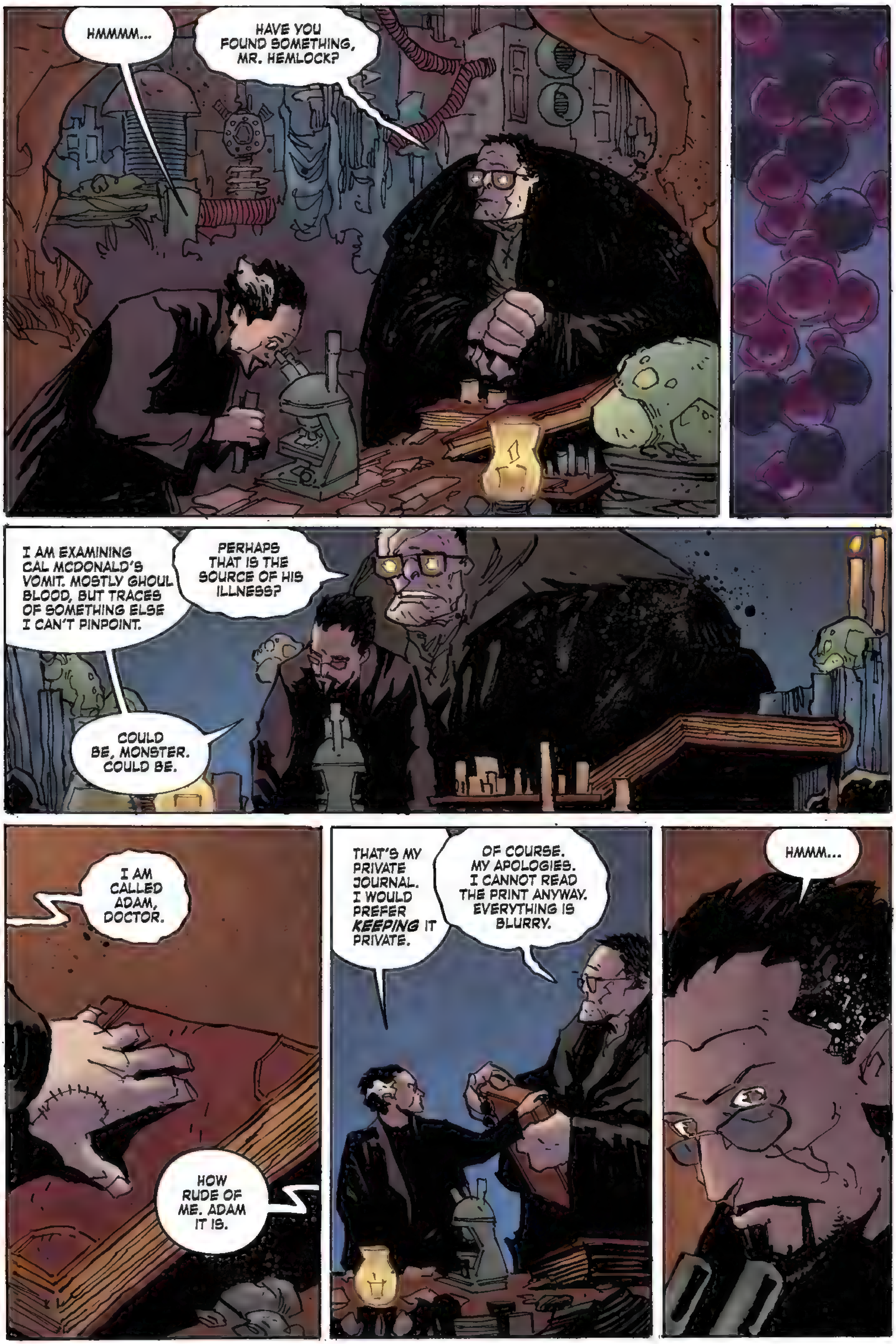

HELLO. I AM MO--
ONE DOESN'T FOLLOW CAL MCDONALD WITHOUT KNOWING MO'LOCK. IT IS AN HONOR!
AND YOU, SIR, IT IS BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS THAT I WOULD EVER MEET YOU. WELCOME TO MY HOME.
NOW...WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
FOR STARTERS, YOU CAN TELL ME HOW YOU KNEW I WAS COMING.
IT'S DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN.
TAKE A SHOT.
THINK OF IT AS A *FIELD* I CREATE. IF A CERTAIN KIND OF INTEREST IS PAID IN MY DIRECTION, I CAN SENSE IT. WHEN YOU DECIDED TO COME SPEAK WITH ME, I WAS SIMPLY ALERTED.
CAN YOU READ MY THOUGHTS?
NO. OTHERWISE I WOULD KNOW WHY YOU CAME.

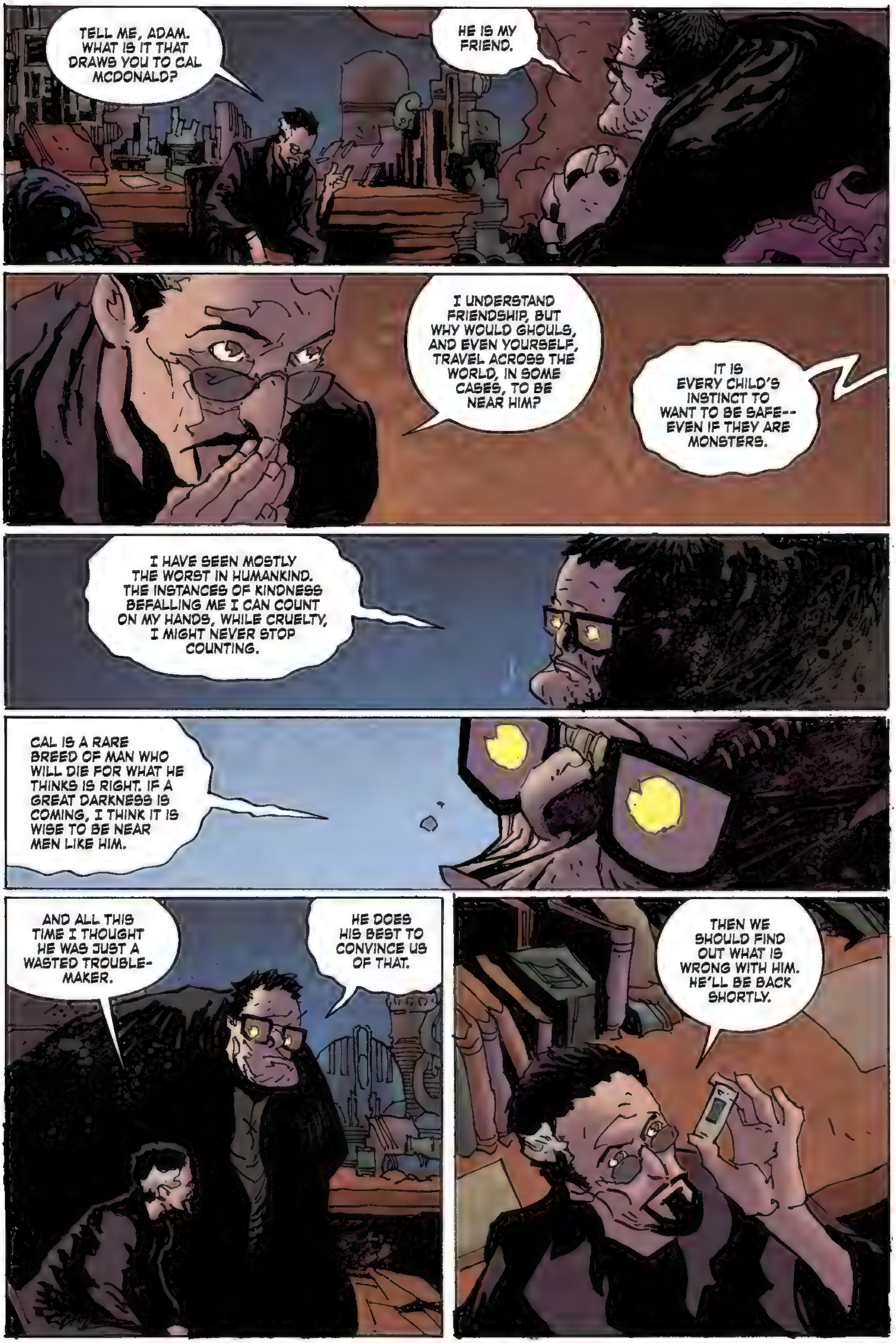

MY FRIEND HERE, HIS EYES ARE GOING BAD AND...IT WAS SUGGESTED TO ME THAT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP.
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO RECOMMEND A GOOD OPTOMETRIST. THIS IS A LITTLE OUT OF MY FIELD. I'M A SURGEON.
I WAS THINKING HE COULD USE A NEW SET OF EYES.
DO YOU MIND?
NOT AT ALL.
HMMM. YES. YES. YOU'RE RIGHT. LOOKS LIKE AN INFECTION HAS SET IN. THESE EYES NEED TO COME OUT.

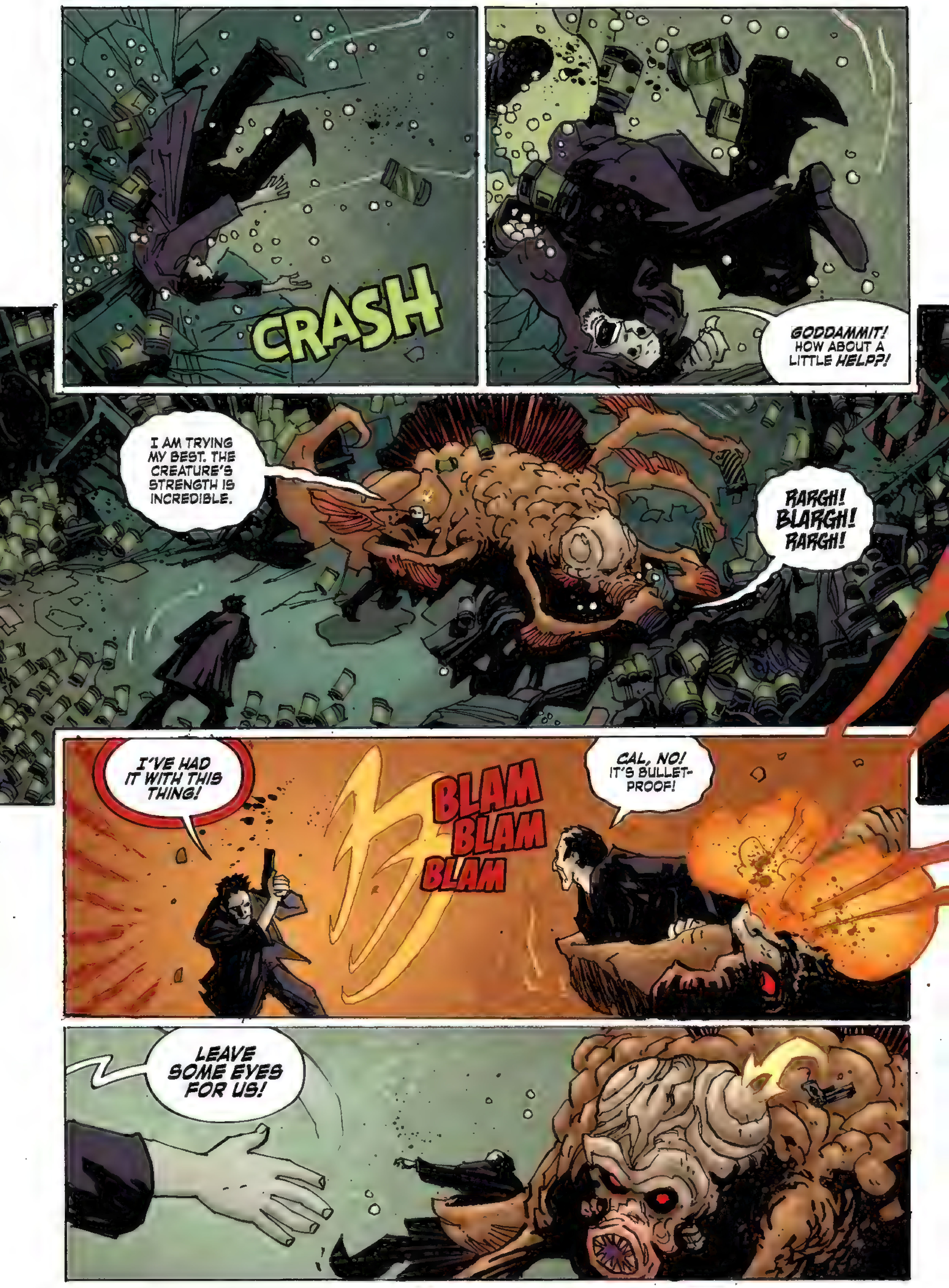

AND YOU CAN HANDLE THE TRANSPLANT?
I THINK I CAN MANAGE. BUT BEFORE WE CAN DO ANYTHING, I'LL NEED *YOUR* HELP OBTAINING THE EYES.
YOU CAN'T JUST SNAG A PAIR FROM THE HOSPITAL?
YOU ARE STANDING IN A MAGIC CIRCLE. I CAN TRANSPORT YOU ACCURATELY INTO THE LOS ANGELES EYE BANK. THEY SPECIALIZE IN CORNEA SEPARATION AND STORAGE, AND THEY HAVE A *VAULT* OF WHOLE EYES.
I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE. IT'S A ONE-WAY TRIP UNLESS THERE'S AN IDENTICAL CIRCLE ON THE OTHER SIDE. BUT DON'T WORRY. WE CAN MAKE OUR WAY BACK.
BUT, CAL...WHAT ABOUT...?
HELPING YOU WITH *YOUR* AILMENT--YES, I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT--WILL REQUIRE A BIT MORE EFFORT, AND FOR *THAT* SERVICE I ASK THAT YOU HELP *ME* WITH A CASE OF MY OWN. A BABY HAS GONE MISSING.
MISSING? KIDNAPPED?
I DON'T THINK SO. WE BELIEVE IT RAN AWAY ON ITS OWN. THERE ARE SOME WHO BELIEVE THE MOTHER WAS... POSSESSED.
ANOTHER ONE? WHAT'S GOING ON WITH POSSESSED DEMON BABIES LATELY? SURE, I CAN HELP YOU, BUT LET'S DEAL WITH THE GREAT EYEBALL HEIST FIRST.

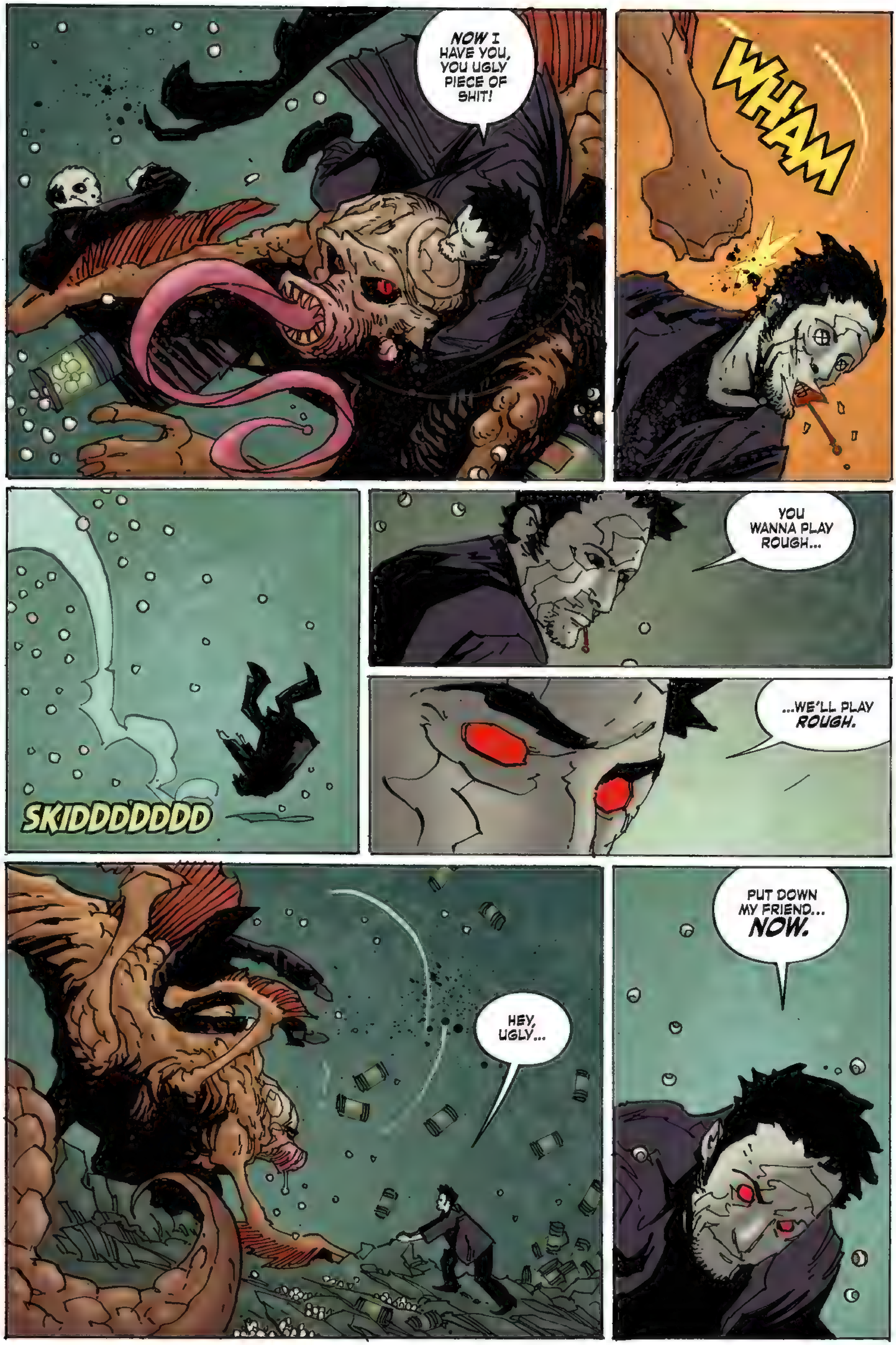
ANYTHING SPECIAL WE SHOULD LOOK FOR?
JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET THE LARGEST EYES YOU CAN FIND.
OKAY, LET'S MAKE THIS QUICK. WE'LL GRAB A JAR EACH AND HEMLOCK AND THE MONSTER CAN PICK OUT A PAIR.
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD LOOK TO YOUR RIGHT...

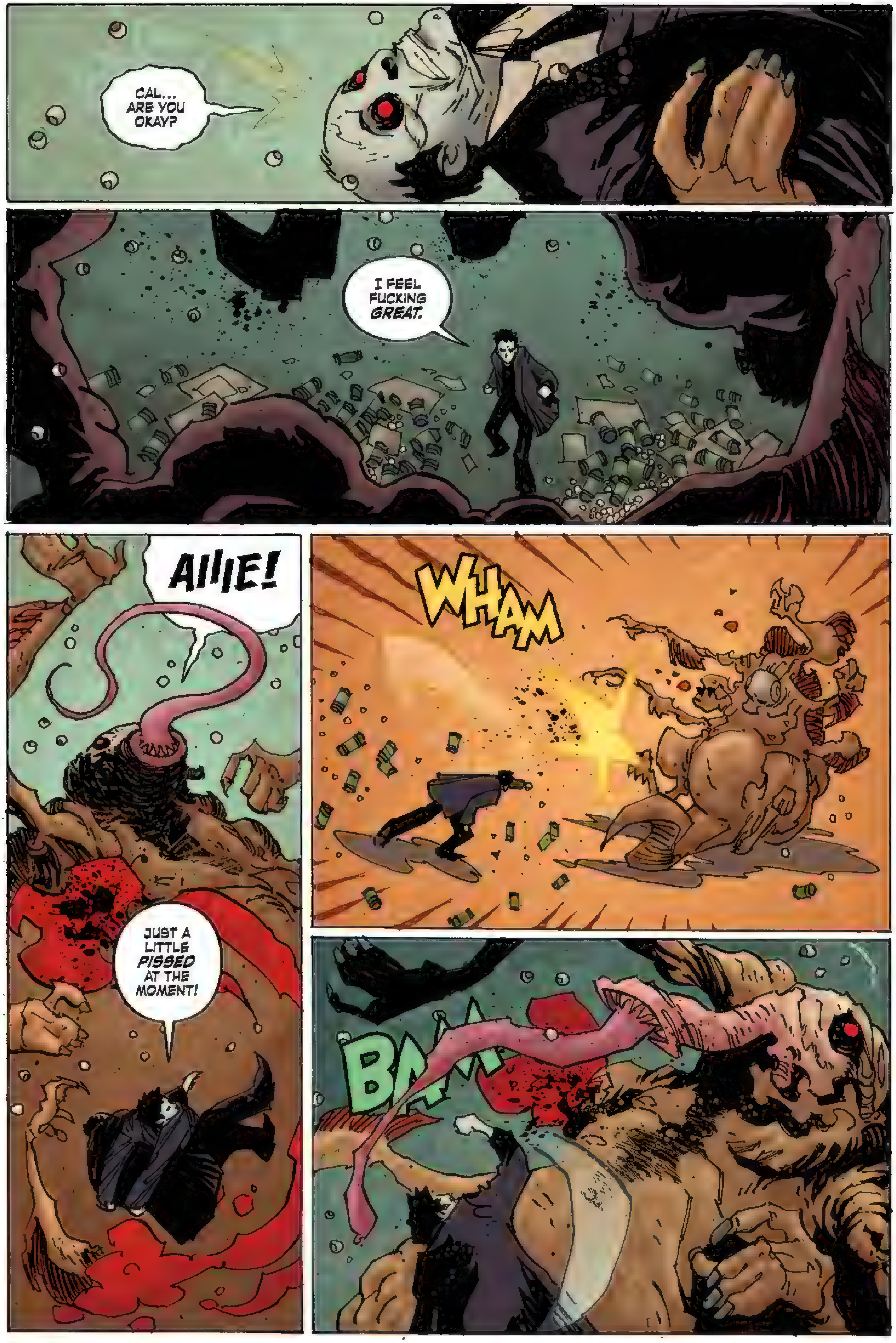
WE ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES HERE, CAL.


HMMMM...
HAVE YOU FOUND SOMETHING, MR. HEMLOCK?
I AM EXAMINING CAL MCDONALD'S VOMIT. MOSTLY GHOUL BLOOD, BUT TRACES OF SOMETHING ELSE I CAN'T PINPOINT.
PERHAPS THAT IS THE SOURCE OF HIS ILLNESS?
COULD BE, MONSTER. COULD BE.
I AM CALLED ADAM, DOCTOR.
HOW RUDE OF ME. ADAM IT IS.
THAT'S MY PRIVATE JOURNAL. I WOULD PREFER *KEEPING* IT PRIVATE.
OF COURSE. MY APOLOGIES. I CANNOT READ THE PRINT ANYWAY. EVERYTHING IS BLURRY.
HMMM...

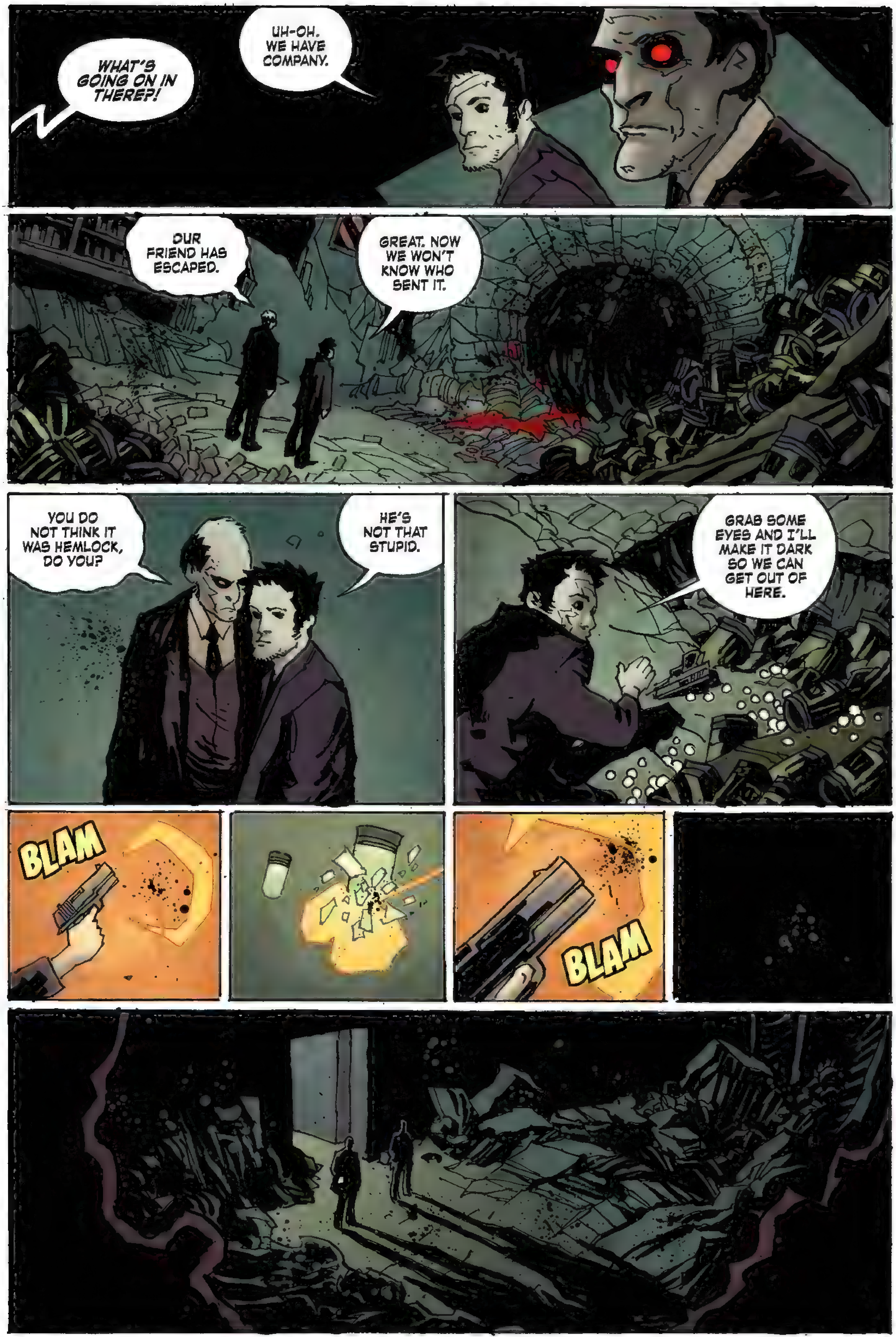

TELL ME, ADAM. WHAT IS IT THAT DRAWS YOU TO CAL MCDONALD?
HE IS MY FRIEND.
I UNDERSTAND FRIENDSHIP, BUT WHY WOULD GHOULS, AND EVEN YOURSELF, TRAVEL ACROSS THE WORLD, IN SOME CASES, TO BE NEAR HIM?
IT IS EVERY CHILD'S INSTINCT TO WANT TO BE SAFE-- EVEN IF THEY ARE MONSTERS.
I HAVE SEEN MOSTLY THE WORST IN HUMANKIND. THE INSTANCES OF KINDNESS BEFALLING ME I CAN COUNT ON MY HANDS, WHILE CRUELTY, I MIGHT NEVER STOP COUNTING.
CAL IS A RARE BREED OF MAN WHO WILL DIE FOR WHAT HE THINKS IS RIGHT. IF A GREAT DARKNESS IS COMING, I THINK IT IS WISE TO BE NEAR MEN LIKE HIM.
AND ALL THIS TIME I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A WASTED TROUBLE-MAKER.
HE DOES HIS BEST TO CONVINCE US OF THAT.
THEN WE SHOULD FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG WITH HIM. HE'LL BE BACK SHORTLY.

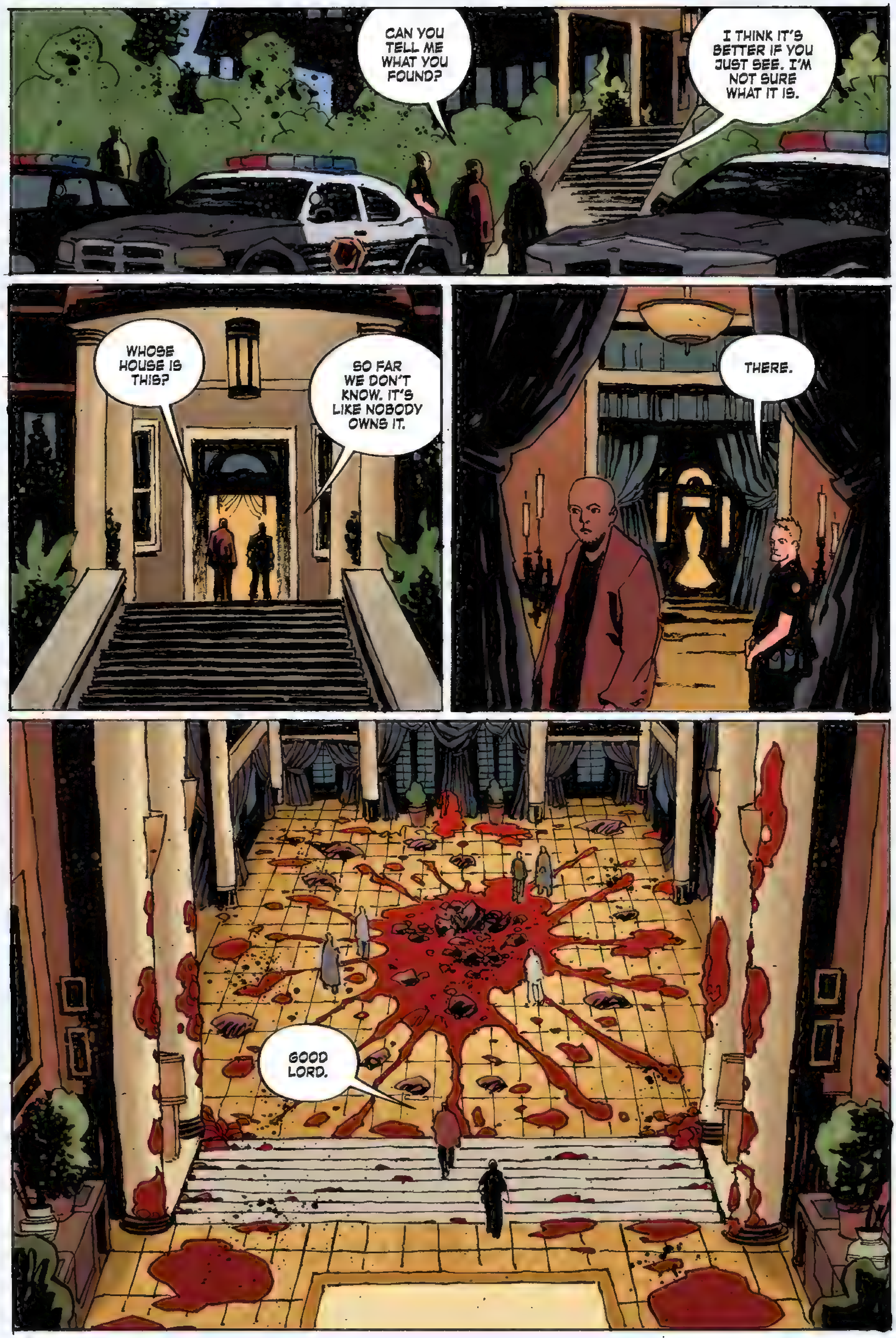

CRASH
GODDAMMIT! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE *HELP?!*
I AM TRYING MY BEST. THE CREATURE'S STRENGTH IS INCREDIBLE.
RARGH! BLARGH! RARGH!
I'VE HAD IT WITH THIS THING!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
CAL, NO! IT'S BULLET-PROOF!
LEAVE SOME EYES FOR US!

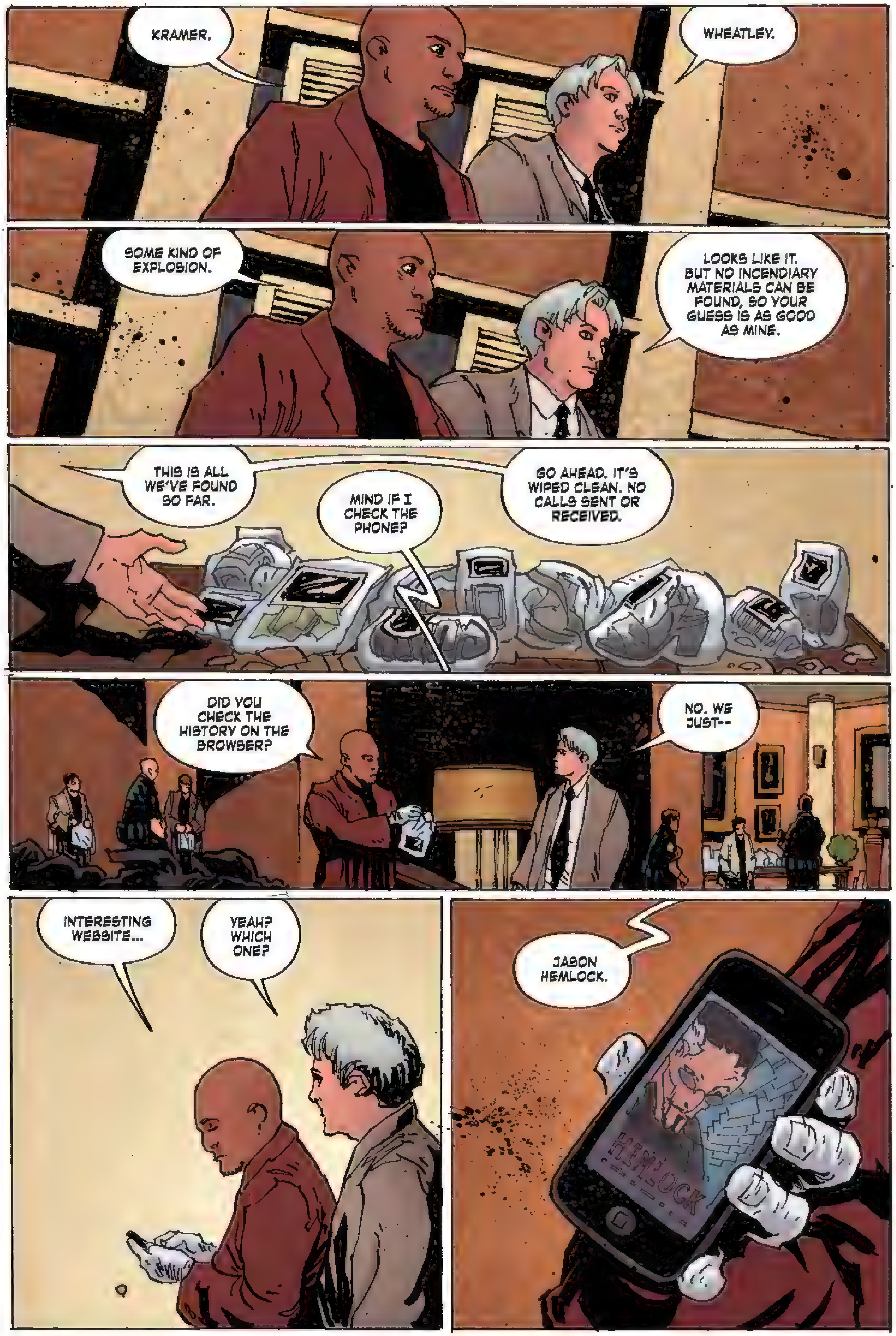

NOW I HAVE YOU, YOU UGLY PIECE OF SHIT!
WHAM
SKIDDDDDDD
YOU WANNA PLAY ROUGH...
...WE'LL PLAY ROUGH.
HEY, UGLY...
PUT DOWN MY FRIEND... NOW.

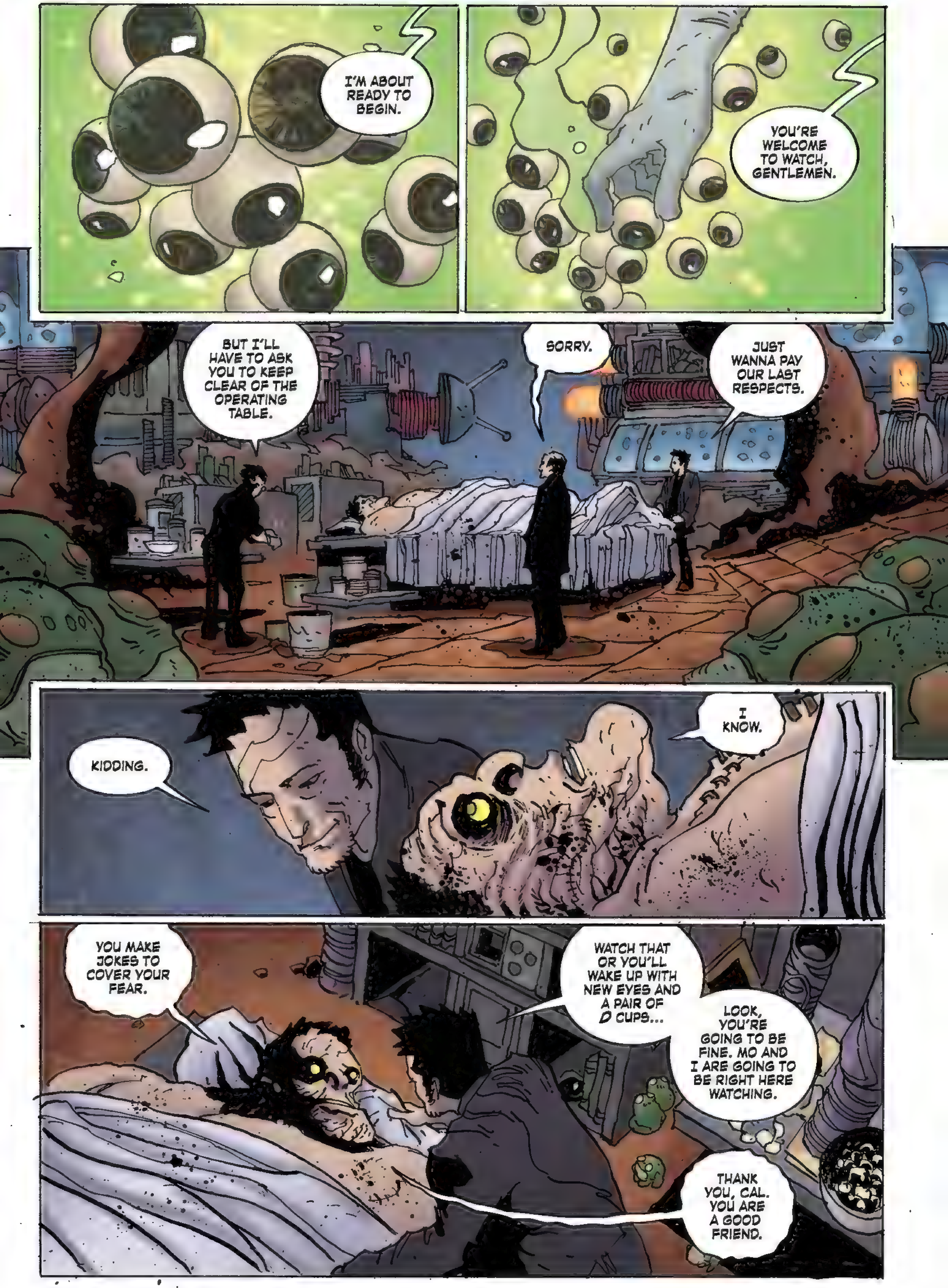

CAL... ARE YOU OKAY?
I FEEL FUCKING *GREAT.*
AIIIE!
JUST A LITTLE *PISSED* AT THE MOMENT!
WHAM
BAM

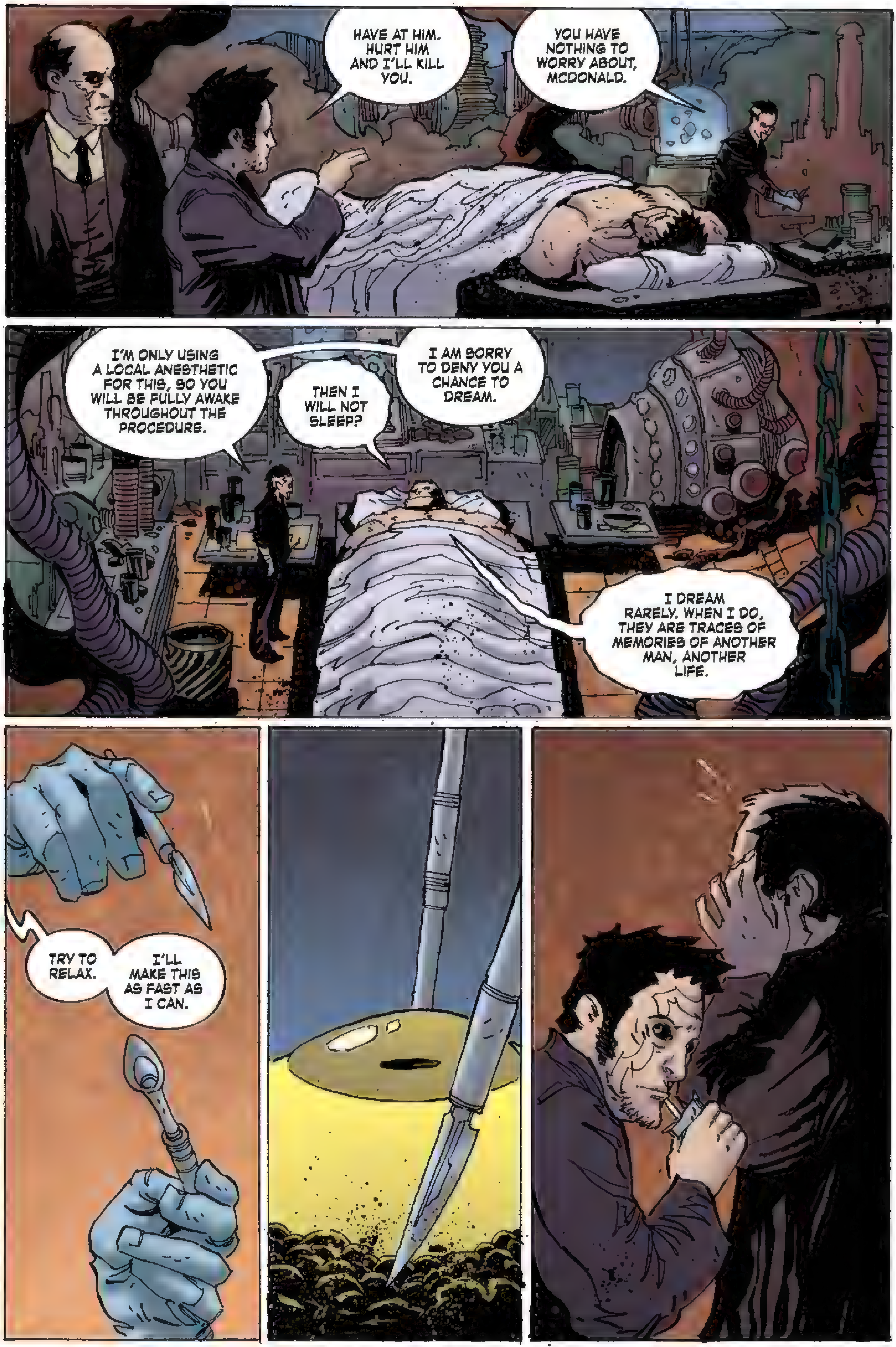
COME ON! YOU GOING DOWN THAT EASY? COME ON!
CAL... CALM DOWN. IT'S BEATEN.
WHAT THE HELL?
I LOST IT.
YOU CHANGED... PHYSICALLY... YOUR EYES TURNED RED.
MAYBE IT WAS ALL THAT GHOUL BLOOD I SOAKED UP?
POSSIBLY-- OR MAYBE A SIDE EFFECT OF YOUR ILLNESS.
OR BOTH.

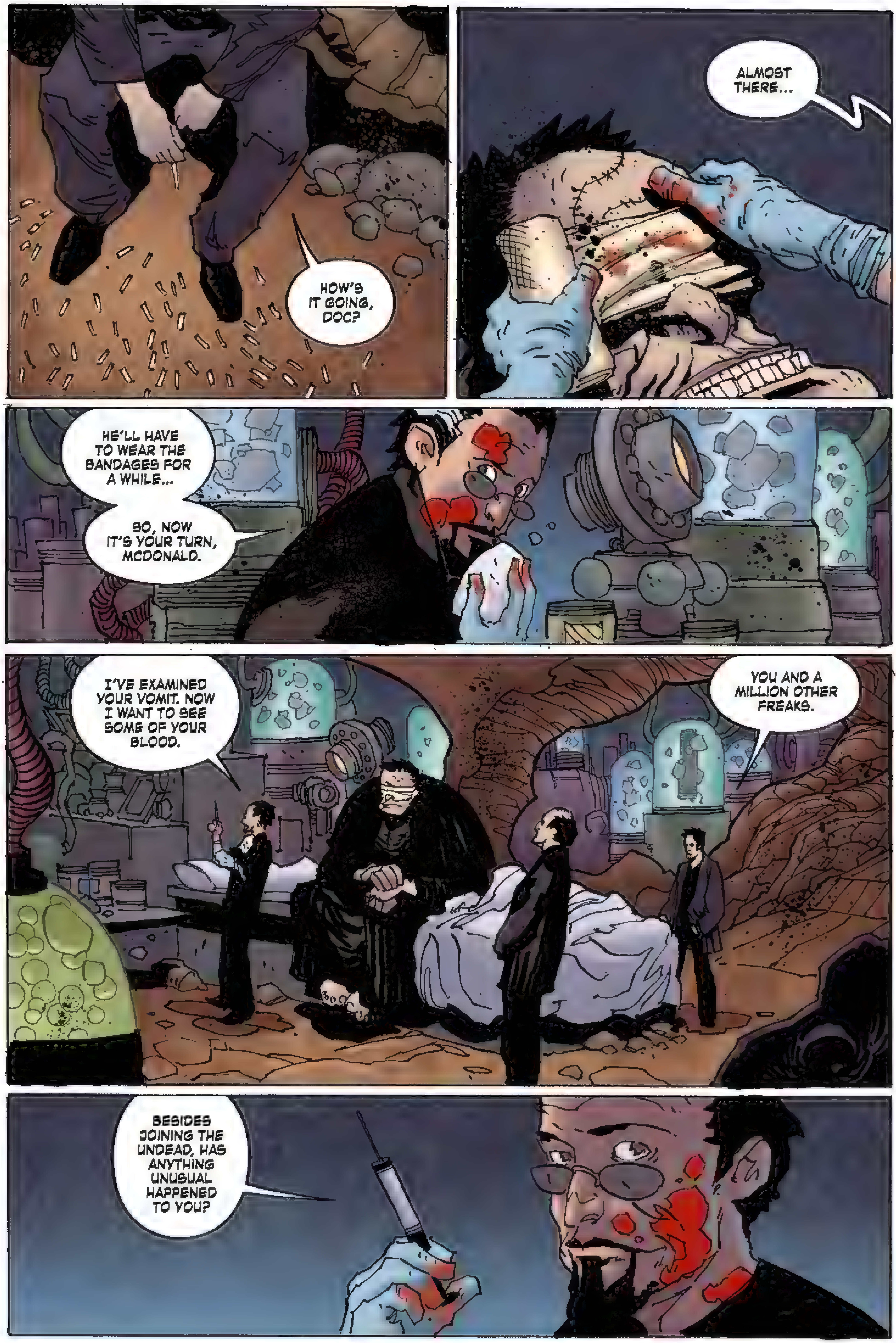

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?!
UH-OH. WE HAVE COMPANY.
OUR FRIEND HAS ESCAPED.
GREAT. NOW WE WON'T KNOW WHO SENT IT.
YOU DO NOT THINK IT WAS HEMLOCK, DO YOU?
HE'S NOT THAT STUPID.
GRAB SOME EYES AND I'LL MAKE IT DARK SO WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE.
BLAM
BLAM

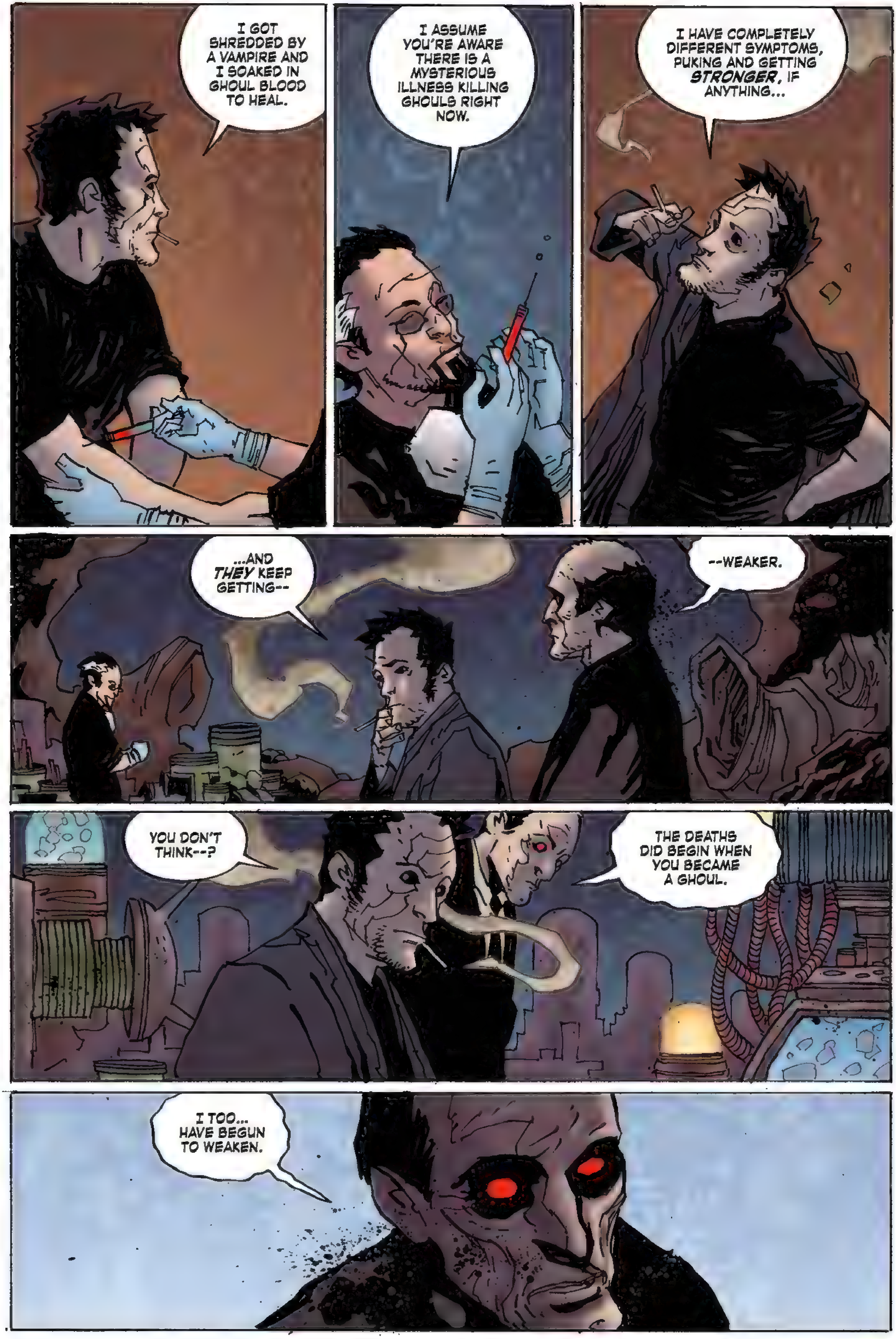

CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU FOUND?
I THINK IT'S BETTER IF YOU JUST SEE. I'M NOT SURE WHAT IT IS.
WHOSE HOUSE IS THIS?
SO FAR WE DON'T KNOW. IT'S LIKE NOBODY OWNS IT.
THERE.
GOOD LORD.

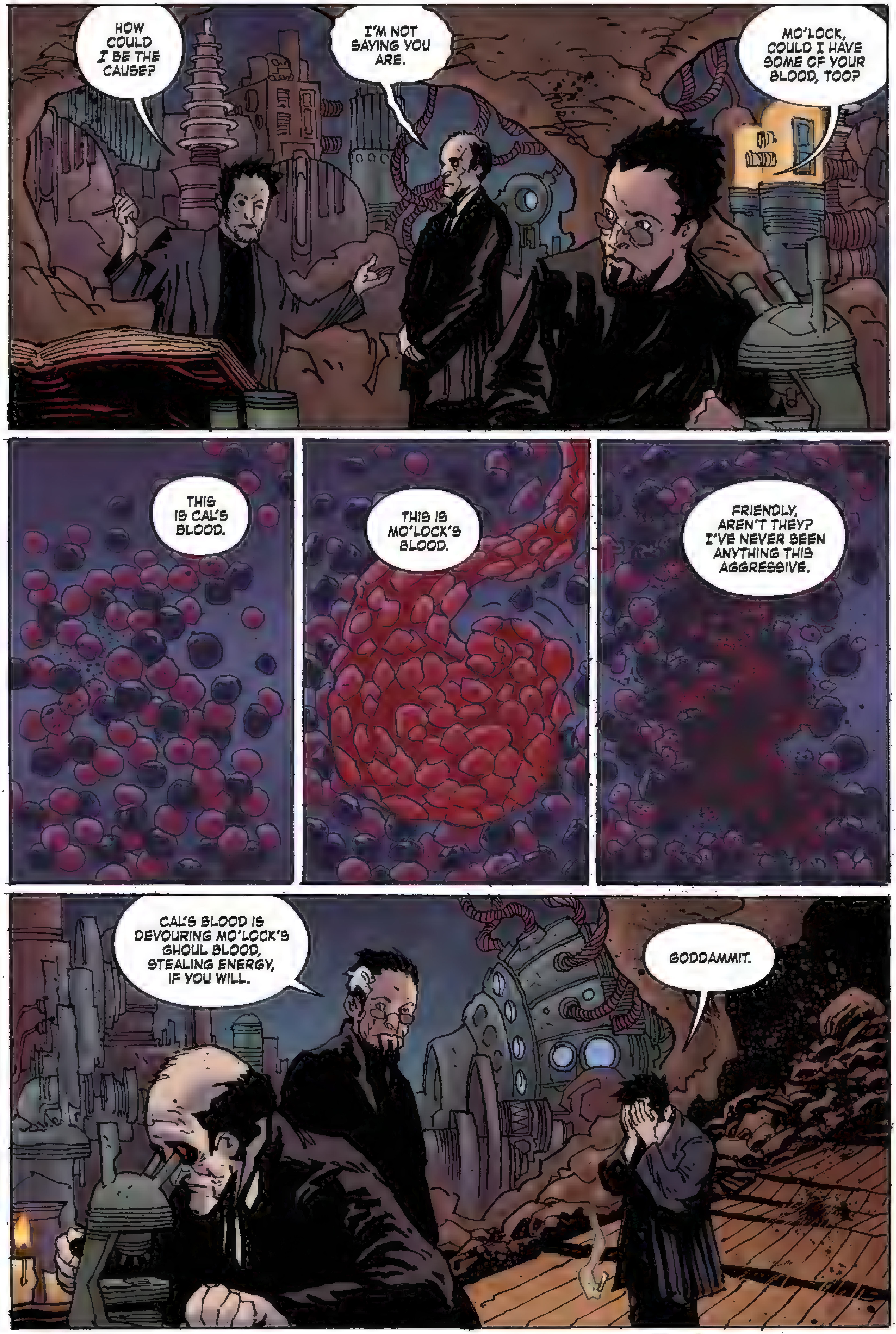

KRAMER.
WHEATLEY.
SOME KIND OF EXPLOSION.
LOOKS LIKE IT. BUT NO INCENDIARY MATERIALS CAN BE FOUND, SO YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE.
THIS IS ALL WE'VE FOUND SO FAR.
MIND IF I CHECK THE PHONE?
GO AHEAD. IT'S WIPED CLEAN. NO CALLS SENT OR RECEIVED.
DID YOU CHECK THE HISTORY ON THE BROWSER?
NO. WE JUST--
INTERESTING WEBSITE...
YEAH? WHICH ONE?
JASON HEMLOCK.
HEMLOCK

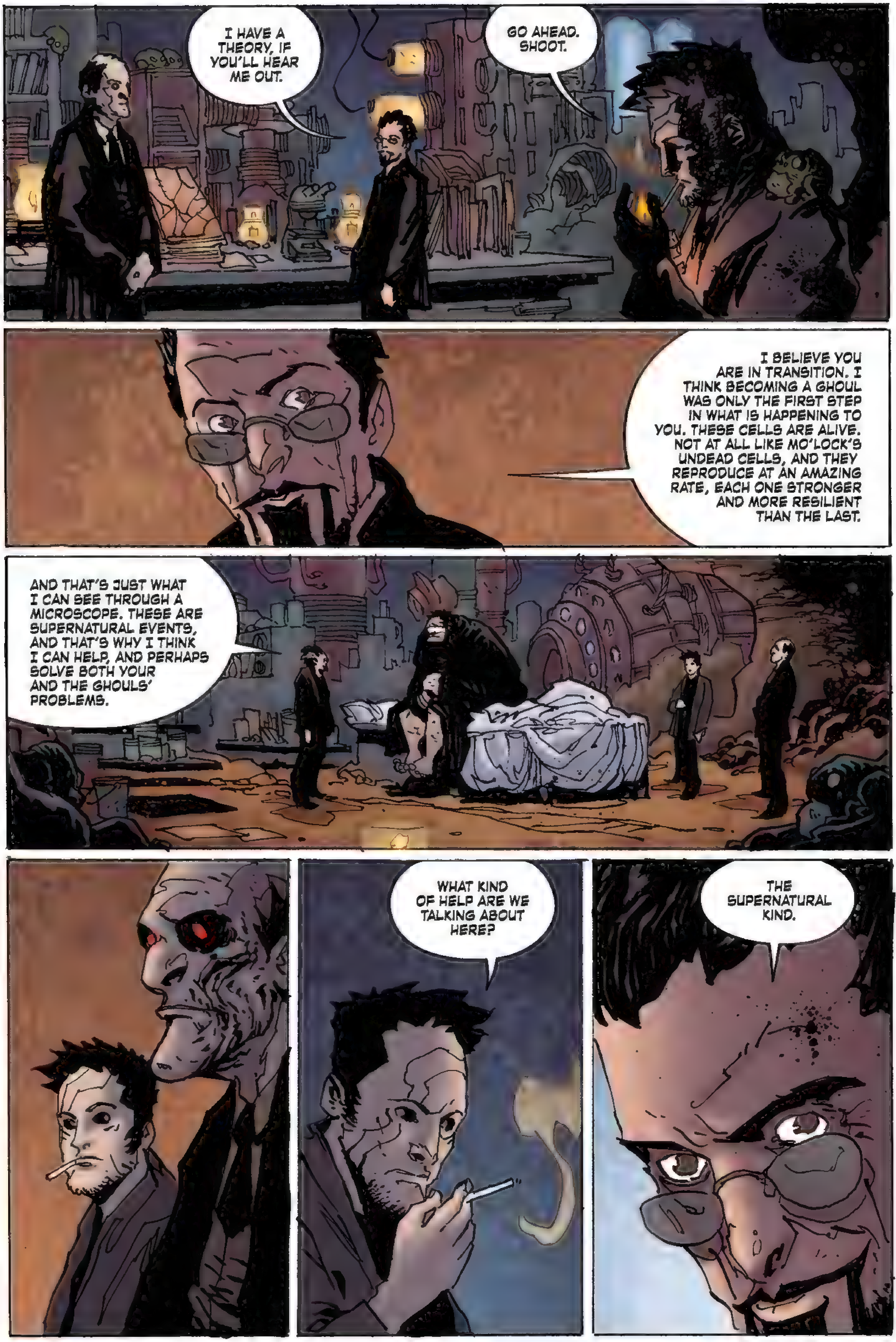

I'M ABOUT READY TO BEGIN.
YOU'RE WELCOME TO WATCH, GENTLEMEN.
BUT I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO KEEP CLEAR OF THE OPERATING TABLE.
SORRY.
JUST WANNA PAY OUR LAST RESPECTS.
KIDDING.
I KNOW.
YOU MAKE JOKES TO COVER YOUR FEAR.
WATCH THAT OR YOU'LL WAKE UP WITH NEW EYES AND A PAIR OF *D* CUPS...
LOOK, YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE. MO AND I ARE GOING TO BE RIGHT HERE WATCHING.
THANK YOU, CAL. YOU ARE A GOOD FRIEND.

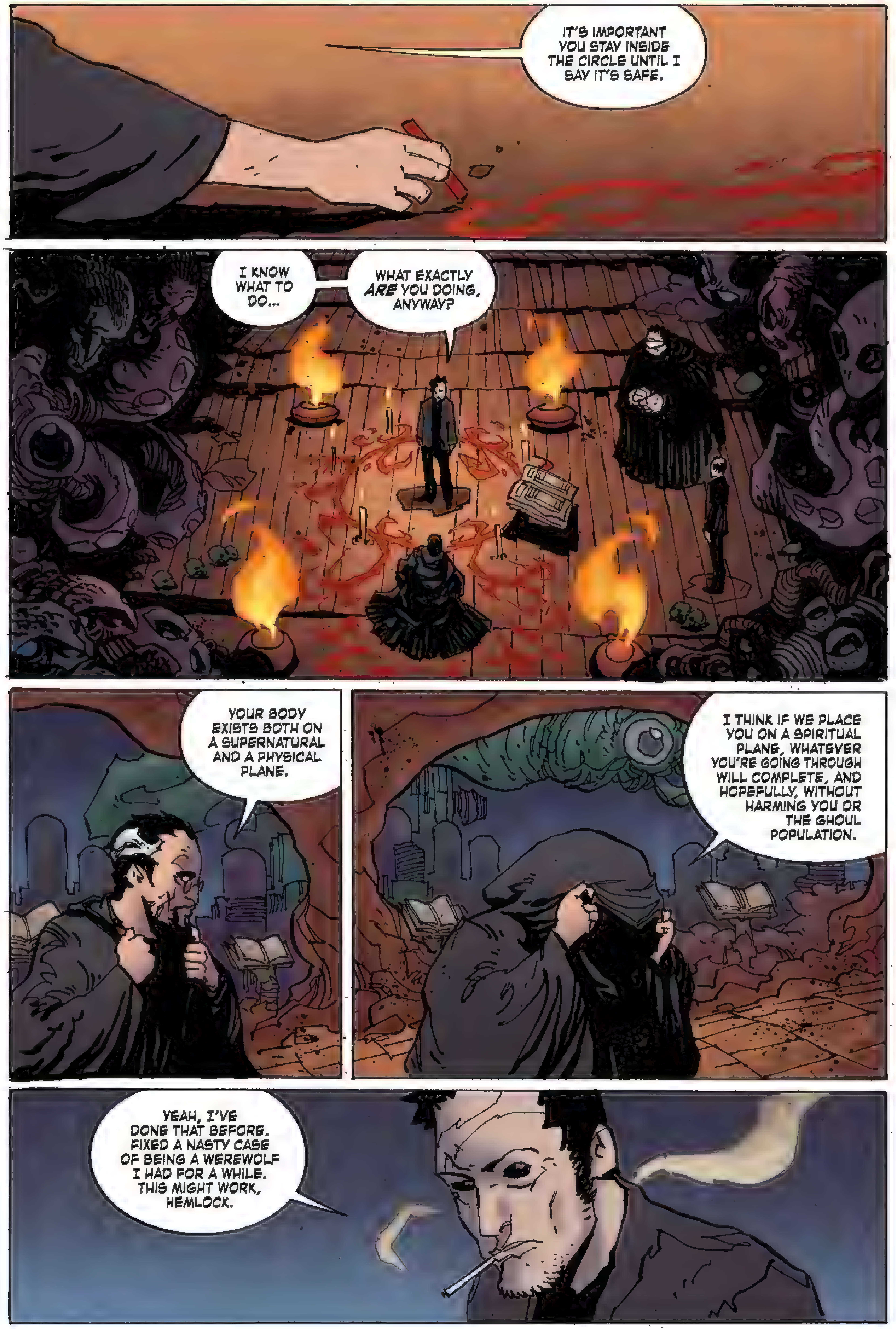

HAVE AT HIM. HURT HIM AND I'LL KILL YOU.
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, MCDONALD.
I'M ONLY USING A LOCAL ANESTHETIC FOR THIS, SO YOU WILL BE FULLY AWAKE THROUGHOUT THE PROCEDURE.
THEN I WILL NOT SLEEP?
I AM SORRY TO DENY YOU A CHANCE TO DREAM.
I DREAM RARELY. WHEN I DO, THEY ARE TRACES OF MEMORIES OF ANOTHER MAN, ANOTHER LIFE.
TRY TO RELAX.
I'LL MAKE THIS AS FAST AS I CAN.

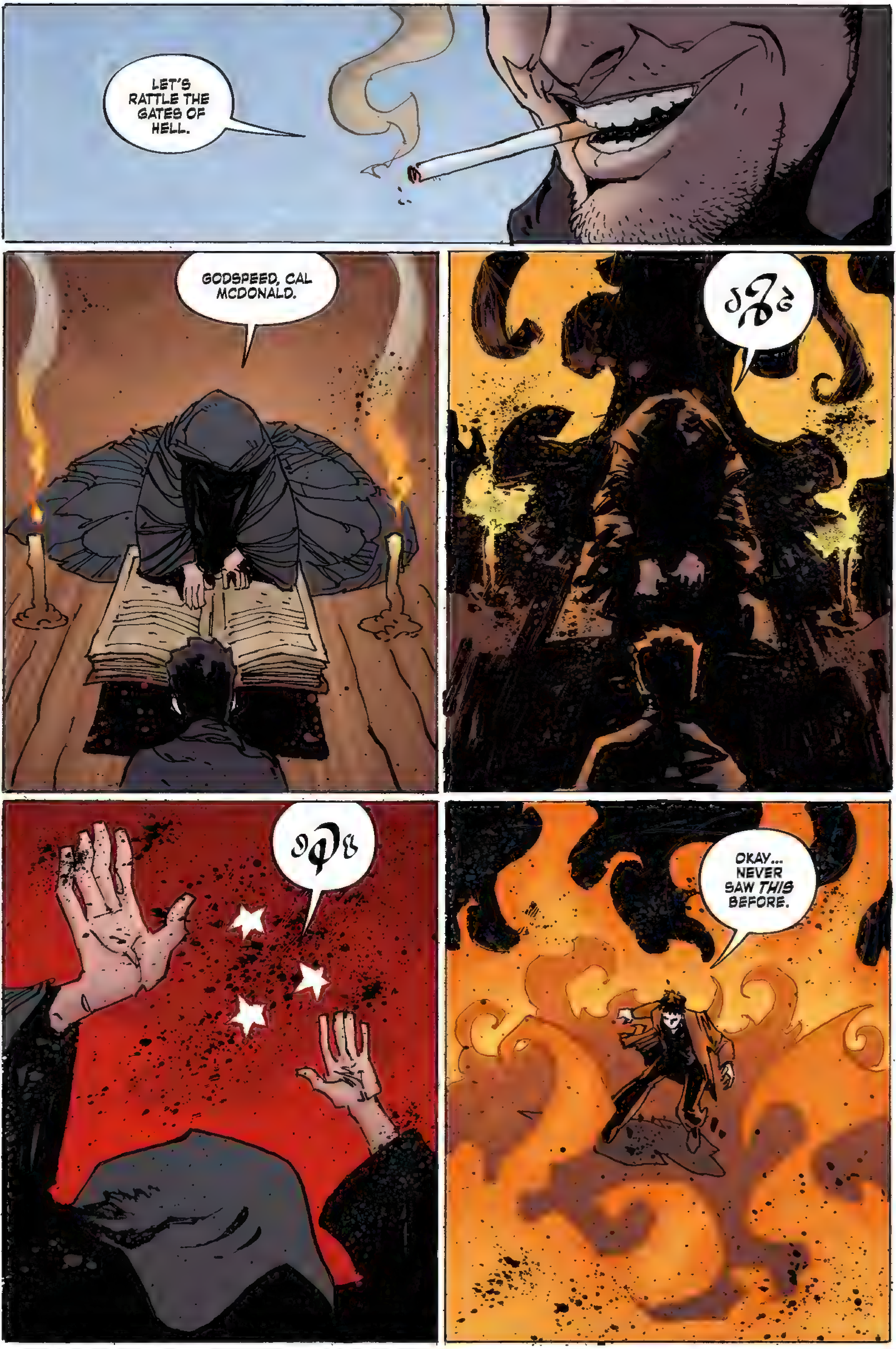

HOW'S IT GOING, DOC?
ALMOST THERE...
HE'LL HAVE TO WEAR THE BANDAGES FOR A WHILE...
SO, NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, MCDONALD.
I'VE EXAMINED YOUR VOMIT. NOW I WANT TO SEE SOME OF YOUR BLOOD.
YOU AND A MILLION OTHER FREAKS.
BESIDES JOINING THE UNDEAD, HAS ANYTHING UNUSUAL HAPPENED TO YOU?


I GOT SHREDDED BY A VAMPIRE AND I SOAKED IN GHOUL BLOOD TO HEAL.
I ASSUME YOU'RE AWARE THERE IS A MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS KILLING GHOULS RIGHT NOW.
I HAVE COMPLETELY DIFFERENT SYMPTOMS, PUKING AND GETTING *STRONGER*, IF ANYTHING...
...AND *THEY* KEEP GETTING--
--WEAKER.
YOU DON'T THINK--?
THE DEATHS DID BEGIN WHEN YOU BECAME A GHOUL.
I TOO... HAVE BEGUN TO WEAKEN.

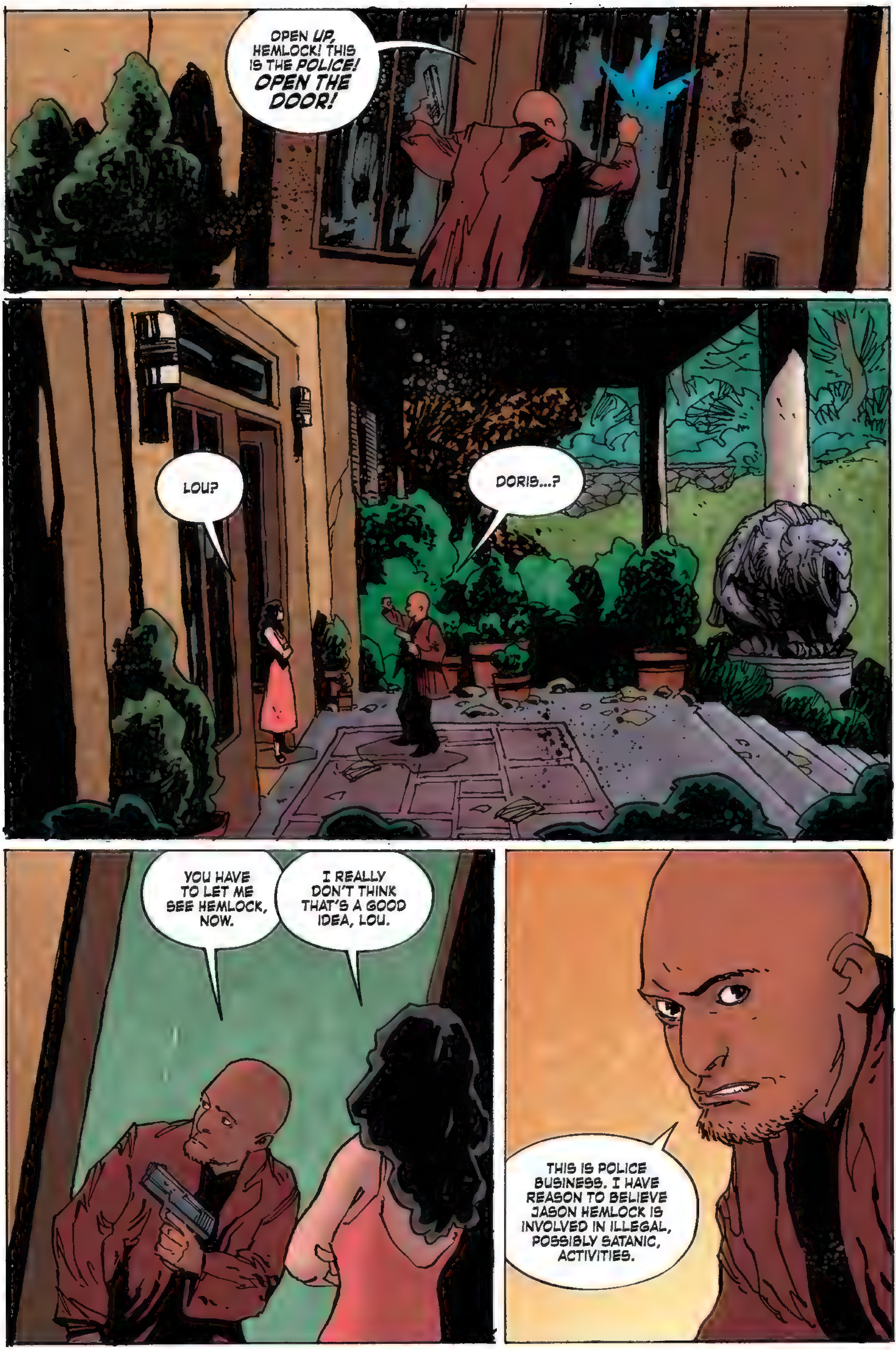

HOW COULD *I* BE THE CAUSE?
I'M NOT SAYING YOU ARE.
MO'LOCK, COULD I HAVE SOME OF YOUR BLOOD, TOO?
THIS IS CAL'S BLOOD.
THIS IS MO'LOCK'S BLOOD.
FRIENDLY, AREN'T THEY? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING THIS AGGRESSIVE.
CAL'S BLOOD IS DEVOURING MO'LOCK'S GHOUL BLOOD, STEALING ENERGY, IF YOU WILL.
GODDAMMIT.

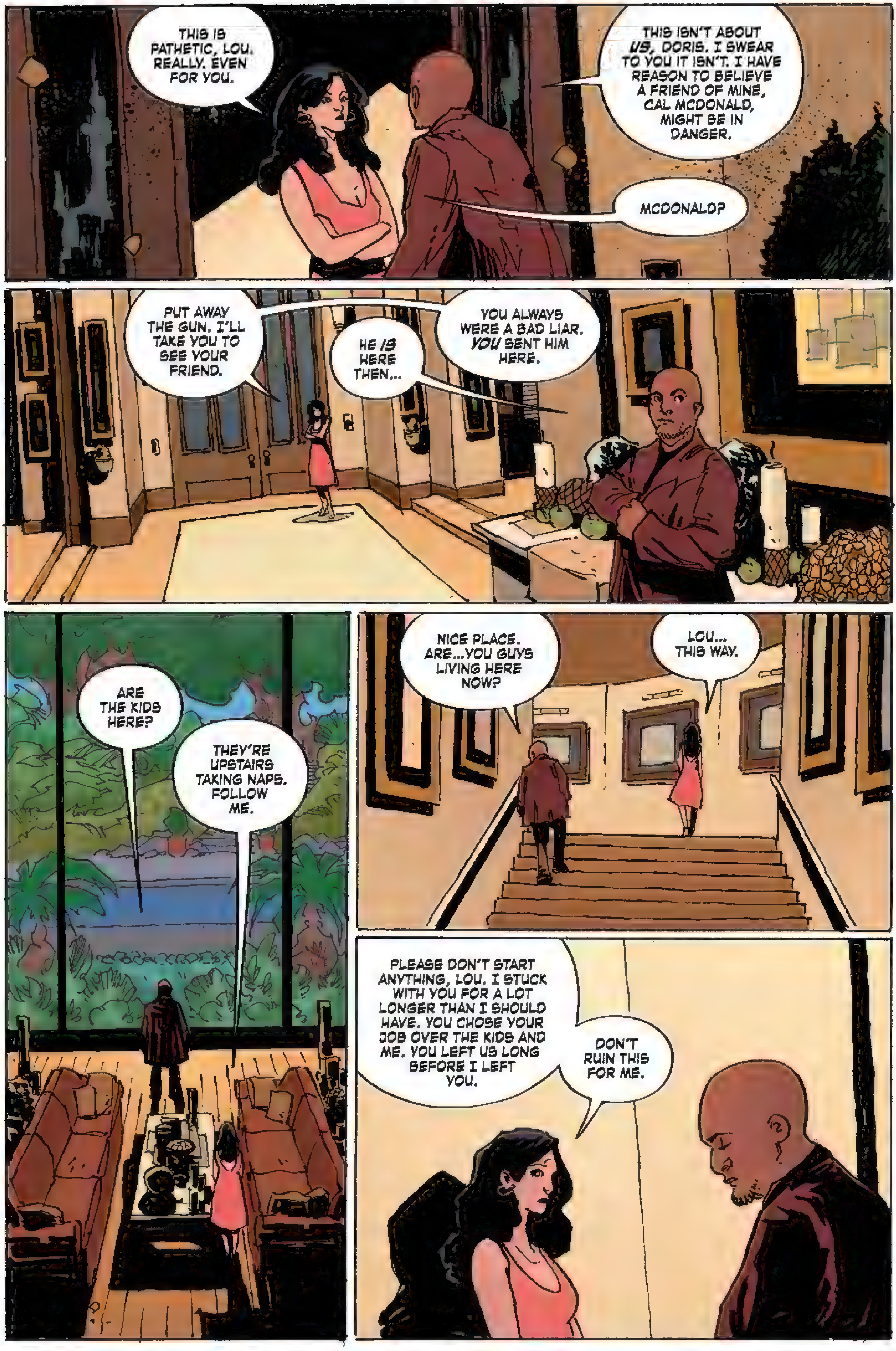

I HAVE A THEORY, IF YOU'LL HEAR ME OUT.
GO AHEAD. SHOOT.
I BELIEVE YOU ARE IN TRANSITION. I THINK BECOMING A GHOUL WAS ONLY THE FIRST STEP IN WHAT IS HAPPENING TO YOU. THESE CELLS ARE ALIVE. NOT AT ALL LIKE MO'LOCK'S UNDEAD CELLS, AND THEY REPRODUCE AT AN AMAZING RATE, EACH ONE STRONGER AND MORE RESILIENT THAN THE LAST.
AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I CAN SEE THROUGH A MICROSCOPE. THESE ARE SUPERNATURAL EVENTS, AND THAT'S WHY I THINK I CAN HELP, AND PERHAPS SOLVE BOTH YOUR AND THE GHOULS' PROBLEMS.
WHAT KIND OF HELP ARE WE TALKING ABOUT HERE?
THE SUPERNATURAL KIND.

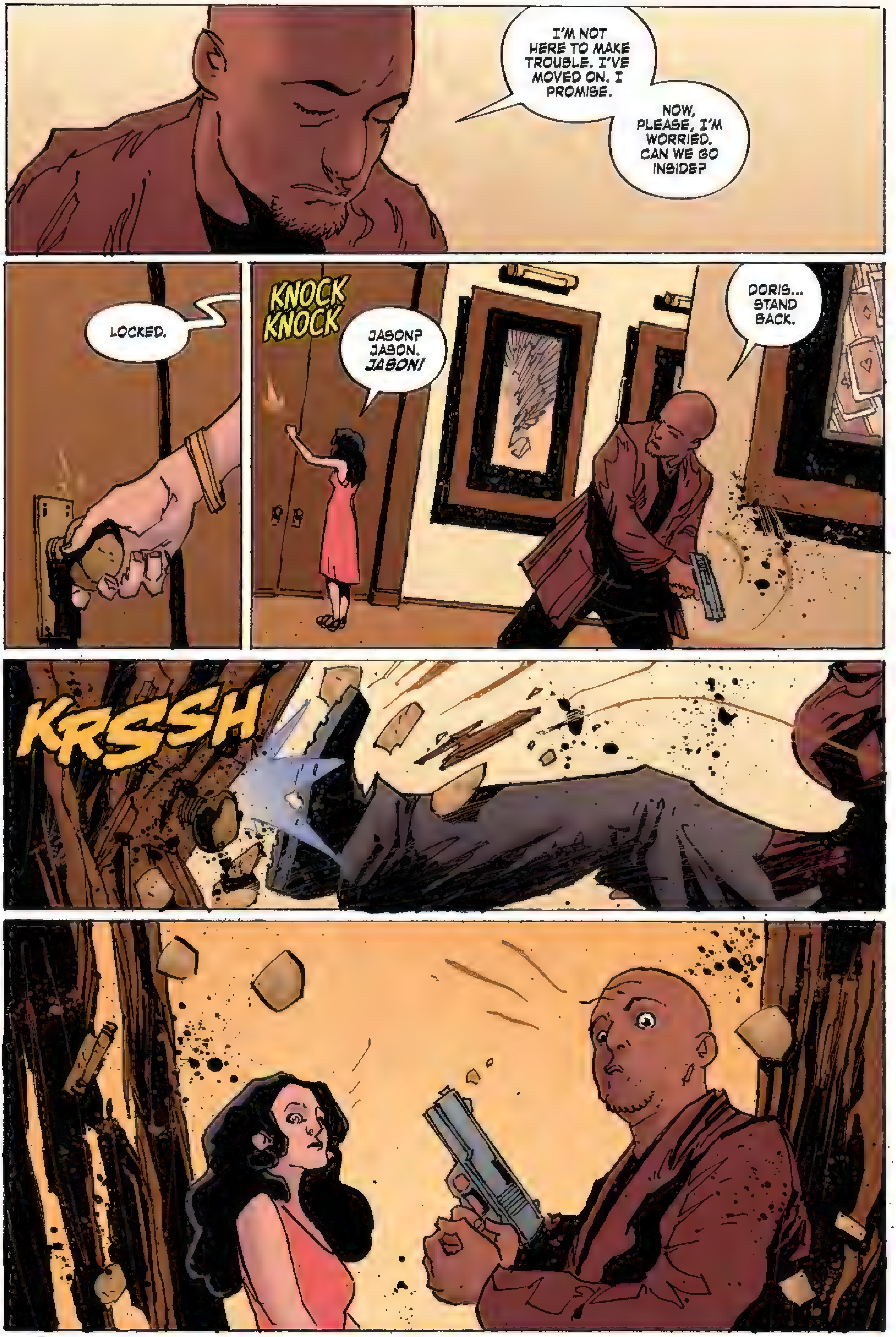

IT'S IMPORTANT YOU STAY INSIDE THE CIRCLE UNTIL I SAY IT'S SAFE.
I KNOW WHAT TO DO...
WHAT EXACTLY *ARE* YOU DOING, ANYWAY?
YOUR BODY EXISTS BOTH ON A SUPERNATURAL AND A PHYSICAL PLANE.
I THINK IF WE PLACE YOU ON A SPIRITUAL PLANE, WHATEVER YOU'RE GOING THROUGH WILL COMPLETE, AND HOPEFULLY, WITHOUT HARMING YOU OR THE GHOUL POPULATION.
YEAH, I'VE DONE THAT BEFORE. FIXED A NASTY CASE OF BEING A WEREWOLF I HAD FOR A WHILE. THIS MIGHT WORK, HEMLOCK.


LET'S RATTLE THE GATES OF HELL.
GODSPEED, CAL MCDONALD.
OKAY... NEVER SAW *THIS* BEFORE.

AHHHH!
CRASH

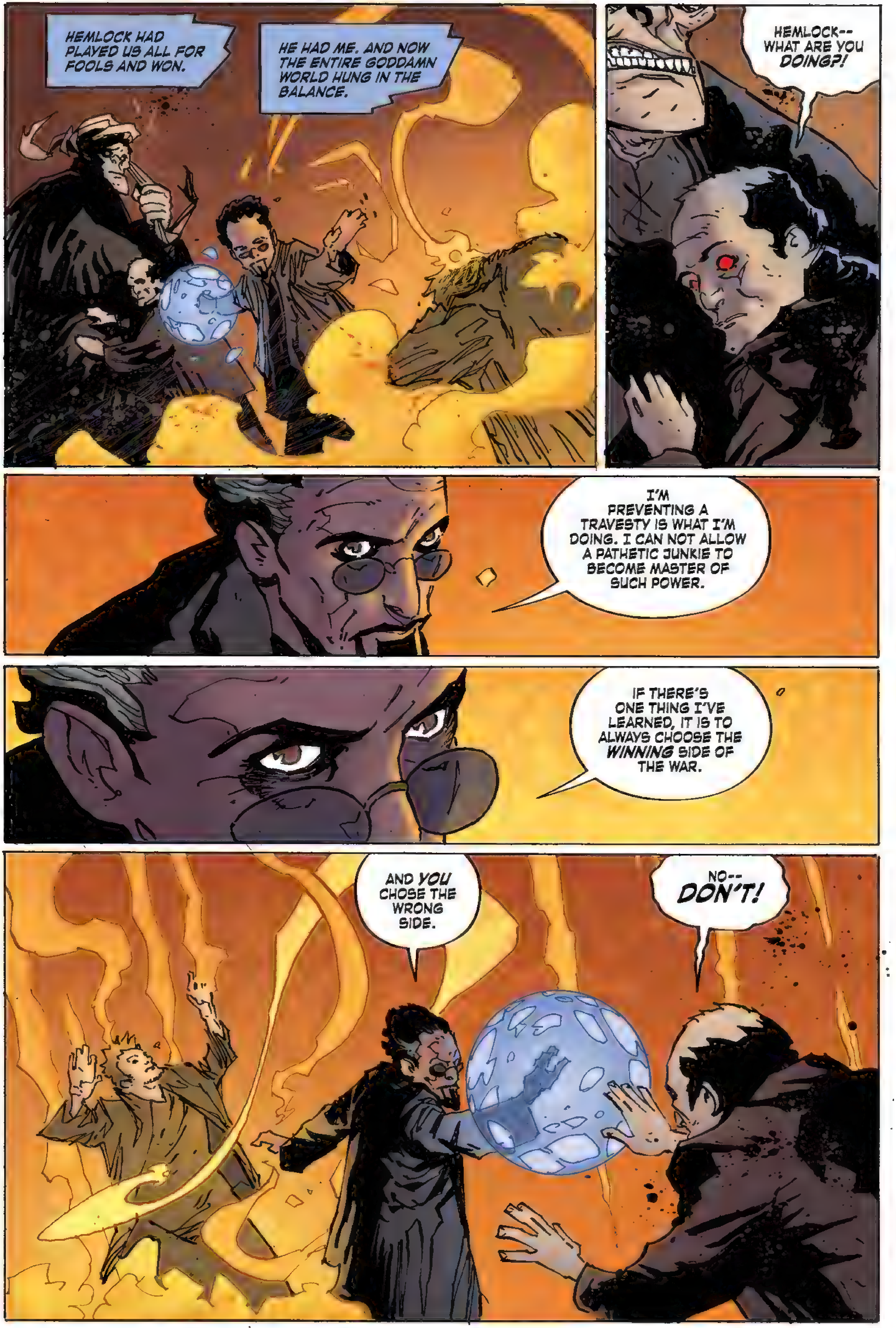

OPEN UP, HEMLOCK! THIS IS THE POLICE! OPEN THE DOOR!
LOU?
DORIS...?
YOU HAVE TO LET ME SEE HEMLOCK, NOW.
I REALLY DON'T THINK THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, LOU.
THIS IS POLICE BUSINESS. I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE JASON HEMLOCK IS INVOLVED IN ILLEGAL, POSSIBLY SATANIC, ACTIVITIES.


THIS IS PATHETIC, LOU. REALLY. EVEN FOR YOU.
THIS ISN'T ABOUT *US*, DORIS. I SWEAR TO YOU IT ISN'T. I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE A FRIEND OF MINE, CAL MCDONALD, MIGHT BE IN DANGER.
MCDONALD?
PUT AWAY THE GUN. I'LL TAKE YOU TO SEE YOUR FRIEND.
HE *IS* HERE THEN...
YOU ALWAYS WERE A BAD LIAR. *YOU* SENT HIM HERE.
ARE THE KIDS HERE?
THEY'RE UPSTAIRS TAKING NAPS. FOLLOW ME.
NICE PLACE. ARE...YOU GUYS LIVING HERE NOW?
LOU... THIS WAY.
PLEASE DON'T START ANYTHING, LOU. I STUCK WITH YOU FOR A LOT LONGER THAN I SHOULD HAVE. YOU CHOSE YOUR JOB OVER THE KIDS AND ME. YOU LEFT US LONG BEFORE I LEFT YOU.
DON'T RUIN THIS FOR ME.

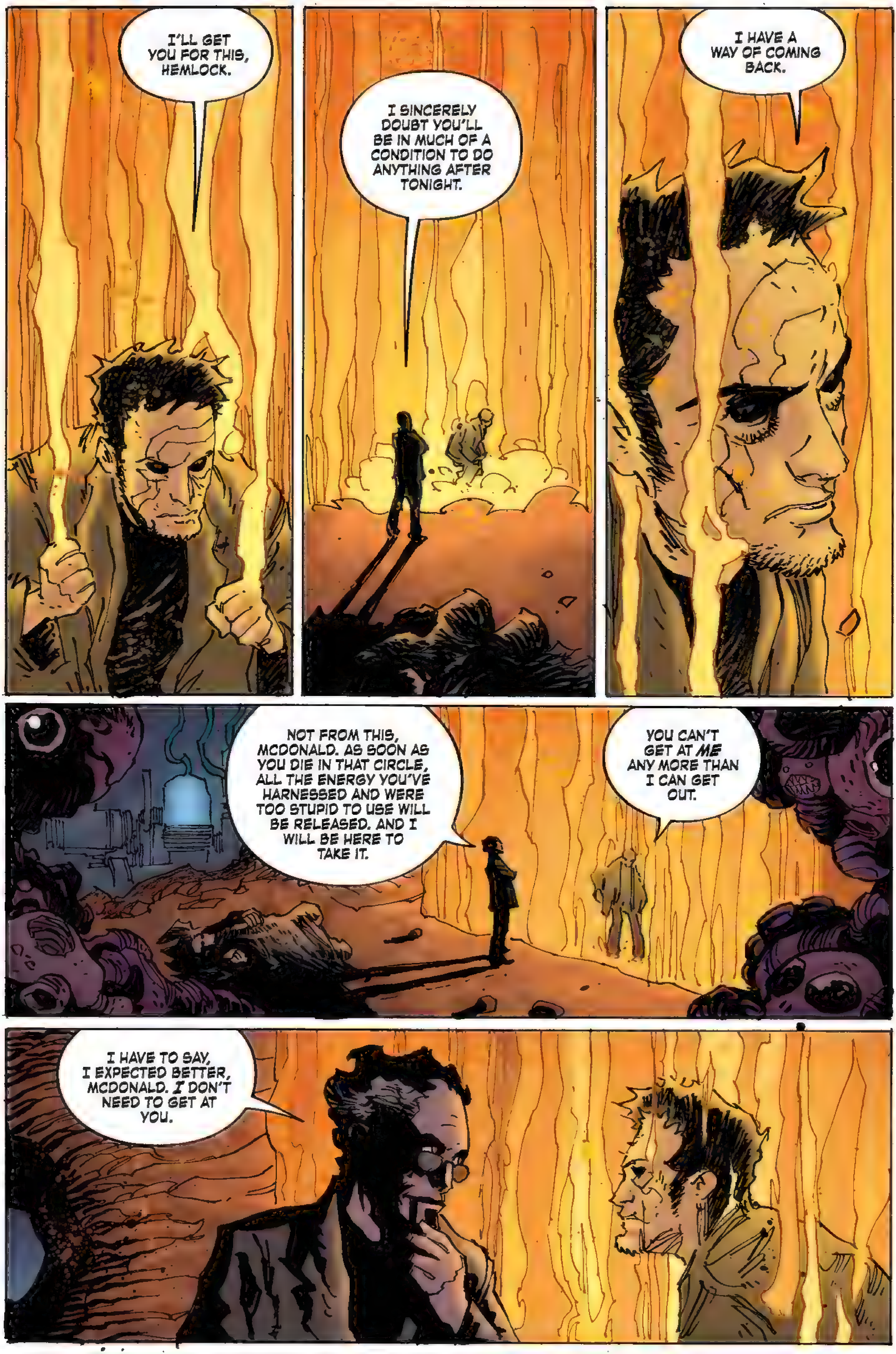

I'M NOT HERE TO MAKE TROUBLE. I'VE MOVED ON. I PROMISE.
NOW, PLEASE, I'M WORRIED. CAN WE GO INSIDE?
LOCKED.
KNOCK KNOCK
JASON? JASON. *JASON!*
DORIS... STAND BACK.
KRSSH

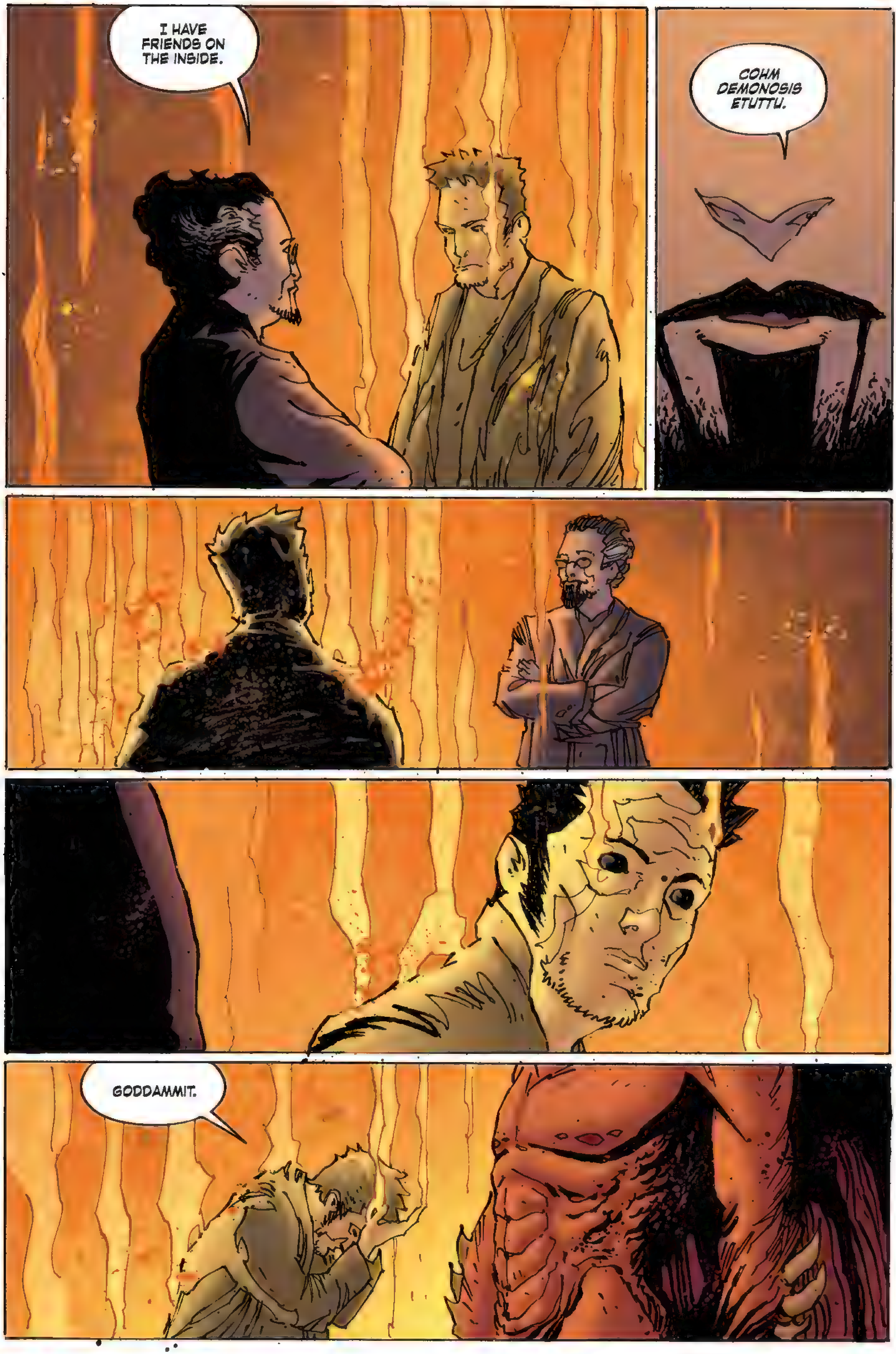
HOLY MOTHER OF GOD.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET THE KIDS OUT OF HERE...

I USED TO PRIDE MYSELF ON NOT GIVING A SHIT. IT WAS SAFER THAT WAY.
I USED TO STUMBLE THROUGH LIFE NOT TAKING SIDES AND JUST SHOOTING WHATEVER STOOD IN MY WAY.
I PLAYED TOUGH. I MADE JOKES. I DID EVERYTHING BUT FACE UP TO THE FACT THAT I KNEW I WAS A PART OF SOMETHING BIG.
THEN I GOT COCKY. ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO--AND NOW I WAS TRAPPED.

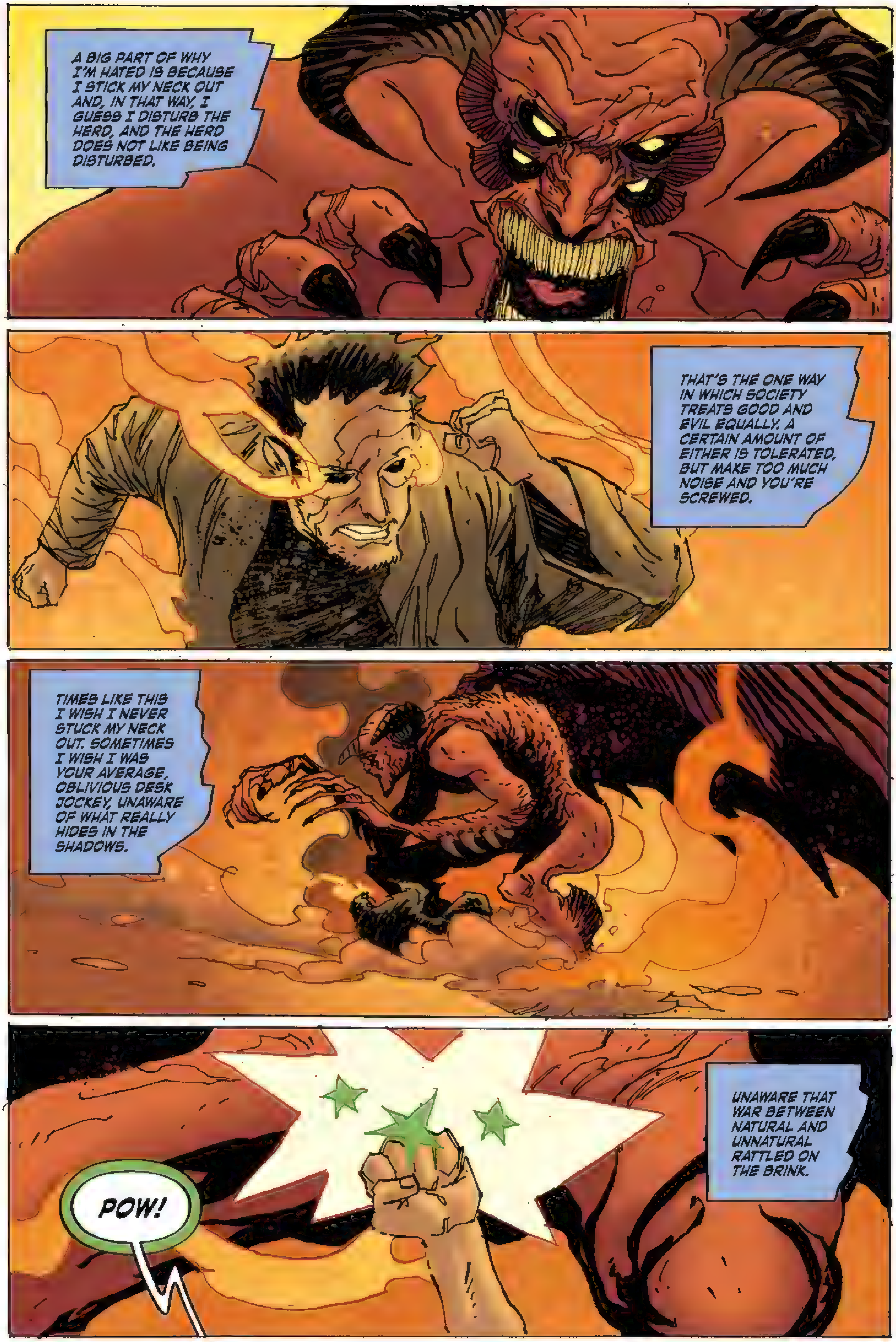

HEMLOCK HAD PLAYED US ALL FOR FOOLS AND WON.
HE HAD ME. AND NOW THE ENTIRE GODDAMN WORLD HUNG IN THE BALANCE.
HEMLOCK-- WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?!*
I'M PREVENTING A TRAVESTY IS WHAT I'M DOING. I CAN NOT ALLOW A PATHETIC JUNKIE TO BECOME MASTER OF SUCH POWER.
IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED, IT IS TO ALWAYS CHOOSE THE *WINNING* SIDE OF THE WAR.
AND *YOU* CHOSE THE WRONG SIDE.
NO-- *DON'T!*

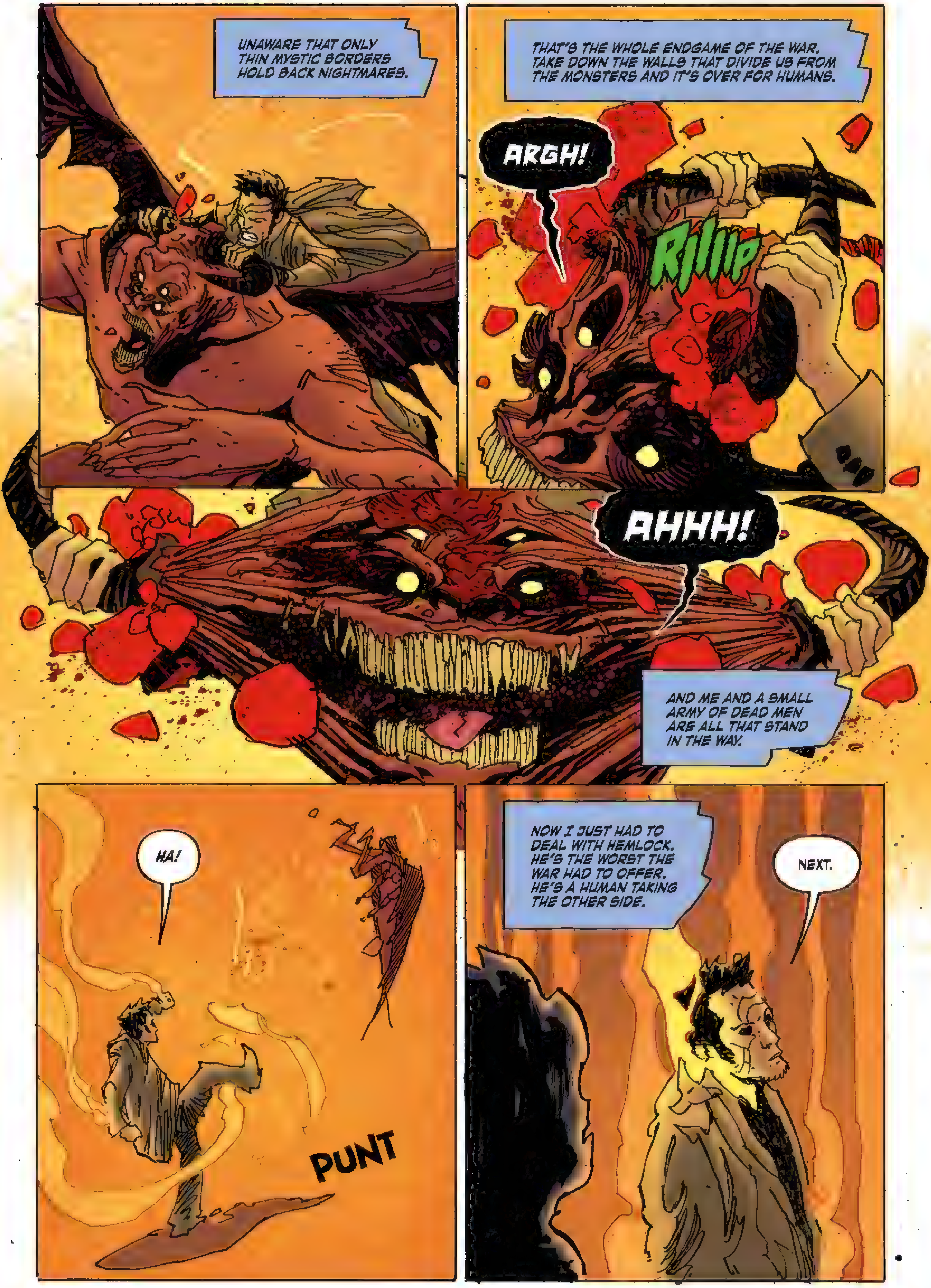
WHOOOOOO
OOOSH
MO'LOCK!
NOOOO!
TWO DOWN.

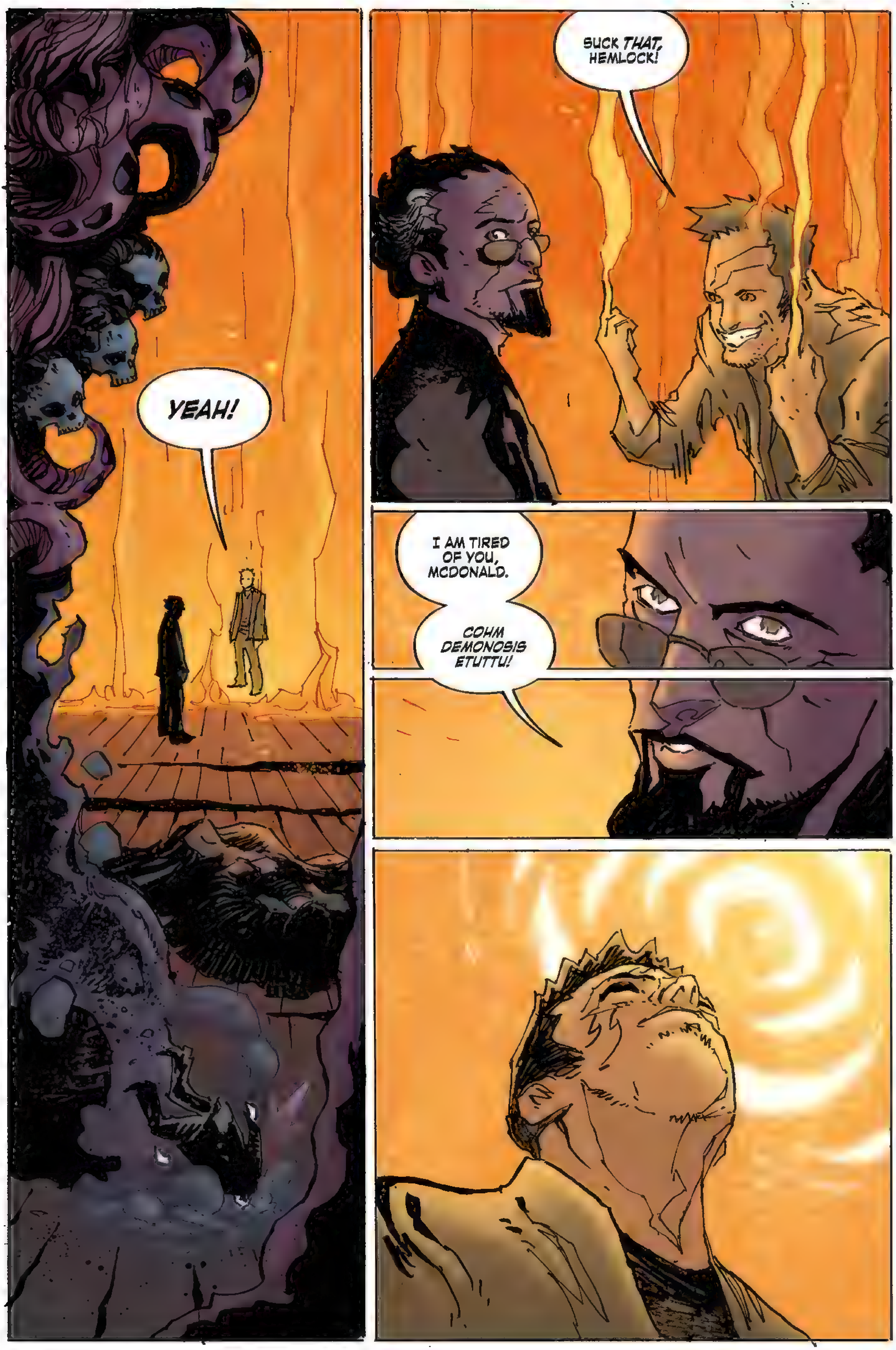

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, HEMLOCK.
I SINCERELY DOUBT YOU'LL BE IN MUCH OF A CONDITION TO DO ANYTHING AFTER TONIGHT.
I HAVE A WAY OF COMING BACK.
NOT FROM THIS, MCDONALD. AS SOON AS YOU DIE IN THAT CIRCLE, ALL THE ENERGY YOU'VE HARNESSED AND WERE TOO STUPID TO USE WILL BE RELEASED. AND I WILL BE HERE TO TAKE IT.
YOU CAN'T GET AT *ME* ANY MORE THAN I CAN GET OUT.
I HAVE TO SAY, I EXPECTED BETTER, MCDONALD. *I* DON'T NEED TO GET AT YOU.


I HAVE FRIENDS ON THE INSIDE.
COHM DEMONOSIS ETUTTU.
GODDAMMIT.

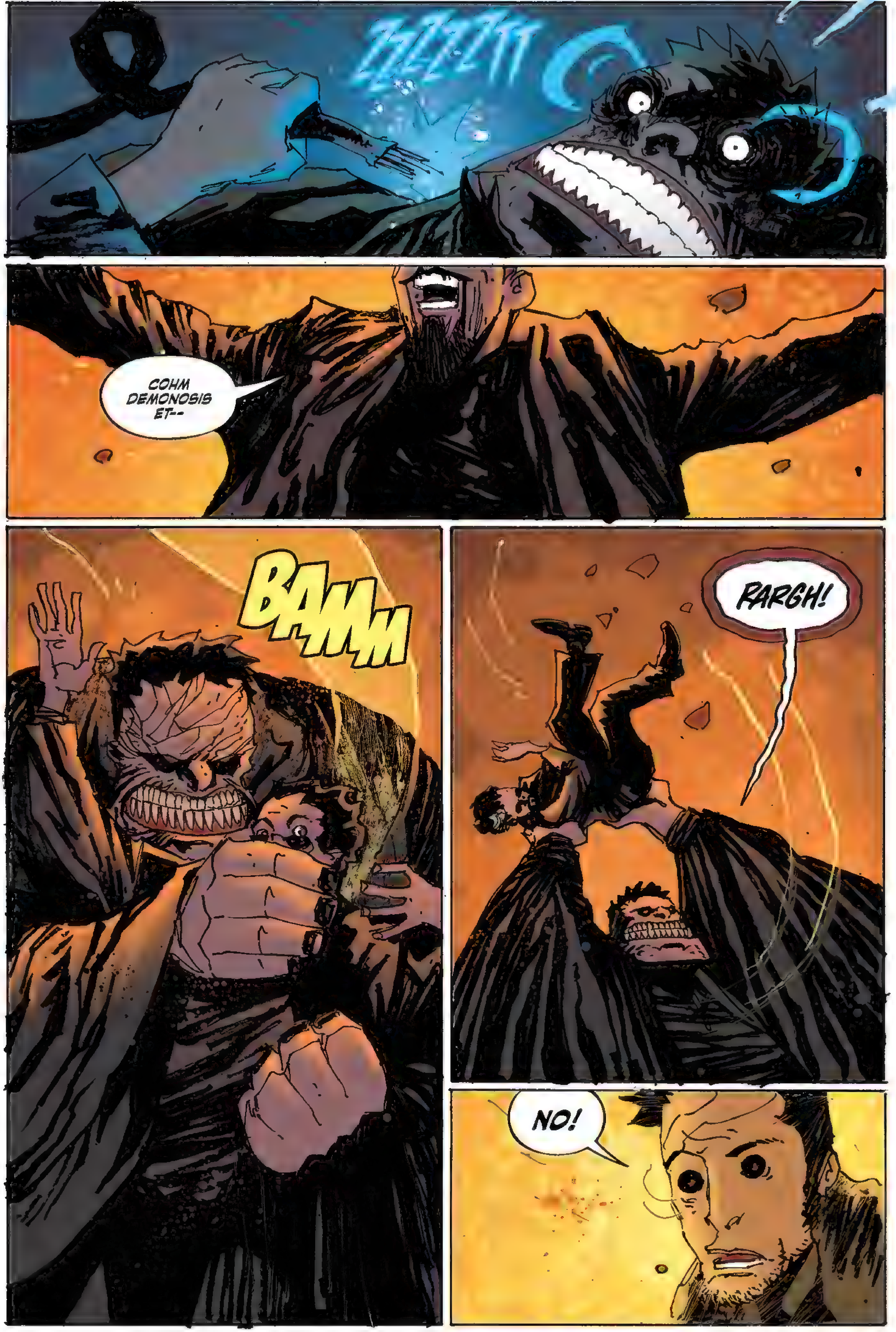
WELL... COME ON!
WHAM
OHHH!
THANKS...
I KNOW I'M HATED. IT'S BEEN THAT WAY FOR A LONG TIME.
...I NEEDED SOME SPACE.
LET'S FACE IT--I DESERVE A LOT OF THE HATE. BUT I'M AN ASSHOLE, NOT AN IDIOT.

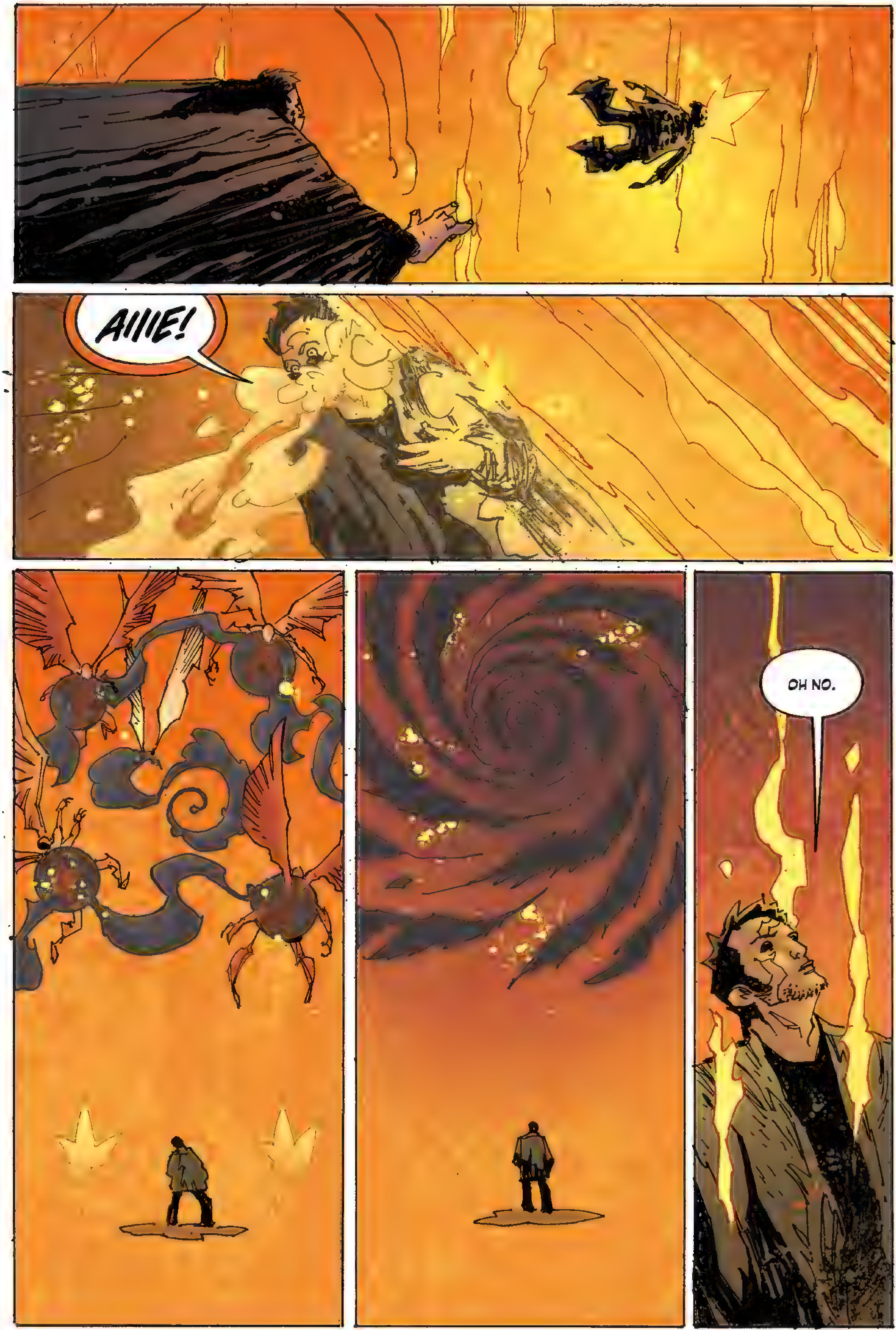

A BIG PART OF WHY I'M HATED IS BECAUSE I STICK MY NECK OUT AND, IN THAT WAY, I GUESS I DISTURB THE HERD, AND THE HERD DOES NOT LIKE BEING DISTURBED.
THAT'S THE ONE WAY IN WHICH SOCIETY TREATS GOOD AND EVIL EQUALLY. A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF EITHER IS TOLERATED, BUT MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE AND YOU'RE SCREWED.
TIMES LIKE THIS I WISH I NEVER STUCK MY NECK OUT. SOMETIMES I WISH I WAS YOUR AVERAGE, OBLIVIOUS DESK JOCKEY, UNAWARE OF WHAT REALLY HIDES IN THE SHADOWS.
POW!
UNAWARE THAT WAR BETWEEN NATURAL AND UNNATURAL RATTLED ON THE BRINK.


UNAWARE THAT ONLY THIN MYSTIC BORDERS HOLD BACK NIGHTMARES.
THAT'S THE WHOLE ENDGAME OF THE WAR. TAKE DOWN THE WALLS THAT DIVIDE US FROM THE MONSTERS AND IT'S OVER FOR HUMANS.
ARGH!
RIIIP
AHHH!
AND ME AND A SMALL ARMY OF DEAD MEN ARE ALL THAT STAND IN THE WAY.
HA!
PUNT
NOW I JUST HAD TO DEAL WITH HEMLOCK. HE'S THE WORST THE WAR HAD TO OFFER. HE'S A HUMAN TAKING THE OTHER SIDE.
NEXT.


YEAH!
SUCK *THAT*, HEMLOCK!
I AM TIRED OF YOU, MCDONALD.
COHM DEMONOSIS ETUTTU!

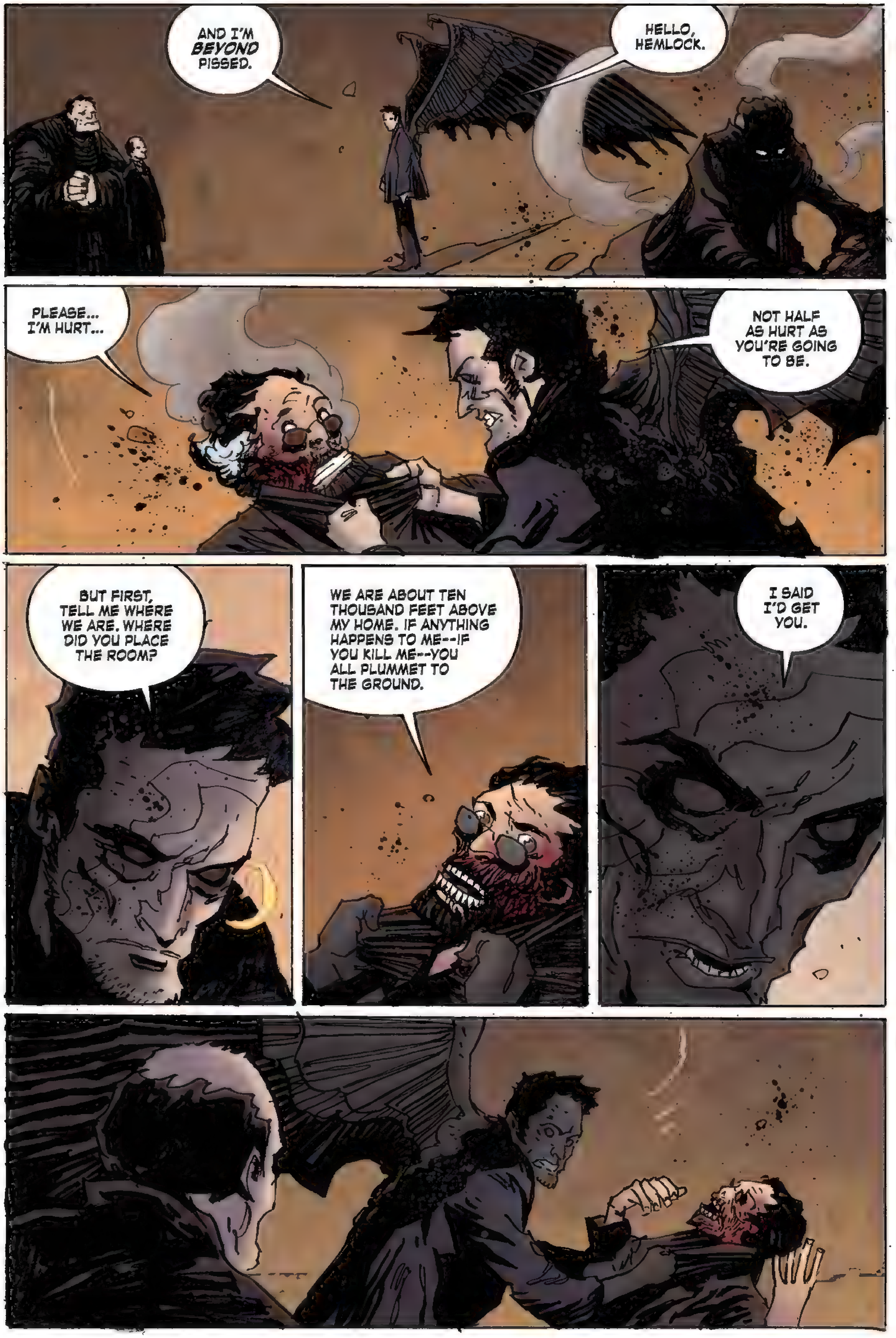
SHIT.
WHEN YOU ARE DEAD, I WILL TAKE YOUR ENERGY. I'LL PROBABLY KILL OFF THE GHOULS FIRST-- THEY TEND TO GET IN THE WAY.
COME ON, THAT'S GOT TO KILL YOU, MCDONALD. I'LL TAKE THE ENERGY YOU TOOK FROM THE GHOULS TO ANNIHILATE THEM. IF THAT'S NOT IRONY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS.
ARE YOU READY TO DIE NOW? NO LAST QUIPS OR OUTBURSTS BEFORE I EXTINGUISH YOU LIKE A MATCH?
GOODBYE, MCDONALD.


ZZZZTT
COHM DEMONOSIS ET--
BAMM
RARGH!
NO!

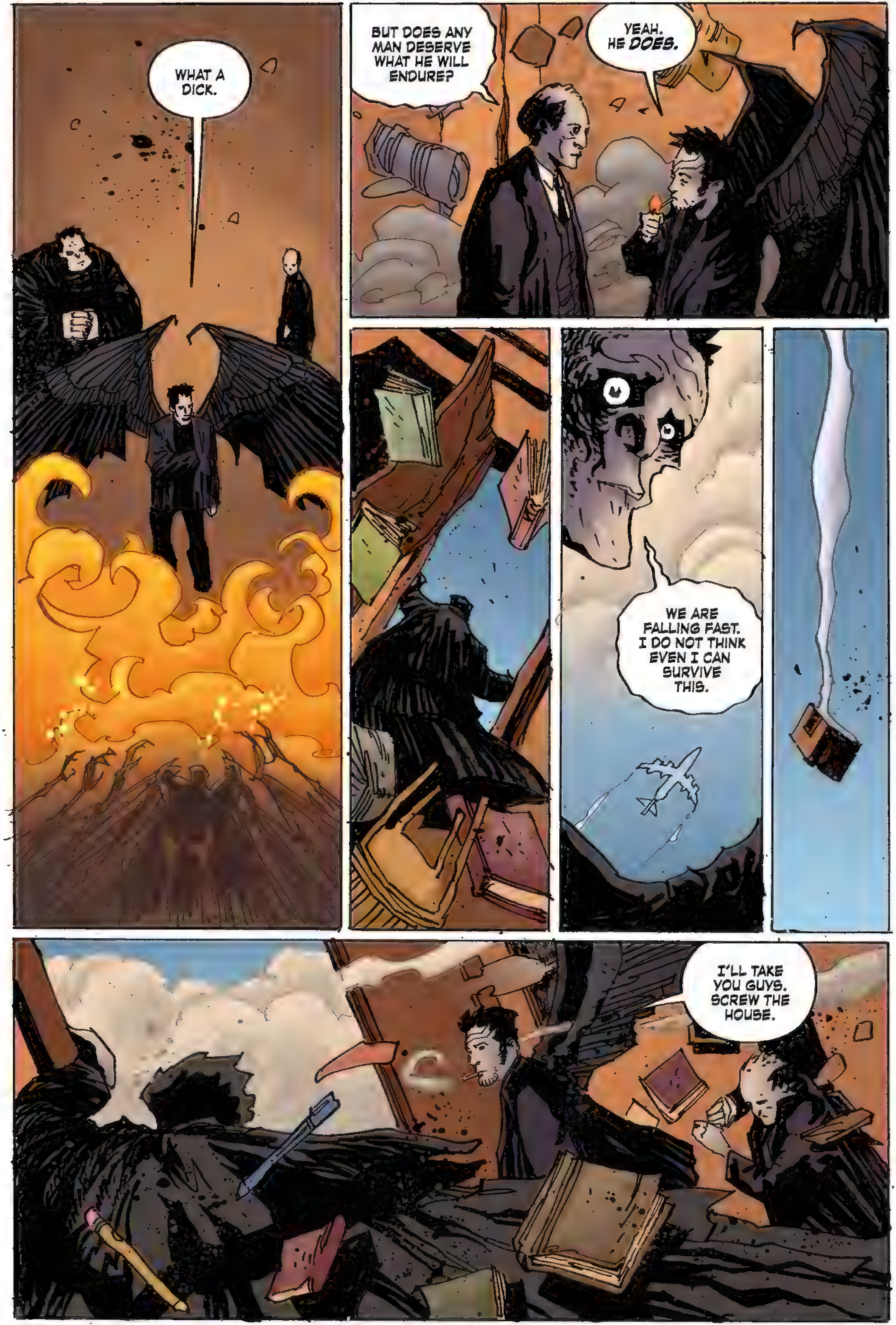

AIIIE!
OH NO.

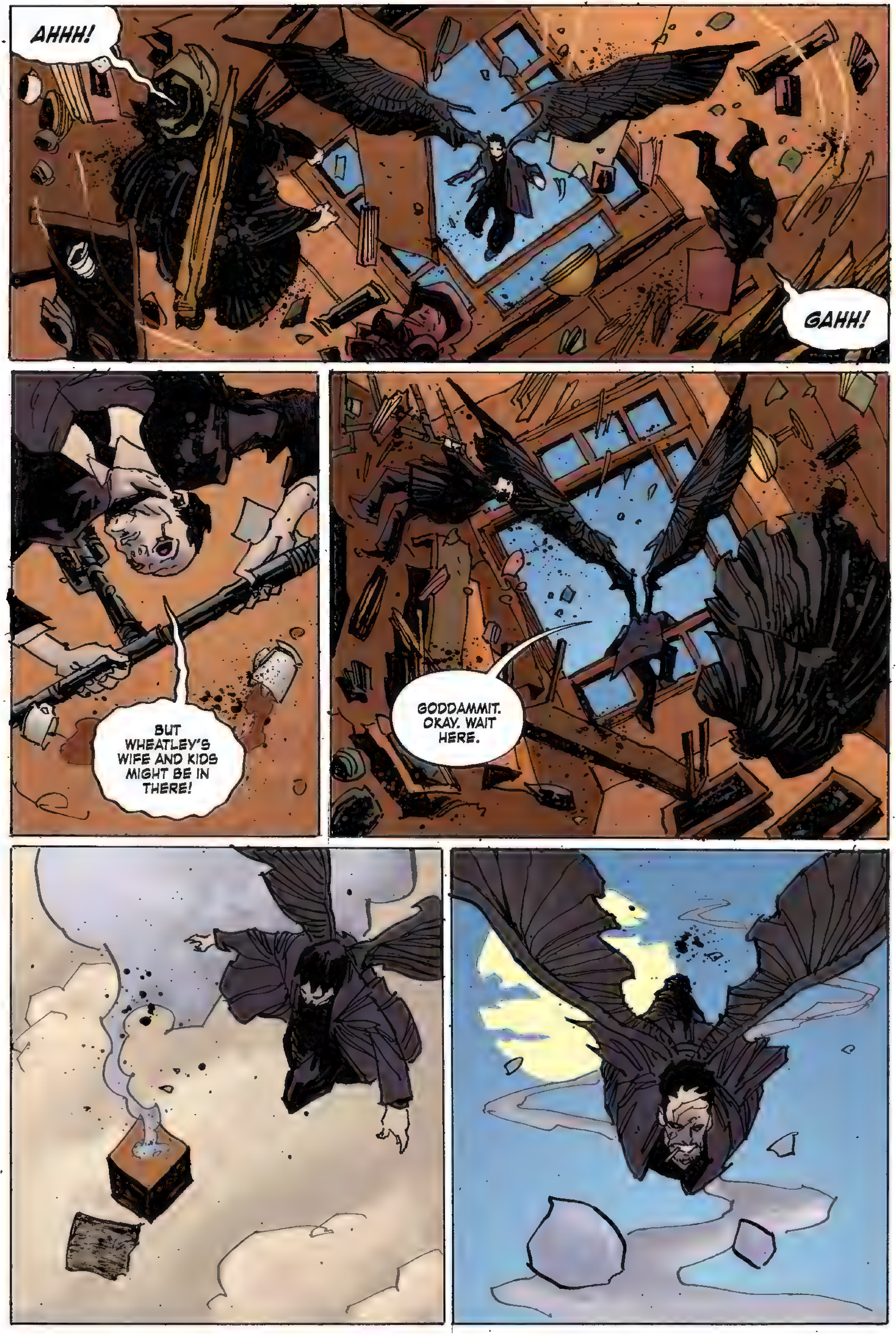
AAAHH!
CAL, ARE YOU IN THERE?

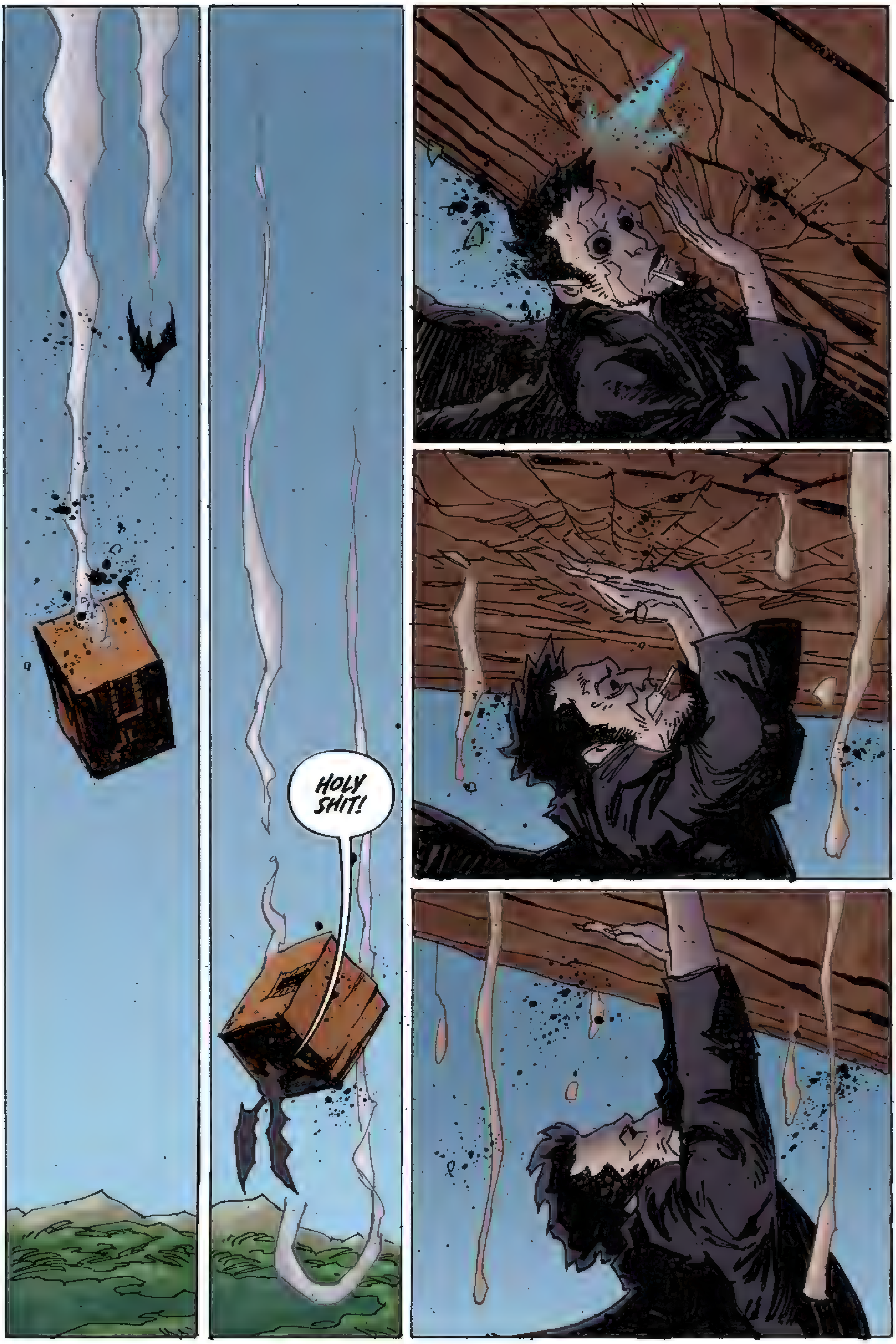
HOW DO YOU FEEL?
I FEEL... LIKE A GODDAMN FREAK. THAT'S HOW I FEEL.


AND I'M *BEYOND* PISSED.
HELLO, HEMLOCK.
PLEASE... I'M HURT...
NOT HALF AS HURT AS YOU'RE GOING TO BE.
BUT FIRST, TELL ME WHERE WE ARE. WHERE DID YOU PLACE THE ROOM?
WE ARE ABOUT TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE MY HOME. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME--IF YOU KILL ME--YOU ALL PLUMMET TO THE GROUND.
I SAID I'D GET YOU.

BUT I CAN KILL YOU SOME OTHER TIME.
YOU LIKE YOUR FRIENDS SO MUCH...
...WHY DON'T YOU JOIN THEM?
NO, NO, *NO! WAIT--* I CAN--!
SAY HELLO FOR ME.


WHAT A DICK.
BUT DOES ANY MAN DESERVE WHAT HE WILL ENDURE?
YEAH. HE *DOES.*
WE ARE FALLING FAST. I DO NOT THINK EVEN I CAN SURVIVE THIS.
I'LL TAKE YOU GUYS. SCREW THE HOUSE.

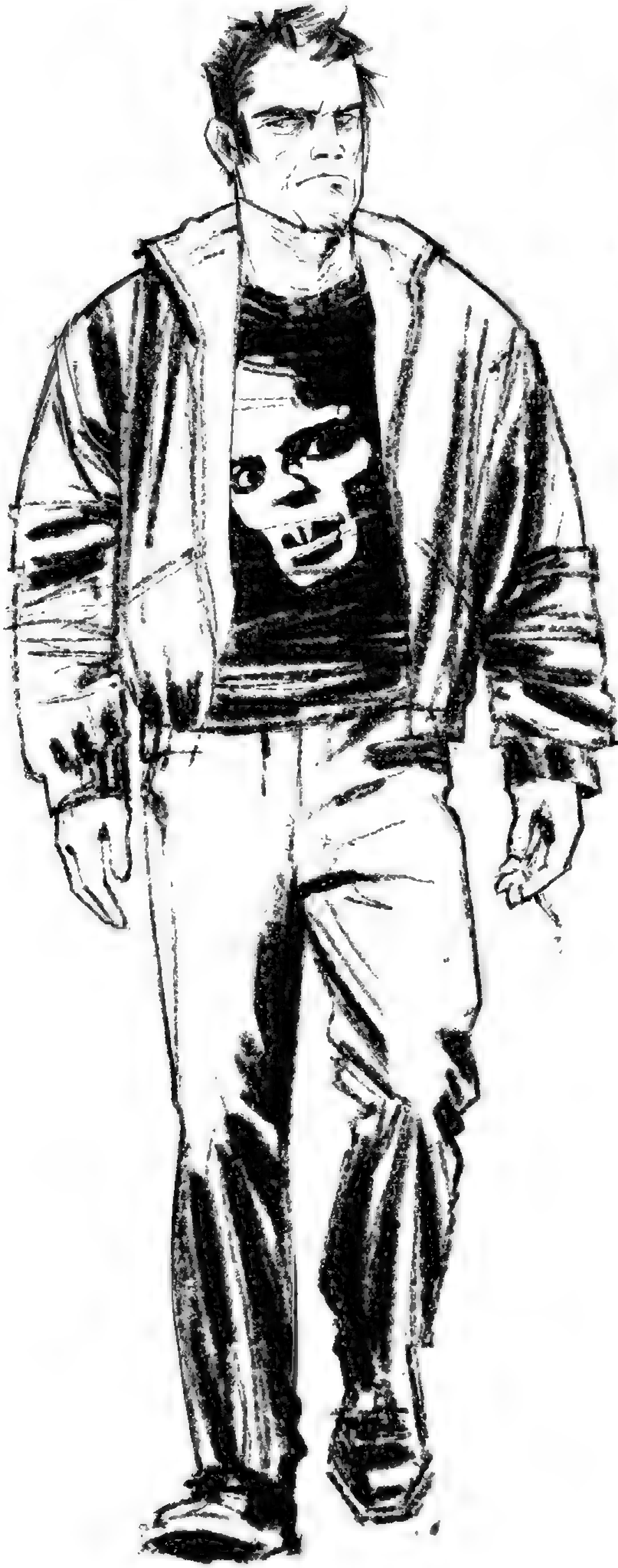

AHHH!
GAHH!
BUT WHEATLEY'S WIFE AND KIDS MIGHT BE IN THERE!
GODDAMMIT. OKAY. WAIT HERE.

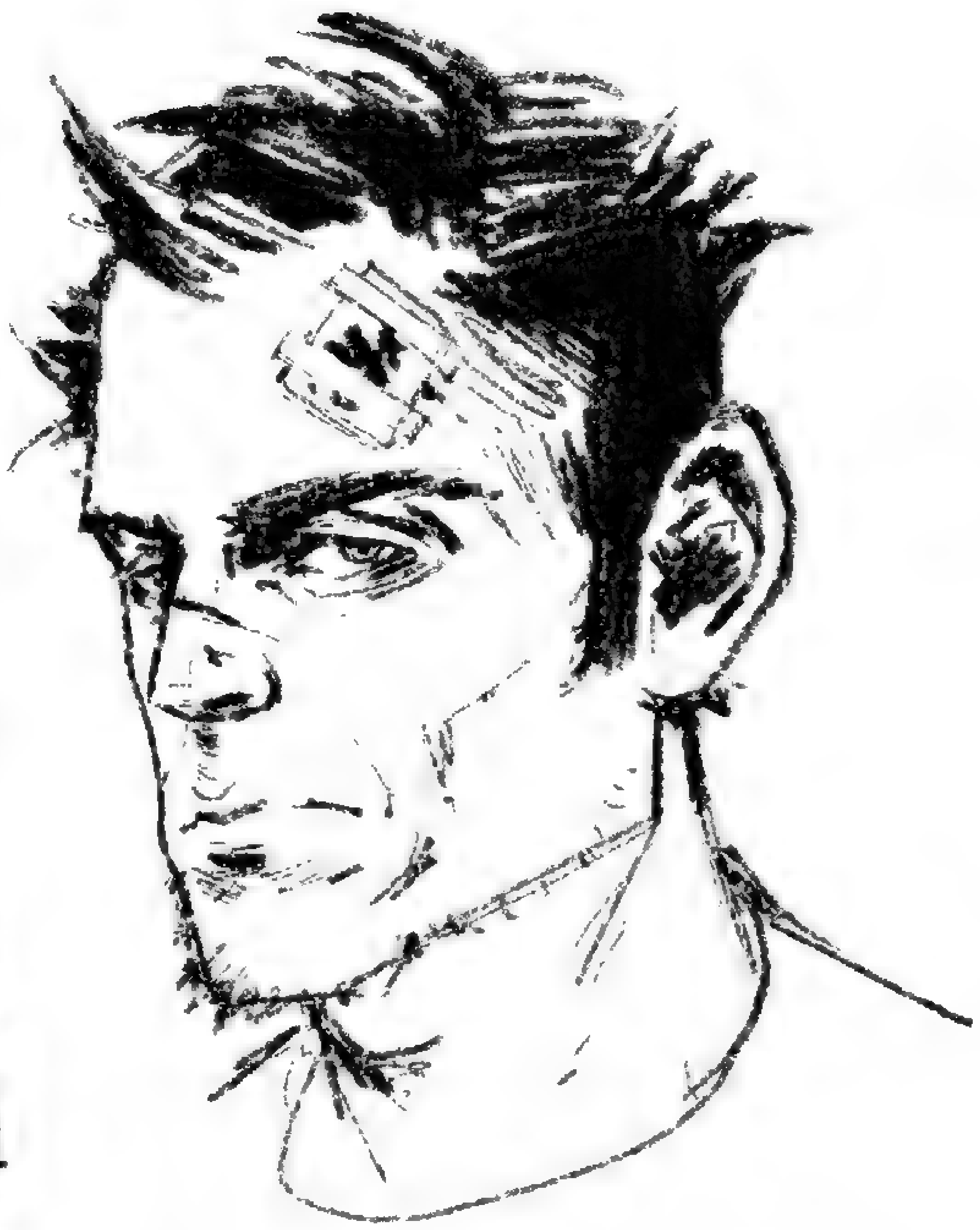

HOLY SHIT!

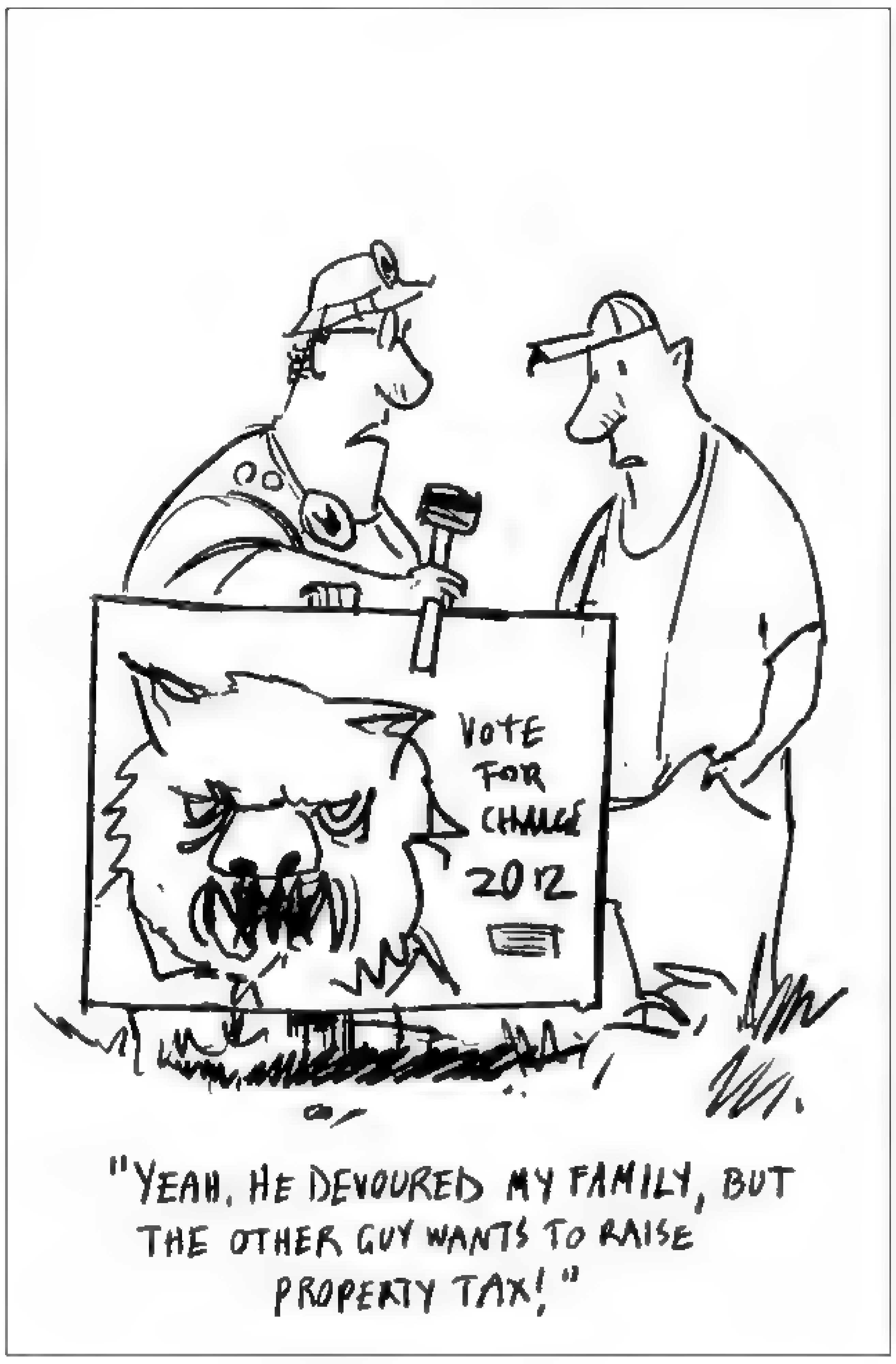
YOU DID IT.
SMASH
OOF!

KERASH
I ASK IN ALL SINCERITY, CAL MCDONALD, ARE YOU OKAY?
I'M REALLY NOT, ADAM.
I'M NOT OKAY AT ALL.

OH MY GOD!
Y-YOU KILLED HIM... DIDN'T YOU...? YOU KILLED JASON?!
WHAT THE HELL *ARE* YOU?
I HAVE NO IDEA.
END



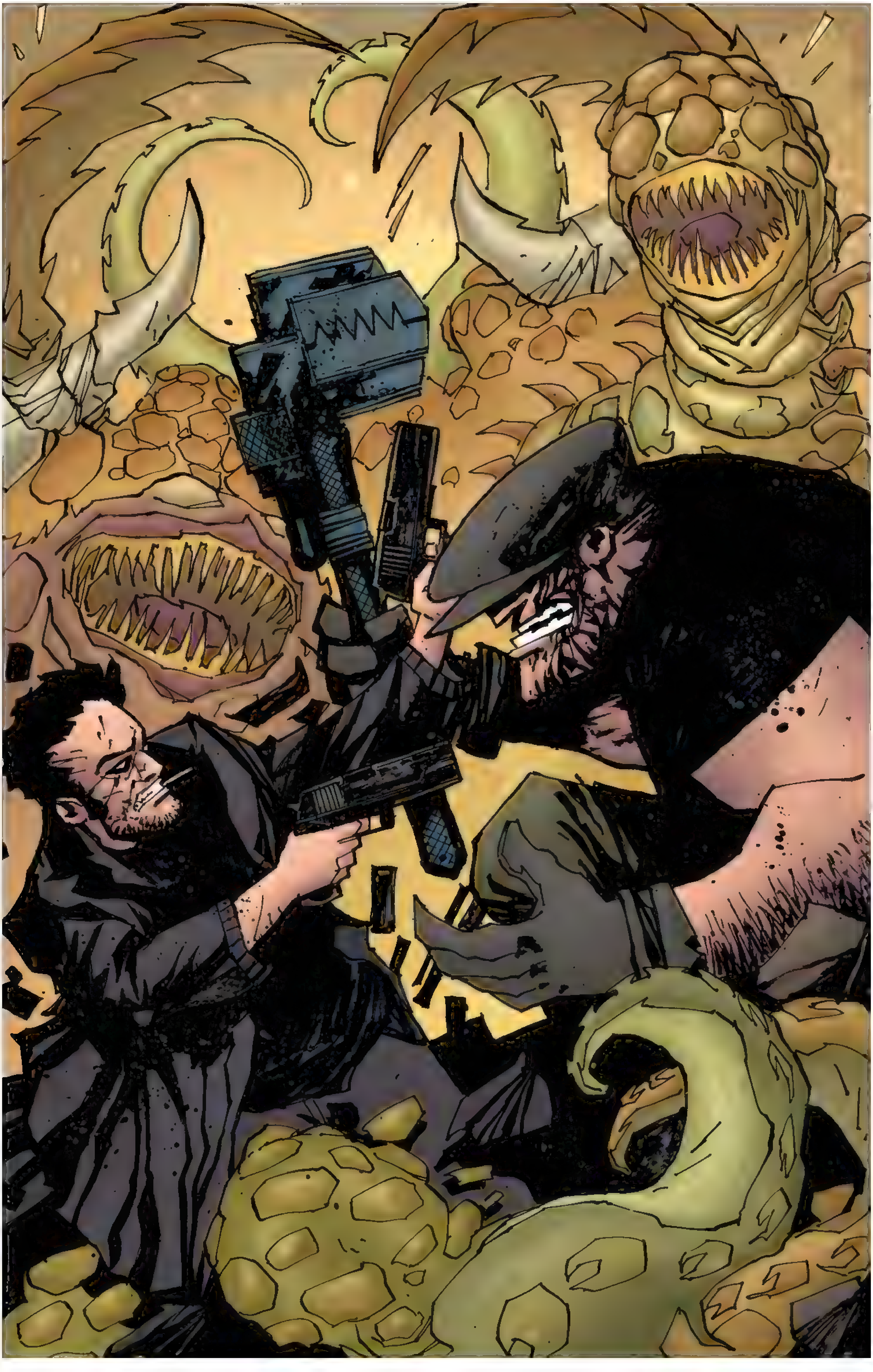



VOTE FOR CHANGE 2012
"YEAH, HE DEVOURED MY FAMILY, BUT THE OTHER GUY WANTS TO RAISE PROPERTY TAX!"

Fiona Staples did a great run of covers for *Criminal Macabre*, including covers for the previous two omnibuses. For *They Fight by Night*, which came out in November 2012, we loved the idea of Fiona doing a political cartoon as the cover. Above is the best idea we didn't use . . .

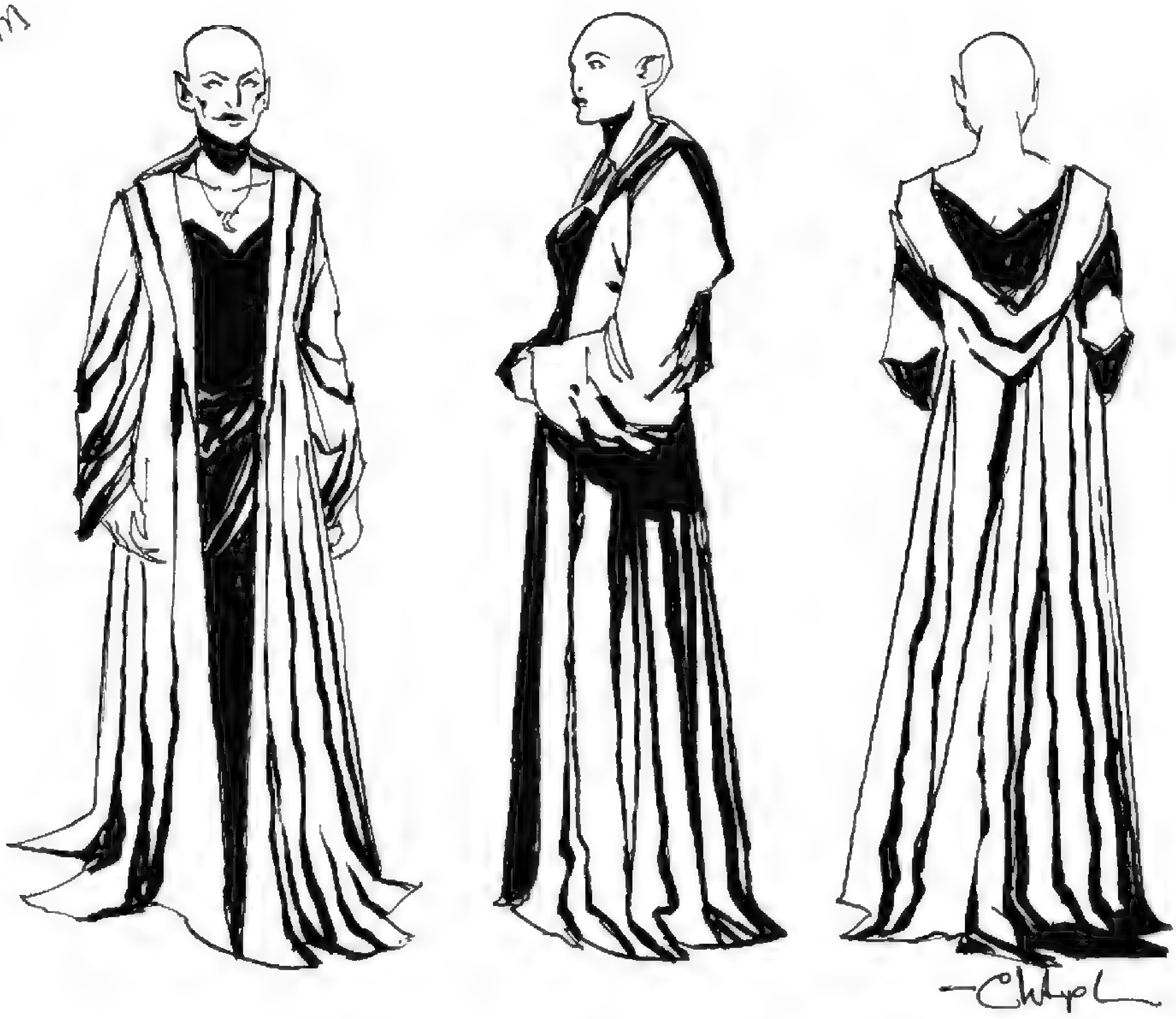
Eric Powell

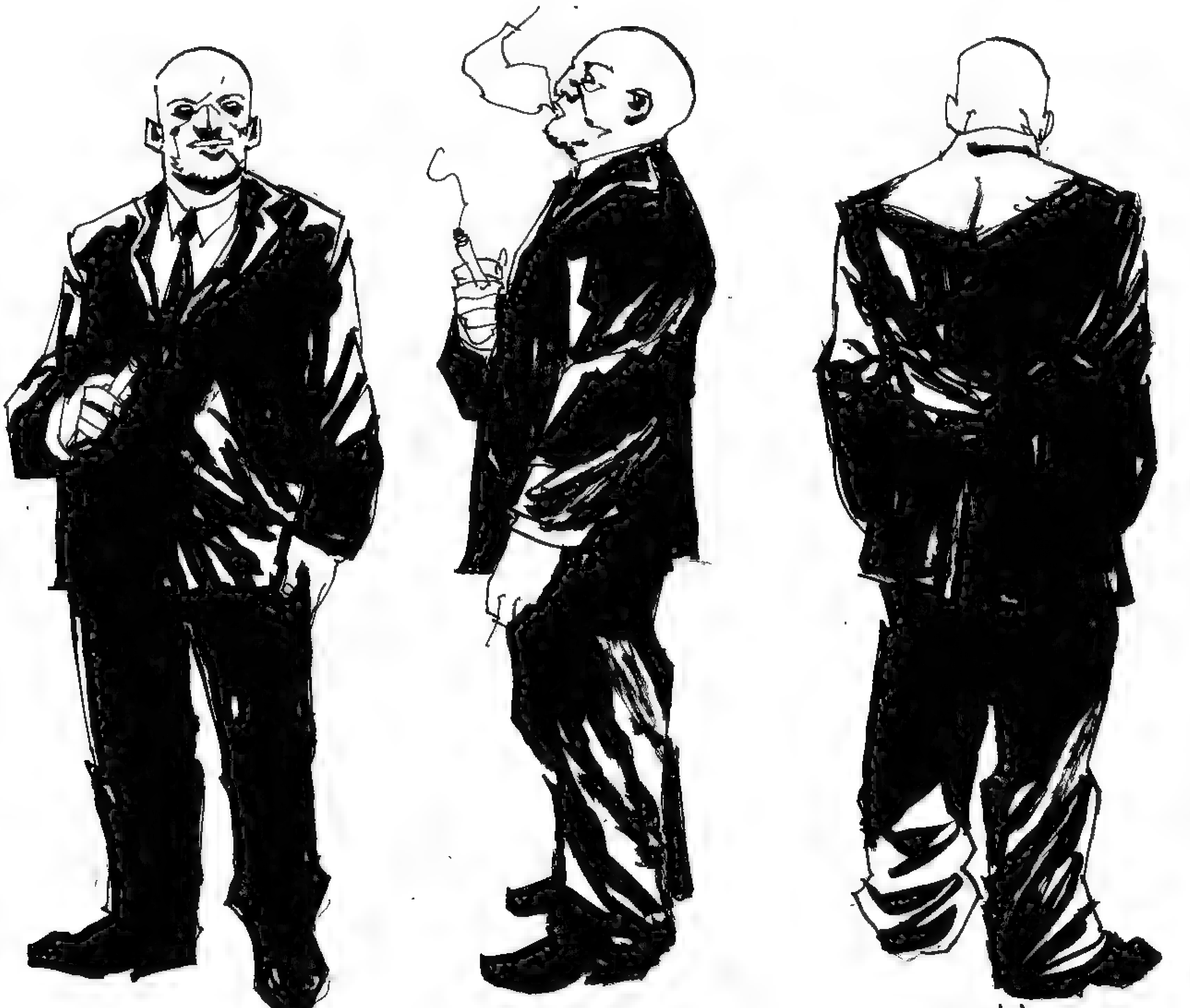
Eric Powell -10
with respect to: Frazetta + Jack Davis

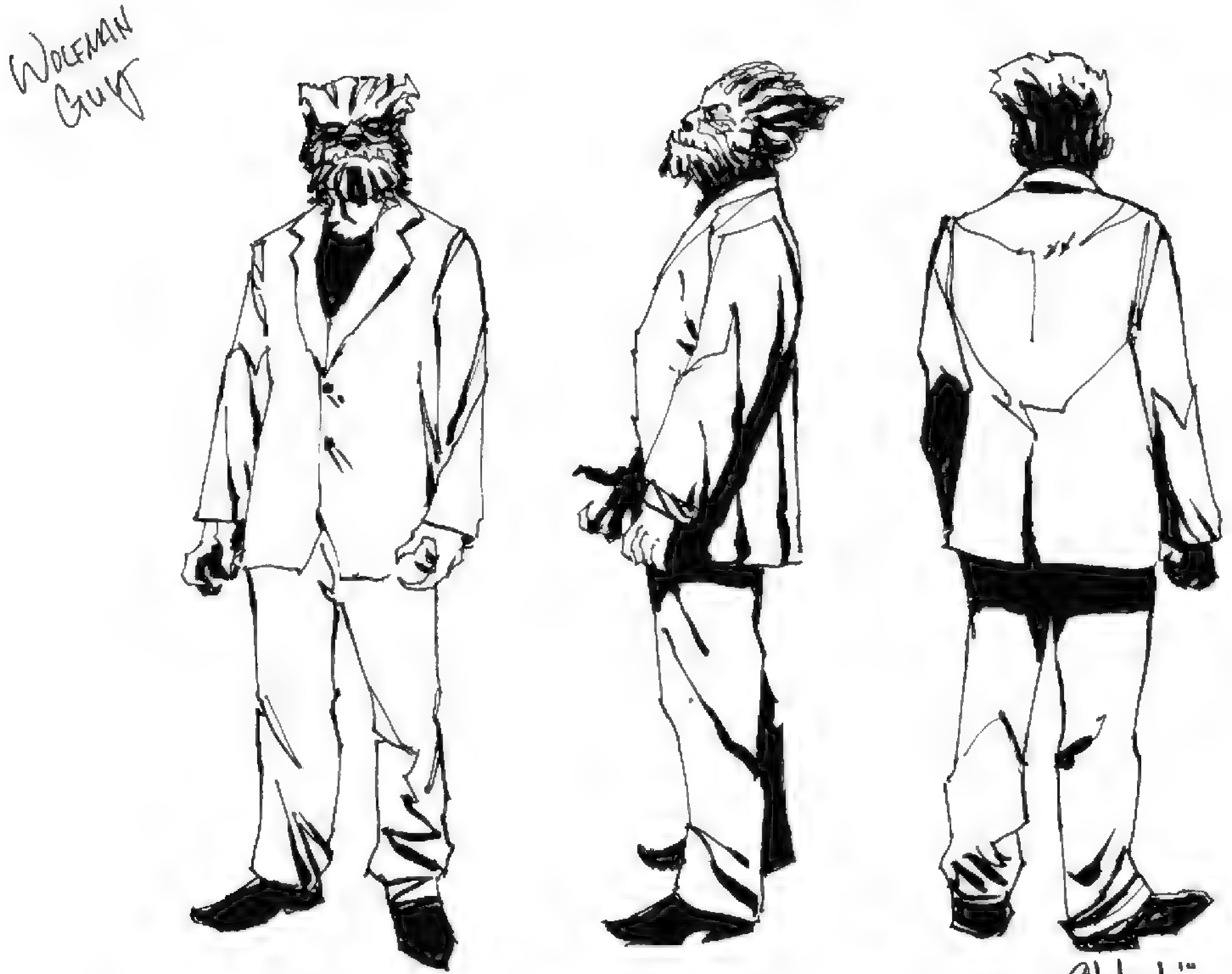


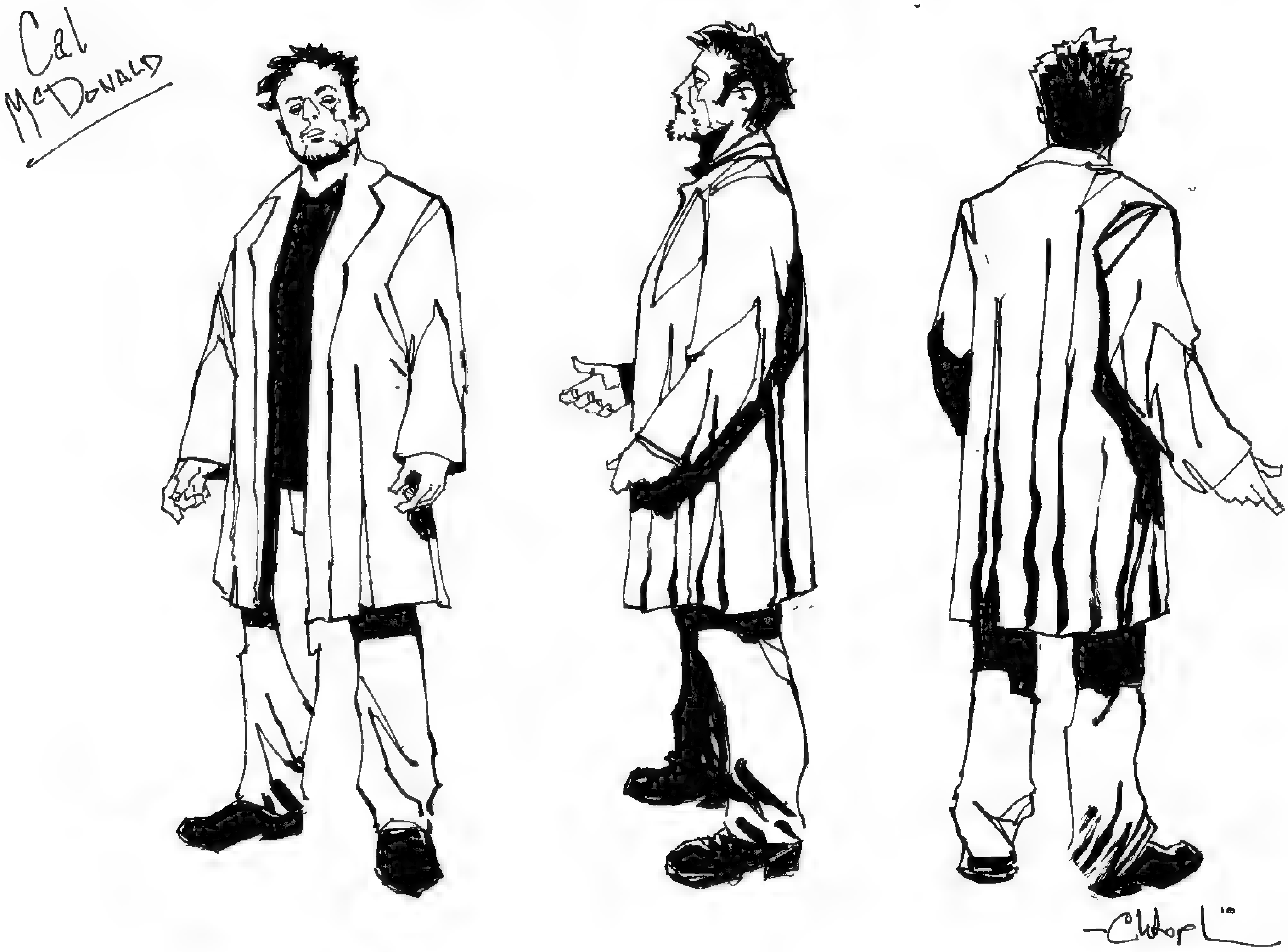
The following pages feature art by **Christopher Mitten.**

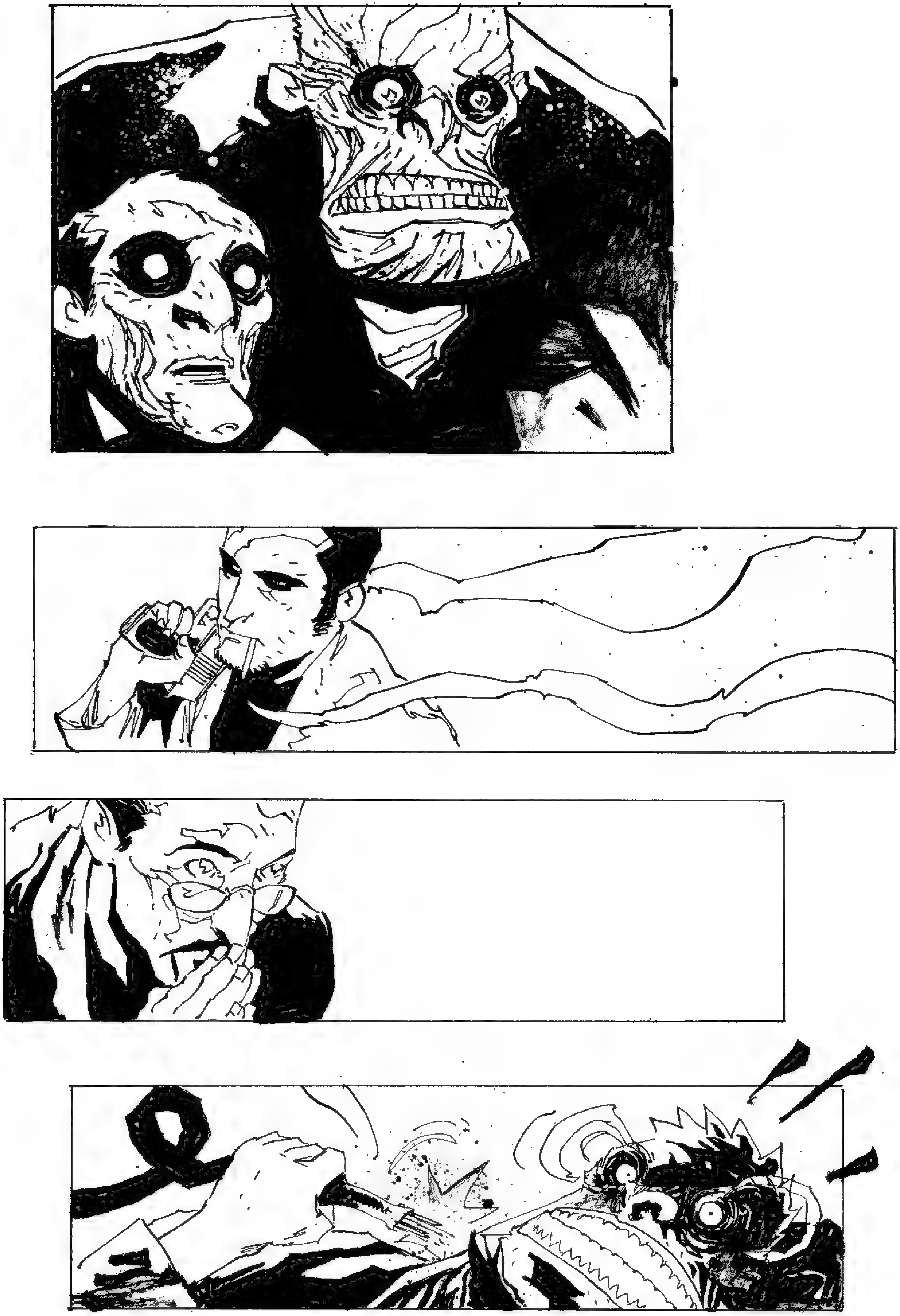
-ChHopL 2011


Salem


Blout


Wolfman Guy


Cal McDonald



Ben Templesmith

eben
Stella
T

Covers by **Justin Erickson**

Writer **STEVE NILES** is best known for *30 Days of Night*, *Criminal Macabre*, *Simon Dark*, *Mystery Society*, *Frankenstein Alive, Alive!*, *Monster & Madman*, and *Batman: Gotham County Line*. Steve got his start in Washington, DC, through his own Arcane Comix, and has been writing and publishing comics and anthologies since the mideighties.

Originally from the cow-dappled expanse of southern Wisconsin, **CHRISTOPHER MITTEN** now spends his time roaming the misty wilds of suburban Chicago, drawing little people in little boxes. In addition to Dark Horse, he's worked with Oni Press, DC Comics, Image, IDW, 44Flood, and Simon & Schuster. Find him online at ChristopherMitten.com and on Twitter at @chris_mitten.

SCOTT MORSE builds old hopped-up hot rods, coaches Little League, authors creator-owned graphic novels and short works of fiction, and crafts film stories at Pixar. He's a family man first, though.

ERIC POWELL is a writer and artist who has contributed work to such comics titles as *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, *Hellboy: Weird Tales*, *MAD* magazine, and *Creepy*, as well as helming the critically acclaimed dark comedy series *The Goon*. Recently, Eric has been working in collaboration with acclaimed director David Fincher, Blur Animation, and Dark Horse Entertainment to bring *The Goon* to life on the big screen as an animated feature film. He lives in Nashville, Tennessee.

JUSTIN ERICKSON is an award-winning artist who graduated from Sheridan College's Interpretive Illustration program in 2004, working first as a freelance illustrator and graphic designer. Later, Justin worked as *Rue Morgue* magazine's graphic designer for several years before becoming its art director. In 2010 he cofounded Phantom City Creative, Inc., producing art for film and television for such clients as Marvel Studios and Legendary Pictures.

steve niles

CRIMINAL MACABRE™

the cal mcdonald mysteries

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 3

Teamed with his undead partner Mo'Lock and some unlikely allies, the pill-popping, alcoholic antihero Cal McDonald protects the streets of Los Angeles against an infestation of vampires, werewolves, and one very powerful occultist. Hard boiled, hardheaded, and hardcore, Cal has the swagger of someone who's seen it all, but the events he is about to witness will leave him changed . . . forever. Includes the epic crossover with Niles's other horror hit, *30 Days of Night*!

This volume collects *Criminal Macabre: No Peace for Dead Men*, *Final Night: The 30 Days of Night Crossover*, *The Eyes of Frankenstein*, *The Iron Spirit*, and *When Freaks Collide*, a mind-blowing crossover with Eric Powell's *The Goon*!

DARK HORSE BOOKS

DarkHorse.com
COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS / HORROR

ZONE